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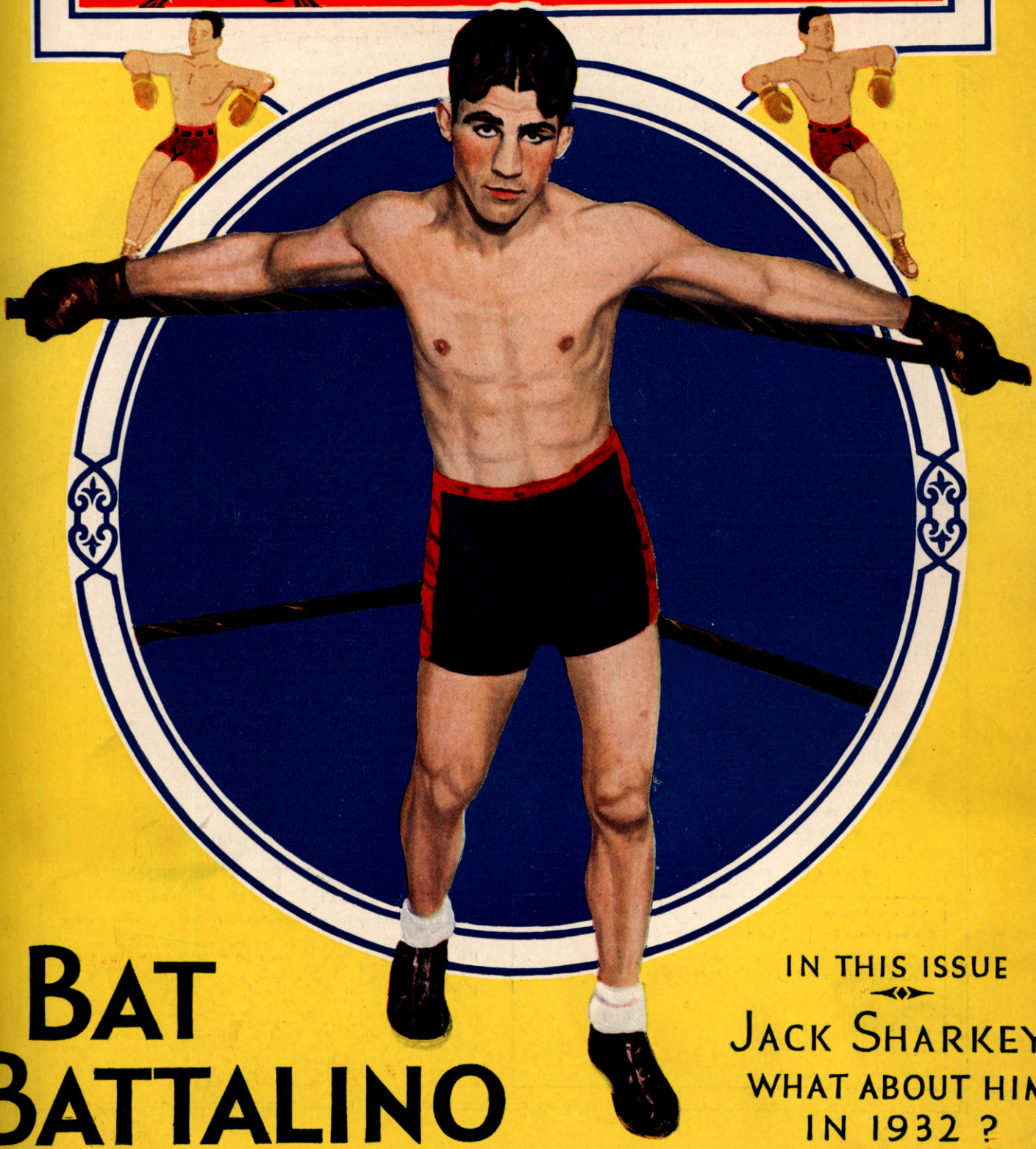

BAT BATTALINO

Heads for Lightweight Title

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JACK SHARKEY

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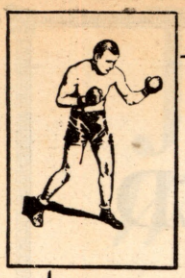

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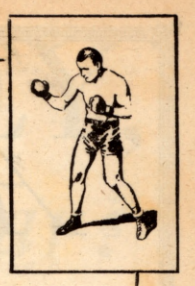

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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The "Tin Ear" and its significance. John L. (Ike) Dorgan has a most interesting story on the badge of the boxing and wrestling profession.

What is it that makes a fighter a good drawing card? Dan Morgan, noted manager of world famous boxers puts you wise in his story on "Box Office Attractions."

New Orleans for many years was the center of fisticuffs in America. Starting with the May number, THE RING will carry a series on the history of the prize ring in that famous city.

These are only a few of the many fine features. For example, there's a fascinating yarn by Wilbur Wood on the "Likes and Dislikes of a Pugilist in Training"; a continuation of the interesting sketches on Filipino fighters by Bill Miller; a discussion of the current outdoor season by James J. Johnston, head of Madison Square Garden; articles by Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, Charles F. Mathison, Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer. And in addition—many pages of wrestling and boxing photographs.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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An Insult Punished

By Max Fleischer

EVERY once in a while something crops up in boxing to discourage those who are making the fight for clean sport and spotless competition. These little discouragements serve only to make those in the battle for the game, all the more determined to protect boxing and rid it of its incubuses.

One of the grossest affronts to the boxing public was the little coup which was attempted in the Battalino-Miller affair in Cincinnati. Seemingly it was arranged for Miller to take over the featherweight title, which Battalino no longer had found tenable on account of weight difficulties.

In the third round, Battalino was stroked twice, and twice he went down. Other fighters had hit him four times as hard without even jostling him. But when Miller struck, Bat took to the canvas. He seemed to be determined to be counted out in favor of a boxer who, according to common report, was a member of his own fistic menage.

We wish to congratulate the Cincinnati Commission for calling it no contest, ordering money refunded to the spectators and fining Battalino $5,000. The Cincinnati body never should have approved the match. Even the faintest suspicion that Battalino and Miller belonged to the same stable should have been enough to damn the "contest." But the commission let it go on with the aid of the National Boxing Association and then took proper action.

The move of the Cincinnati body is another strong boost for commission government in boxing. In the so called "good old days" it was quite common for champions to present their titles to stable mates. But nowadays such things are not countenanced. The affair in Cincinnati was a gross insult to the public, an aspersion on public mentality, and a blow at the game.

IT is with extreme satisfaction that we note that Battalino's disqualification in Cincinnati led to his losing several lucrative matches in New York—that the so-called coup, cost the Battalino connection at least $100,000.

Boxing managers do not like to be hit in the pocketbook. Jimmy Johnston's prompt cancellation of two Battalino matches in the Garden in New York will serve to stress the necessity of clean action. He is to be congratulated. The days of boxing coups are over. The public has been educated to the point where it knows what it wants, and it can recognize the false from the true. And our state commissions see to it that the public reaction is reflected in official action, even though the National Boxing Association does not.

The mental processes of some of those who make their living out of boxing are as strange as the devious minds of those who live in padded cells in our asylums.

In short, any manager who tries to pull the sort of thing that was tried in Cincinnati, is not only false to the sport and to his own financial interests and his self respect, but he is crazy.

A citation goes to the Cincinnati Commission, headed by Carl Wilzbach, despite the fact that it made a stupid blunder in permitting the match.

A citation goes to the New York Commission for its quick action in backing up Cincinnati.

And congratulations go to the sport. The Cincinnati affair was more important than appears on the surface. A serious warning has been issued to the phoneys in the game. Hit their pocketbooks, you commissions!

It is quite significant that no defense has been attempted by the profound minds which cooked up the Battalino deal. At least in that respect they recognized the tenor of the public mind, and the advance in the public attitude on such matters.

It used to be that the boxing fan regarded attempts to fool and insult him with utter complacency.

The late President Warren G. Harding once said, "The American public likes to be fooled. It doesn't mind being exploited if it is a good show, and the manner of fooling it is not too raw."

Those who concocted the Battalino scheme apparently felt they could go the limit in trying to fool the public. But the show was terrible. The act was too raw.

Having pulled a Battalino-Miller affair in Cincinnati last summer, the Battalino connections should have been content.

But that's the way with the phoneys of the ring. They press their financial advantage just a little too far. They always make that mistake. They may be depended on to defeat themselves.

JACK SHARKEY,

What about him this year?

By Nat Fleischer

ON June 12, 1930, Max Schmeling of Germany became the world's heavyweight champion while lying on the canvas after he had been fouled by Jack Sharkey, the American title holder, in the fourth round. It was the first time in the history of pugilism in this country that a heavyweight title had passed on to a reclining gladiator. Irrespective of the merits of the case, the fact remained that up to the time that Schmeling was floored, he was outclassed by the American opponent.

On June 13, when THE RING editorial staff reached the decision that the verdict having been rendered in favor of Schmeling, he was entitled to the championship and with that, the silver belt donated by THE RING, a campaign for a return match was launched by this magazine. It was generally acknowledged that in spite of what had happened that day, before Sharkey landed the low punch that ended the fight, the Boston gob was master of the situation at all times, hence was entitled to a return engagement to settle the matter of supremacy.

THE RING, in an effort to get Schmeling and Sharkey together last year, offered to put up as a special prize the famous solid silver belt that Charley Mitchell had received in 1889 from British sportsmen as a reward for his wonderful display against John L. Sullivan with whom he fought a 39-round draw at Chantilly, France, but even that failed to lure the German into the ring with the only man American fight enthusiasts would pay to see him battle.

* * *

IT is with extreme pleasure, therefore, that the publisher of THE RING views the preparations for the impending return contest between Schmeling and Sharkey for the Yankee Stadium on June 16 and the success of our campaign for this match. While others tried hard to batter down Sharkey and to belittle his true fighting ability, THE RING stood steadfastly behind him. THE RING publisher believed in him and boosted his chances for the title and I am now happy to see that he has gained the chance to which he was justly entitled.

I admit that at times my support had gained for THE RING considerable attacks and brought me to the point of wavering. Especially so after his terrible showing against Mickey Walker. Following that contest, when I went to Boston to obtain a statement from Sharkey regarding reports that had emanated from the Middle West to the effect that threats from a strong gangster element were responsible for his failure, the Bostonian replied:

"Bear with me just a little longer. I didn't do my best in the Walker fight and simply couldn't show my true ability. Wait until the Carnera fight. If I don't show championship form against the Italian, then I won't blame you for laying off me for the rest of my career."

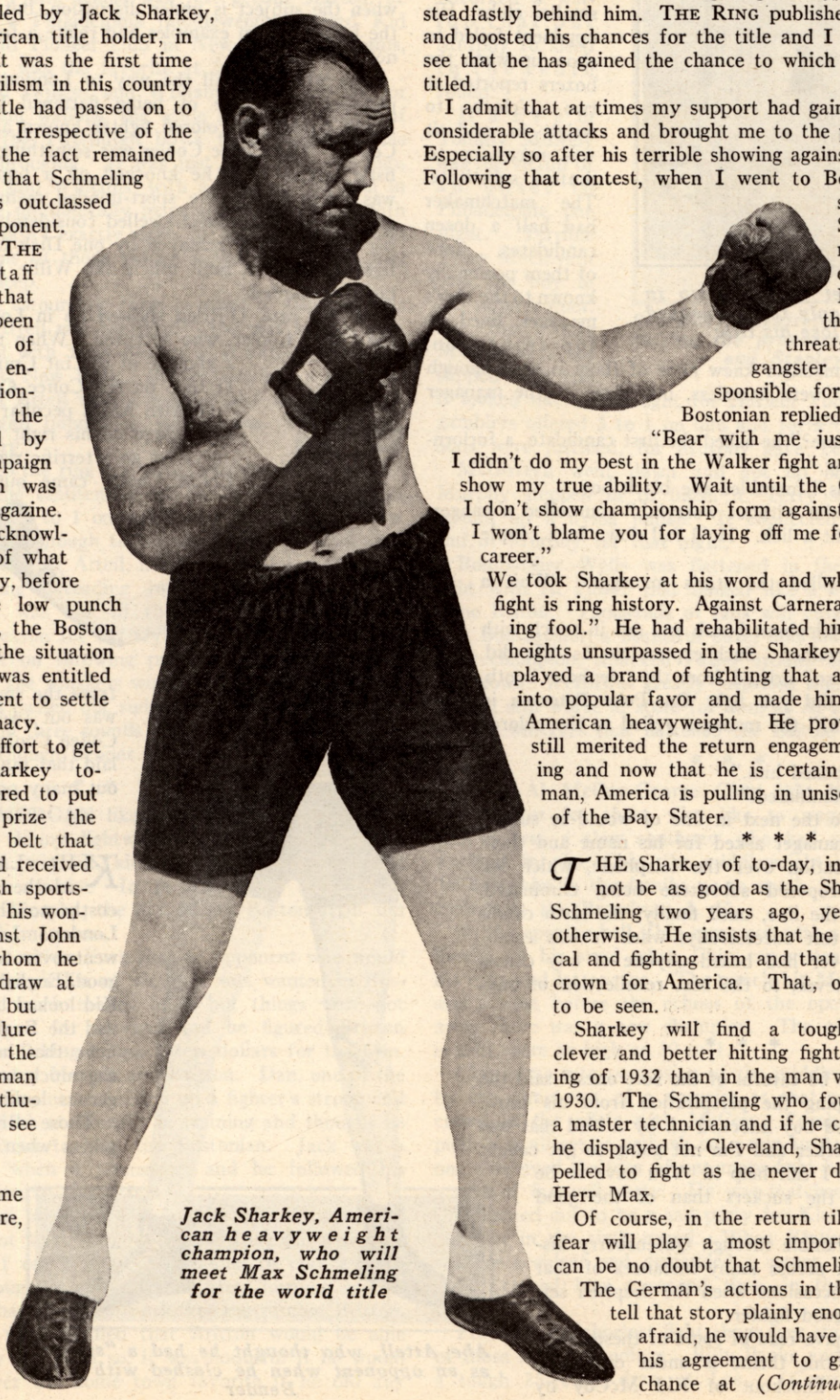
We took Sharkey at his word and what he did in that fight is ring history. Against Carnera, he was a "fighting fool." He had rehabilitated himself. He rose to heights unsurpassed in the Sharkey history. He displayed a brand of fighting that again brought him into popular favor and made him the outstanding American heavyweight. He proved then that he still merited the return engagement with Schmeling and now that he is certain to face the German, America is pulling in unison for the success of the Bay Stater.

* * *

THE Sharkey of to-day, in my opinion, cannot be as good as the Sharkey who fought Schmeling two years ago, yet Sharkey thinks otherwise. He insists that he is in better physical and fighting trim and that he will regain the crown for America. That, of course, remains to be seen.

Sharkey will find a tougher, more hardy, clever and better hitting fighter in the Schmeling of 1932 than in the man whom he fouled in 1930. The Schmeling who fought Stribling was a master technician and if he can retain the form he displayed in Cleveland, Sharkey will be compelled to fight as he never did before to beat Herr Max.

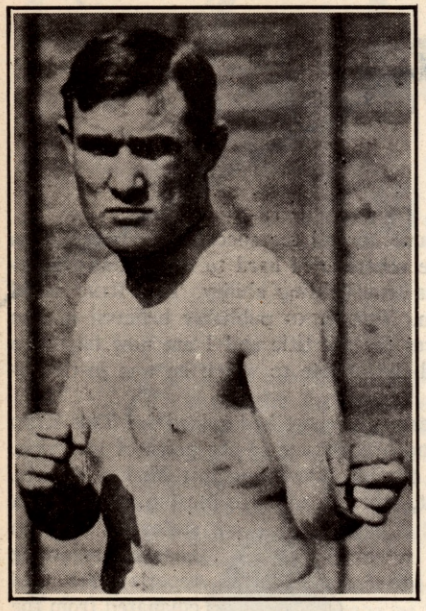
Of course, in the return tilt, the element of fear will play a most important part. There can be no doubt that Schmeling fears Sharkey. The German's actions in the past two years tell that story plainly enough. Were he not afraid, he would have gone through with his agreement to give Sharkey first chance at (*Continued on page* 41)



Jack Sharkey, American heavyweight champion, who will meet Max Schmeling for the world title

PITFALLS *on the* SETUP TRAIL

By WILBUR WOOD



Frank Klaus met George Chip in a tune-up fight, only to be knocked out and to lose his title

SEVERAL weeks ago a leading New York middleweight was scheduled to box at one of the smaller clubs. His opponent failed to show up when the boxers reported at two o'clock to weigh in and it was necessary to draft a substitute. The matchmaker had half a dozen candidates, none of them personally known to the star's manager, lined up for inspection. The fact that the manager knew none of them is good enough evidence that they were harmless, but even so, the manager was taking no chances.

"What's your name?" he asked the first candidate, a forlorn-looking colored boy.

"Battling Bunkus," mumbled the black boy.

"You can take him without worryin'," counselled a hanger-on. "He can't fight a lick. He'll fall down in a couple of rounds."

"Oh, yeah?" replied the star's manager. "Wait a minute."

He went into a telephone booth and got in touch with his own fighter's trainer. Such expressions as "He did, eh?" and "Is that so" drifted from the telephone booth.

"Hey, Bunkus, did you fight One-Poke Peterson in Hartford last week?" the manager yelled to the colored boy.

"Yeah, boss, I boxed him."

"Well, you're eliminated."

Then, turning to the next in line of would-be substitutes, the star's manager asked for his name and there was more conversation over the telephone, which led to the second proposed substitute being eliminated. And so on down the line, until finally, the sixth candidate, passed the test successfully, when it was established that he never had boxed anyone of any consequence and had never, to the best recollection of anyone, won a fight.

* * *

"YOU'VE gotta be careful of the soft ones," said the manager, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I once had a good boy knocked off by a bird that was fed to me as a sucker and I'm not going to get caught that way again if I can help it. You have to be more careful of the suckers than of the good fighters."

If you take a ramble through Queensberry history you will run across many instances of that sort of thing, of occasions when the despised set-up walloped the good fighter.

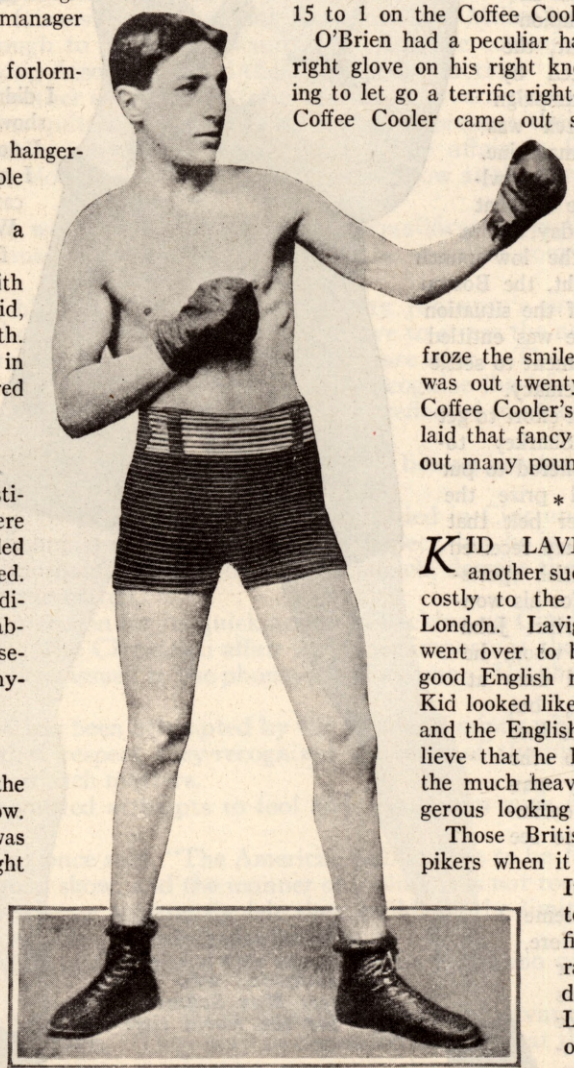
No doubt you have read of some of these cases. A favorite when this theme is under discussion is the one-round knockout of Kid McCoy by Jack McCormick in Chicago. There was a sort of poetic justice in the fate that befell the wily McCoy in the McCormick affair, for the Kid played a trick of the same sort on Tommy Ryan, representing himself as being in no shape and in desperate need of a few dollars in order to get a fight with Ryan. Tommy did not bother to get in shape himself, thinking it would be just a waltz, but McCoy crossed him by showing up in perfect shape, scoring a knockout.

These and a few other cases are invariably brought up when the subject is under discussion, but I shall try to avoid the better known examples and relate a few of which you may not have heard.

One who went all the way to London to undergo the unpleasant experience of being flattened by a soft one, was Frank Craig, the colored fighter known as the Harlem Coffee Cooler. The Coffee Cooler was something of a lion in English fistic circles after he knocked off a bunch of Britons. He was taken up by the sport-minded members of the nobility and no doubt his head swelled considerably. Any such swelling was painfully removed by one Dick O'Brien, a New York fighter who was built much like Willie Meehan and was not highly regarded.

At any rate, O'Brien showed up in London and challenged the Coffee Cooler, who accepted. When the spectators caught a glimpse of the fat Craig the betting rose to 15 to 1 on the Coffee Cooler.

O'Brien had a peculiar habit of rubbing his right glove on his right knee and then pivoting to let go a terrific right-hand smash. The Coffee Cooler came out smiling and, when O'Brien put on the knee rubbing act, burst into a laugh. He was still laughing when O'Brien's right hit him on the chin and froze the smile on his lips. Craig was out twenty minutes and the Coffee Cooler's admirers who had laid that fancy price on him were out many pounds.



Abe Attell, who thought he had a "sucker" as an opponent when he clashed with Tony Bender

* * *

KID LAVIGNE figured in another such case that proved costly to the sporting lords of London. Lavigne, a lightweight, went over to box Dick Burge, a good English middleweight. The Kid looked like a big, blond baby and the Englishmen could not believe that he had a chance with the much heavier and more dangerous looking Burge.

Those British lords were no pikers when it came to wagering. It was the custom to bet with the finger. One finger raised meant a hundred pounds. When Lavigne found the odds against him were 4 to 1, he decided to have a little wager on him-

Many Famous Fighters Have Met With Reverses at the Hands of So-Called Mediocre Opponents

self. Catching the eye of one big bettor, the Kid raised five fingers as he sat waiting for the gloves to be laced on his hands. He thought he was betting $500 against $2000.

As the Englishman understood it, Lavigne was wagering 500 pounds against 2,000 pounds. Lavigne knocked out Burge and was paid off something like $10,000, which was a pleasant surprise. Almost every American at the fight had a bet down on the Kid and you may imagine that the wine flowed freely in celebration of his triumph.

Years ago, when Frank Klaus was just getting started, he was matched with a Philadelphia middleweight, named Kid Williams, at the Old Pioneer club in New York. Williams, a very clever boxer, was the favorite at 5 to 1.

Klaus was a wild swinger and Williams easily blocked or ducked his well-meant wallops, the while sending a stream of straight lefts into the Pittsburgh boy's face. Williams was enjoying himself thoroughly. It was just a workout for him. "A dime a dozen," said Williams, with a wink to the men in the press box as he methodically massaged Klaus's nose with his left. But that wasn't exactly right, for in the fourth round Klaus finally put one of those swings across to the chin and Williams went to sleep.

Perhaps the most astounding form reversal of them all was one in which Abe Attell was the goat. Abe was at top form when he took a bout with Tony Bender at Brown's gymnasium on West 23rd Street, New York. Bender was just a mug and did not figure to hit Attell with a handful of buck shot. Abe gave away about ten pounds in weight, but that did not cause him any worry.

Well, they got into the ring and Attell proceeded to toy with Bender, much to the amusement of the spectators. Somebody offered to bet 30 to 1 on Attell and was laughed down. Who would be sucker enough to bet on Bender to even land a solid punch on the great Attell, much less beat him?

Things went along according to Queensberry for some time. But Bender was one of those persistent souls who could not see any reason for not trying, no matter how heavy the odds. He kept on throwing punches and finally, somehow, he hit Abe on the whiskers with one he brought up from the cellar and Attell passed out suddenly. Abe got a rest, then continued for the full three rounds and the bout is recorded as a no-decision tilt although Bender won by a K. O.

* * *

DUMB DAN MORGAN likes to tell one about Britton. Jack was a skinny lightweight who had been boxing around Philadelphia without kicking up much dust when Morgan took charge of him. In Boston at the time was a boxer named Eddie Murphy, the idol of the Boston Irish and a very capable performer, too.

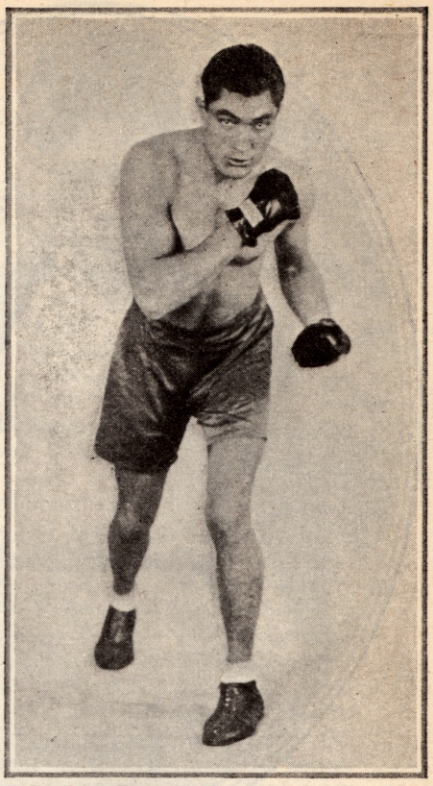
The word drifted to New York that an opponent who would serve to fatten Murphy's list of victories was wanted in Boston. There wasn't much money in it but things were not breaking any too well for Morgan and he figured Britton might as well take a licking to get a few dollars for the firm.

So off to Boston went Morgan and Britton. Dan, one of the smartest men in the business at sizing up a fighter's strong and weak points, got a flash at Murphy in training and thought he saw a way for Britton to beat the Bostonian. Jack was a smart boxer, even when a youngster, and he followed his manager's instructions to the letter.

Morgan always has been one who finds it hard to turn down a bet on a long shot and when he learned that the wise lads were laying 10 to 1 on Murphy, he decided to take a flyer. He got Britton's dough in advance and, after burying enough to buy two tickets back to New York, bet the rest on Britton.

Dan was pretty well satisfied that Britton would be able to outpoint Murphy but even so, it was doubtful if he would get the decision over the home town favorite if he did any less than murder him. Britton never was known as much of a puncher, but that night, when he found out Morgan had bet the works on him, he uncorked a wallop that put Murphy to sleep in the tenth round.

Harlem Tommy Murphy was the victim of an upset in Philadelphia one night. Terrible Terry McGovern was the boy in the other corner. At that time McGovern had slipped badly and it looked like a soft fight for Harlem Tommy. Anyway, the gamblers offered 3 to 1 on him and for a time it appeared the odds were justified, for Murphy gave Terry a bad beating.



Salvatore Ruggirello who surprised by halting the progress of Walter Cobb and Stanley Poreda

McGovern went down and got up on shaky pins. As Murphy stepped in to finish it, Terry spread his legs and wound up a dying punch. It connected and that was the end of Murphy for that night.

Bombardier Wells was flattened in the old Garden in a fight with Al Palzer that looked like a cinch for the handsome Briton. Thousands of fans will never forget that fight. The Bombardier, a beautiful boxer and looking the part of an ideal champion, smacked Palzer around at will and knocked him down. Wells was greatly surprised when Palzer got up but he had still worse in store for him, as Al let him have a right on the whiskers that flattened the Briton.

* * *

THE Al McCoy-George Chip fight in Brooklyn was a shocker for those who like to wager on sure things. McCoy was a slow southpaw who had proved just a good workout for Joe Chip, the middleweight champion's brother. To keep him in the family, so to speak, he was matched with George at the Broadway A. C.

At the opening bell Chip came out with a rush. McCoy was hardly off his stool when Chip came steaming up. Al shut his eyes and let one go. The punch hit McCoy on the button and almost before the echoes of the opening bell had died away there was a new champion. The odds on that one, it is said, were as high as 30 to 1.

Chip came into possession of the middleweight title in 1913 by the same sort of a surprise as that which cost him the crown in the affair with McCoy. Frank Klaus, the champion, was all set to embark on a trip to Australia when someone conceived the idea of one more fight before he sailed, just a sort of farewell party. He was matched with Chip.

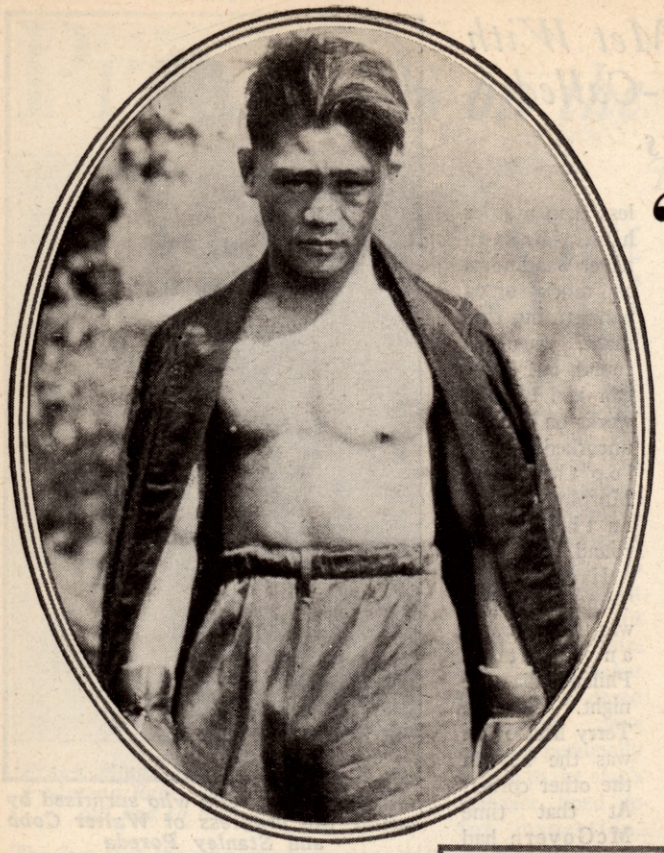
It turned out to be a sad party for Klaus, as Chip knocked him out in the sixth round. When Klaus yelled that it was just an accident and demanded a return match, Chip agreed and flattened him a second time, in the same number of rounds.

Probably the shortest fight show ever staged was due to one of those surprise endings. Billy Papke and Hugo Kelly boxed a tough 25-round draw at Los (*Continued on page* 41)

Boxing's "*Mosquito* Fleet"

This Is the First of a Series of Stories on Filipino Fighters

(The Second Article Will Appear in the Next Issue)



Pancho Villa, the first Filipino to win a world title

EVEN if I live to be 100—which isn't likely, for the good die young—I'll never forget the first boxing match I saw in Manila, the "Pearl of the Orient." It was in November, 1919. I left the United States in August, aboard an army transport that carried a load of troops for Siberia.

Why? Heaven alone knows; the war was over. Among the troops was a bashful little Italian kid who had lied about his age to get into the army. His name was Mike Ballerino and we were destined to meet later, under different circumstances.

Our ship was routed via Vladivostok, Siberia, and Nagasaki, Japan, and it took us 38 days to get to Manila.

In November, I landed the job of sports editor of the Manila *Daily Bulletin;* it was on a Friday, I remember. The first thing the boss told me was that boxing shows were held, every Saturday night, at the Olympic Stadium, under the promotion of Frank Churchill and Eddie Tait.

"What sort of talent?" I asked.

"Oh, just Filipino boys," replied the boss, who wasn't much of a fight fan. "Once in a while an American, but mostly Filipinos. I don't know much about 'em. Anyway, from now on you'll have to know about them—it's part of your job."

* * *

I HAD met a chap named Joe Waterman in the gymnasium; a chief petty officer in Uncle Sam's Navy, stationed at Cavite. He was referee, announcer, assistant matchmaker, editor of the Olympic program, and the best-informed boxing man I had ever met, before or since. When I asked him about Filipino fighters, he waxed enthusiastic, but I discounted his ardor.

Joe Waterman, who brought the first Filipino fighter to America

Incidentally, Waterman today is promoting fights in Seattle and Portland; and is, in my opinion, the best matchmaker in these United States. He was also the first American to bring a Filipino fighter to the States. He brought a bantam, Cowboy Reyes, here in 1920, but the Cowboy got homesick and scrammed for home.

Anyway, Saturday night came, and I went—to the fights.

I found the Olympic Stadium a modern arena, seating 8,500; better equipped than 90 per cent. of the American fight-clubs I had been in. What first caught my eye, as I entered the building, was a long, and lovely mahogany bar, presided over by a big American named Mike Toomey — of the Toomey's from Shmilovitz. Four or five Filipino bartenders, in clean white jackets, were busy serving drinks to a throng of fight fans, American and Filipino.

It was a colorful scene. Soldiers and sailors in uniform, mingling with American civilians in snow-white duck suits, and Filipinos in silk-striped mohair and palm-beach togs; with here and there a red-trousered Filipino tao, or laboring-man, headed for the gallery.

That bar made a hit with me. Right there I became convinced of the superiority of the Philippine fight-clubs over American arenas.

* * *

FRANK CHURCHILL and his partner, Stewart "Eddie" Tait, were then both in the United States. The general manager of their extensive Philippine holdings was Edwin E. Tait, brother of Stewart, and a fine, likeable, hustling chap. He's now operating a carnival show, travelling in India, Siam, Burma, Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies.

Edwin Tait ushered me to my seat in the press-row. The second prelim was just about to begin as I sat down. Two barefoot Filipino boys, clad in bath-robes, were in the center of the ring, getting their instructions from Hy Schramm, the

Filipino Fighters, Little and Aggressive, Have Written Brilliant Chapters into Fistiana

By "BILL" MILLER

bald-headed, three-fingered referee, in the time-honored manner.

Instructions received, the fighters went to their respective corners, and tossed off their robes, awaiting the gong.

And a wild scream of laughter, surprise and horror arose!

The laughter and surprise from the males in the audience; the horror from the feminine fans.

For one of the fighters was as nude as he was when he entered this vale of sorrow and tears! Outside of his gloves, of course. The kid had forgotten to put on his trunks in the dressing room; and, like many preliminary boys out there, he didn't own a cup. Anyway, some of the lads thought cups were effeminate.

Time out was declared while pants were donned.

Then followed a most lively and entertaining four-round set-to. I had come to patronize, and remained to applaud the Filipino battlers. Each succeeding fight was a duplication, so far as interest and action were concerned; there wasn't a dull fight on the card.

* * *

BEFORE I go any further, let me intersperse a paragraph which hasn't much to do with Filipino fighters.

Damon Runyon, star feature writer of the Hearst Syndicate; Colonel W. O. McGeehan, of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune,* and William "Doc" Morris, of the N. Y. *Evening Post*—the most conscientious newspaperman I ever met—all soldiered in the Philippines, many years ago. Of course, they were kids at the time. Martin Egan, vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Company, was also a Manila newspaperman; as was Frederick O'Brien, who wrote "White Shadows of the South Seas." And so was Sammy Nash, now with the Binghamton (N. Y.) *Sun.*

Frank Churchill, who organized the first boxing club in Manila, and for many years has been the leading importer of Filipino talent

To continue: for the blance of 1919, all through 1920, and until late in 1921, I covered fights for the Manila *Daily Bulletin* and also for *"Sports,"* a weekly.

I saw Pancho Villa and Mike Ballerino in their first professional fights, raw preliminary kids. Little I dreamt at the time that in the years to come, each would win a world championship, and that it would be my lot to ballyhoo their activities to a palpitant public, as press-agent.

There were, at the time, a great many tiny tads fighting out there who weighed less than 100 pounds. We didn't know how to classify them. The flyweight limit was then 105 pounds. The inventive brain of Joe Waterman came to the rescue, and gave birth to a new division—the "vacuumweight class." Pancho Villa, Elino Flores, and Pete Sarmiento all boxed as vacuumweights in those days.

* * *

MIKE BALLERINO'S regiment had been transferred from arctic Siberia to tropical Manila, and he started his boxing career in that beautiful city. Mike isn't a Filipino—he's a Bayonne, N. J., Italian—but he is closely identified with the Filipino fighters, for he and Pancho Villa met no less than ten times, in bouts ranging from 4 to 20 rounds. Villa won nearly every bout; one 15-round go was a draw, but they were all scorchers for action and interest.

Late in 1921, I returned to the U. S.—to get married, although that has nothing to do with Filipino fighters—planning to return to the Philippines. My wife had other ideas, and so we compromised; I followed her ideas. Married men will understand.

In May, 1922, Frank Churchill arrived in the United States, accompanied by Elino Flores and Pancho Villa.

These two great little Filipino scrappers blazed the trail, and made it comparatively easy for Filipino fighters who followed in their footsteps to get a hearing and an audience from American fight promoters.

Villa, at the time, weighed about 108 pounds; Flores about 130. Of the two, Flores seemed the better prospect when they arrived, and Churchill expected the really big things from this lad. But it was the Mighty Mite, Pancho the Puncho, who captured the fancy of the fans, and he rose, under skillful management by Churchill, to towering heights. Villa was the first Filipino to win a world title.

* * *

JUST in passing: one of Frank Churchill's best friends when he arrived here was the well-known writer, Frank G. Menke, sports editor of the International News Service.

Menke advised Churchill to notify New York newspapermen by telegram of his arrival, and request their presence at the gymnasium to see the new Filipino fighters work out. Churchill sent out a score of telegrams, inviting scribes to Grupp's Gym the following day.

Only one man showed up next day; a slender chap with a dark mustache, a quiet, unassuming fellow, who kept in the back-ground and closely watched the Filipino warriors going through their paces. He went back to his office and pounded out a story, predicting that the littler of the two new Filipinos was a future world champion.

That man was Davis J. Walsh, now sports editor of the New York *Graphic.*

Churchill rented an expensive suite of rooms at the Pennsylvania; hired a servant to look after his fighters, and hired as trainer "Whitey" Ekwert, whose work in the gym had attracted Churchill's attention. The chuckling brethren of the fight game, astounded by such profligate spending, immediately set Churchill down as a millionaire philanthropist, or a spendthrift lunatic, or possibly both. Events that followed proved that neither classification was correct.

Churchill had been a prospector in Alaska in 1897; his buddy there was Rex Beach, the novelist. He had been a customs-house employe in the Philippines; then a fight promoter; then branched into the outdoor advertising business and the carnival business. In each of these activities he was highly successful.

WHITE HOPE!

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE big man listened intently. "There's a fortune to be made in the venture," the weasel-faced little fellow kept repeating. "You supply the dough, I'll get the horses. We take them over into Oklahoma and sell them at fancy prices. They're opening up a great country over there."

They sat in the Manhattan Café, at Cheyenne, Wyoming—George Willing, six feet six inches in height and weighing about 255 pounds, and Jason Snade, who stood five feet two inches in his high heels and scaled close to a hundred pounds, wringing wet.

"Jason, I've got the bankroll, and I am on the verge of falling for your scheme," Willing said, after some ten minutes of cogitation.

"Things are quiet around the ranch in Kansas. I'm thinking of pulling up stakes there. In fact, I have been considering that Oklahoma country myself. Your idea is sound. They need horses over there. Wyoming is full of cattle. It's a go!"

"I knew you'd see the light, George," the weasel chuckled. "Now, don't you worry yourself about the details. I know all about horses. I'll buy them, and I'll sell them. There isn't a chance in the world that anything will go wrong.

"It will take about ten thousand smackers. You go on to Kansas and settle your affairs there and meet me in Oklahoma City in two—well, say three weeks. As for the profits, I insist on a fifty-fifty split. Is that okeh?"

The giant and the weasel shook hands on the bargain as the mechanical piano in the Manhattan Café broke into an offkey execution of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

* * *

THE big man wandered from honky tonk to hotel, from barber shop to gambling hall—in Oklahoma City and Muskogee. He was looking for Jason Snead and the horses—for Jason and the ten grand.

But nobody had glimpsed the weasel-faced trader from Cheyenne. Yes, a few cattle drivers had been seen, but nobody that answered to the description of Jason Snead.

Willing betook himself to the Gem Café in Oklahoma City for a long spell of moaning—and swearing revenge.

It was in the Gem, cussing over ten thimbles of Bourbon, that Bob Moore found Willing, an old pal of his from Kansas. Bob had been the town barber, the local sage. He had found Kansas too slow and had moved on to where excitement flourished—on to the growing empire of the ancient Indian Territory—the Cimmarron country, it still was.

Moore staged wrestling matches, he put on fights, he ran an occasional cock fighting main.

"Well, George, you old son of a gun, what are you doing in this neck of the woods?" Moore exclaimed. "I heard you were here, but couldn't believe you had forsaken the cattle and the alfalfa. What's the peeve? Something wrong?"

"Peeve, eh? Ten thousand dollars gone," ejaculated the giant. And he told Moore the whole story. "I am going to catch Snead. And when I do, I am going to drill him full of holes. There will be no chance for explanations."

Willing hauled out a forty-five Colt, ready for action. He fondled the gun, and fell into a revery. "Why, the dirty rat! I picked him up when he was starving. And he goes off with my dough. I'll kill him on sight."

Moore laughed. "That's all very dramatic, George, but even in this country there is law. They have jails and they have hangings, and all that sort of thing. You just can't step up to a guy and shoot him full of holes because he stole your money, and because you were sucker enough to trust a weasel. You have a wife and two kids back home. They wouldn't like visiting you in an Oklahoma jailhouse. The food is rotten, and your company wouldn't suit you."

Willing gulped ten thimbles more, and sat brooding. Moore jumped to his feet with an exclamation.

"To hell with that ten thousand, George! I've got an idea. We'll make more money than you ever dreamed of cleaning up on those horses. How would you like to become a fighter?"

The giant looked up and laughed. "Listen, Bob, you always were the town joker in that Kansas barber shop. But this is serious. Here I am ten thousand out, my savings gone at twenty-eight, and you ask me if I want to become a fighter. Take a drink and steady your nerves. I am in no mood for fooling."

Moore walked over to Willing and talked right into the giant's ear. "I never was more serious in my life, George. I remember your feats of strength, your agility, in Jayhawk. You have the incentive. You need money. I think you have the makings of a fighter.

"The very fact that you sit here with a gun ready to kill Snead is in your favor. You have the killer instinct without which no heavyweight is worth his salt.

"The champion around here is Joe Staley. They call him the Oklahoma Giant. In Oklahoma he is king. In New York he would have trouble landing in a semi-final at a one buck club. I guarantee that with one month's work you can take him. Then—soft money, George—soft money!"

* * *

IN the Rattle Snake dance hall Moore had rigged up training quarters. "How goes it today, big boy? Like the idea any better?" Bob shouted as he slapped his big charge on the back. "How is he coming along, O'Farrell?"

"I think he will stop this Staley in three heats, Bob," the trainer said. "I have been around for thirty years and I can say with sincerity that I never have seen a prospect to match George. He is fast for his size, and he has a wicked left. I say that you have the coming champion of the world."

Willing grinned, and hurled a tremendous medicine ball at the old trainer.

"I'll admit now that I may have a chance against Staley, if he doesn't cross that right of his," George said. "But this talk of being champion—well, I'm twenty-eight and I am not fooled easily—at least, not now, after my experience with Snead, the dirty rat."

The very thought of the weasel made Willing ferocious and he cut loose against his sparring partners with a vim that sent them out of the ring in short order.

The fight with Staley was three weeks away. The whole state was agog over the contest between the Kansas Giant and the local champion. Johnny Karney, from Chicago, was coming down to take a look at the behemoth, and that fact alone was sufficient to stamp the contest as an important one. For Karney was the maker of champions.

The whole country was clamoring for a real White Hope. Jim Jepson, the big Negro, had held the world's heavyweight championship for four years and the White Race didn't seem to like it.

In Willing, the White Race, as represented around Oklahoma City, saw a chance to seize the title back. It was an era of boxing hysteria and dramatic excitement.

Only a short week to go. In the Staley camp there was much uneasiness. "Joe, this will not be the cinch I figured when I made the match," Old Frank McCannelly told his

The Saga of George Willing's Rise to World's Heavyweight Title

champ. "Willing has developed into a real fighter. It's phenomenal. I thought he would be too slow. But he is fast on his feet and he can sock with that left. There is no sense in kidding you into a false sense of security. This is going to be the toughest fight of your life."

"Has this giant any weakness?" Staley asked, anxiously. "My friends say he has stopped drinking. I have sicked some of the gals on him, but he won't fall. Even Flo Henriette can't make any impression on him.

"He likes to sit around and talk about his family—the big bum! His wife and kids, in Kansas. He won't gamble, so he can't get worried about money affairs. Some of the boys have tried to steam him up about that horse deal, but they say that only makes him a better fighter.

"I tried to frame him the other night with Sylvia La Beche and Frenchy Paul. Willing almost hurled her out of a window, and he grabbed Paul by the seat of the pants and threw him down a flight of stairs. Doc Casey says he will have to remain in bed for a week."

McCannally shook his head. "There is only one solution, Joe. I have been talking to Jimmy Marane, who is to be the referee. He may help us. Don't get too serious about this. But I just thought I'd warn you."

"You could have spared yourself the trouble," said Staley.

* * *

IN the third round Willing cut loose with that left and knocked Staley down for the count. Joe arose unsteadily, and lasted through the session. The fourth saw Staley hit the canvas twice, and in the fifth Willing crossed his right and knocked the Oklahoma champion as cold as Pike's Peak.

Karney rushed to Willing's dressing room. "Moore, you have the answer to America's prayer. Work with me and we'll get rich," he pleaded.

The Kansas barber shook his head. "Johnny, I have been dreaming of this for years. Now I'd hate to give up part of my chance. Maybe I'll have to come to you when we get to the big cities. But I am going to campaign Willing in the sticks for a while."

Karney pleaded with Bob. "Don't waste your opportunity. Take him to New York. Or to San Francisco. He's too valuable an asset for tank towns."

"This man is from the tank towns himself. New York would scare him," Moore explained.

Moore took Willing through the Tank Circuit, and then landed in Los Angeles with a fighter who by this time was talked about from Coast to Coast.

It was there that Willing killed Bull Morey with one punch. "We've got to show the big time experts," Moore had warned him just before the opening gong. "Give everything you have."

Willing feinted with his left, crossed the right, then drove a left to the heart and Morey was dead.

* * *

NOW they began to call the Kansas White Hope, "The Killer." For a while the memory of the accident retarded Willing's development. He was afraid to hit with all his power. This fear lingered through his bout with Dick Minter, in New York. Some of the Metropolitan comment was scathing. It hurt George.

In Houston, Texas, one of the strangest things in ring history happened. In the second round of his fight with Tim Teale, Willing looked across the house, and, in one of the ringside seats, he spied Snead.

Willing pushed Teale from him, jumped over the ropes and started for the startled horse trader. Snead dashed from his seat just in time. Down the aisle Willing tore, out into the street. Snead darted into an alley.

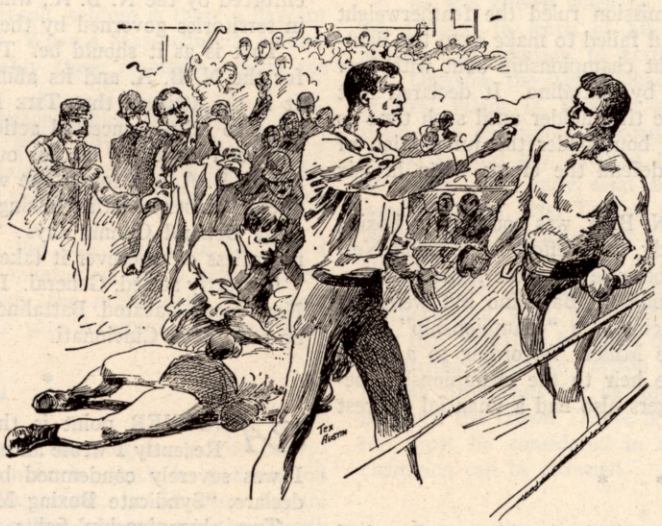
In the meantime, the house was in an uproar. Moore hopped into the ring to explain. Teale's manager also jumped in, and claimed the fight. Strictly speaking, Willing had disqualified himself by leaving the ring.

But the crowd had paid to see a fight. It was not interested in technicalities. And it was in sympathy with the White Hope.

Willing returned to the battle with a sheepish grin. He apologized to the crowd. And in the next round, he stretched Teale like a lace curtain.

Willing never again got even a fleeting glimpse of Snead. And he learned that there were hard and fast rules of the ring that had to be lived up to.

* * *



In the fifth round Willing crossed his right and knocked Staley, the Oklahoma champion, as cold as Pike's Peak

MOORE kept manoeuvering for a fight with Jepson, for the title. But the big Negro would not fight. He was signed for a bout in London, he promised to fight in New Mexico, he considered a bout in Reno. But always the Negro was elusive.

He had grown soft and fat with easy living. And perhaps his confidence had been injured. He was not getting any younger. And he had heard that Willing could not —that Willing was strong.

Finally, the match was made, for Havana, Cuba. Forty-five rounds. Jepson insisted on that. He counted on his wiles and the tricks of the trade to outwit Willing.

Much as the boxing world respected Willing's ability, it could not rate chances for the title very high. That bout in New York had hurt him. And Jepson was regarded as one of the most able defensive fighters in the history of the game.

They met in dear old Havana, under a blazing April sun. They started slowly. Jepson had done none too much training. He had done a certain amount of work, but his diet of fried chicken and hot biscuits had done his paunch no good.

"I'll polish off this George person in ten rounds," he assured his camp followers.

In the tenth round, Jepson was puffing, and Willing was smiling.

The fifteenth round found Jepson in distress. And Willing was fighting a methodical, calm fight.

"If I cut loose, I can knock him out any time now," Willing told Moore after the twentieth round. "But I'm going to wear him down. I know I have the championship. But I will take no chances. His blows lack steam. He is gasping. I don't want to kill another man, Bob. I dream about Bull Morey."

In the thirty-second round, a left to the jaw sent Jepson down. The big Negro toppled like a man who was drunk. He rolled over on his side, then he lay (*Continued on page* 41)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Europe Gives N. B. A. a Few Pointers on Rules
Sides With New York in Featherweight Title Dispute
Sharp Practices by Officials in "No-Contest" Rulings

THE first break in the retaliatory system practiced by the National Boxing Association against non-members has come in a message from the British Board of Boxing Control, the Canadian Federation of Boxing and the International Boxing Union of France to the effect that those organizations, all members of the International Committee of the N. B. A., have sided with New York and against the National Boxing Association in the Bat Battalino case.

The decision of those foreign bodies is a most important one as it is an indication that politics will not be permitted to enter into the affairs of the N. B. A., if the European members have anything to say about it.

When the New York Commission ruled the featherweight title vacated after Battalino had failed to make even the lightweight limit for a featherweight championship bout with Lew Feldman, the N. B. A. stood by Battalino. It declared that Bat would be recognized as the title holder until such time as he lost the championship in a bout under the jurisdiction of the N. B. A., or refused to defend the crown when his six months limit was up.

Although the action of the N. B. A. was contrary to boxing law, the American National body, in an effort to discredit New York, which is not a member because the state legislature forbids its entrance, not only stood by Battalino but went out of its way to sanction in Cincinnati a "championship" affair between Battalino and Freddie Miller. According to advance reports, Miller was to become heir to the championship because one of Battalino's managers also had a financial interest in Miller.

* * *

WHAT happened in Cincinnati is boxing history. But, had the N. B. A. seen the light as have its affiliated organizations in Europe, there would have been no "championship" fight, no scandal, no misapprehension and no mud-throwing. The International Committee, in a message sent to General John J. Clinnin, the N. B. A. president, disapproved the request of the General to have Battalino considered the champion under the conditions above outlined. The Committee, taking issue with the N. B. A. and siding with New York, declared that when Battalino had failed to weigh in as a featherweight for the fight with Feldman, he automatically lost the championship, which now is vacant.

The Committee, by its decision, has shown that politics plays no part in its rulings. It has demonstrated that boxing, in its hands, is kept clean. The Committee has outlined a policy which hereafter, according to General Clinnin, will be followed in all cases that arise similar to that of the Battalino-Feldman affair.

The N. B. A., in making known the decision of the International Committee, states:

"Battalino shocked the boxing public and insulted the intelligence of the commissions in control of boxing throughout America, by appearing before the New York body for a title match weighing 135½ pounds and then attempting to go through with a "so-called championship match" at Cincinnati with Freddie Miller, weighing 128½ pounds, thereby doubly vacating his title. And from information received, Battalino attempted to pass said title to Freddie Miller by engaging in a contest which apparently was for no other purpose. Battalino has been fined $5000 and indefinitely suspended!"

* * *

SO far so good. We congratulate the International Committee for its common sense and for the rebuke handed the American committee for not backing up New York in the protection of boxing. We are glad, also, to note according to General Clinnin that henceforth the rules of boxing will be enforced by the N. B. A., whether the contest involved is held in territories governed by the allied bodies or elsewhere.

That is as it should be. THE RING has nothing but praise for the N. B. A. and its affiliated organizations in this stand. It is the attitude that THE RING often has taken—will continue to take—concerted action, strict adherence to the code, will soon drive the leeches out of boxing. The new policy of the N. B. A. is a sound one which will have a far reaching influence in perpetuating boxing as a sport.

As General Clinnin says: "That which is wrong, is wrong regardless of wherever it takes place."

Correctly stated, General. If such policy were followed when New York vacated Battalino's title, there would have been no scandal in Cincinnati.

* * *

ANOTHER point is that relative to syndicate boxing. Recently I wrote an editorial on this subject, for which I was severely condemned by the unscrupulous. But I still declare, "Syndicate Boxing Must Go!"

Two championship fights staged on successive nights, in which, common gossip had it, one of the managers of each champion also had a financial interest in the challenger, sets a record in boxing. The N. B. A., with the aid of the European affiliated organizations, can drive the syndicate manager out of business. It shouldn't wait until another nauseating trick is perpetrated.

When the newspapers publish reports that the manager of a champion has a controlling interest in a challenger, the N. B. A. should prevent the match until a thorough investigation is made. If the report is proved correct, the N. B. A. should place the fight where it belongs—into the ash can.

Put the "smart alecks" of boxing out of business. Revoke the licenses of syndicate managers. Prevent them and their fighters from appearing and you'll soon put an end to syndicate boxing.

It is up to the N. B. A. They don't stand for such syndicate arrangements in Europe and we shouldn't permit them here. The N. B. A. knows who the guilty ones are and if they don't, I'll name them for the organization.

* * *

MY attention has been called to a nefarious practice existing in certain sections of the country where it has become a habit for the home town referee to toss the

fighters out of the ring in order to save the club from losing money when the gate receipts run below par. A few weeks ago I was visited by a well known New York fight manager who told me of a case where two boys had fought through two minutes and forty seconds of the eighth round when the referee decided they were stalling and tossed both out of the ring. According to my informant, the official had warned both in the second round to stop clinching and again in the seventh round he urged them to show more action.

The boys, both of whom have a reputation for square shooting, were doing the best they could, but the referee couldn't see it that way.

By disqualifying the fighters, the club saved the payment of the purse. It cost the club only $100 for training expenses for the fighters, and the official, from what I have learned since, has boasted of receiving a portion of that which was saved for the promoter.

I know of two cases in the middle west that are almost identical. It is only in states where the club, under the commission rule for that section, need not pay anything to the contestants when the referee rules the fight "no-contest", that such practices exist.

In Massachusetts, for example, when a bout is halted because the referee has decided that the men were not giving their best, the promoter must refund part of the admission price by allowing the ticket purchaser to buy a ticket for the next fight at a reduced rate.

Therefore, the promoter does not gain anything through the action of the referee and as a result, seldom is there a flagrant violation by a Bay State official. When a Massachusetts referee throws the boxers out, invariably there is ample reason for his action.

The National Boxing Association, which controls the sport in 29 states, should take this grave situation in hand. If a referee sees fit to permit two boxers to remain in the ring for most of the scheduled route, he should not be permitted to stop it unless his case is plain.

Why should a promoter be the sole benefactor in such a contest? In the cases I have mentioned, not a cent was refunded to the patrons and only the preliminary boys were paid. Who got the rest of the gate receipts? The promoter can best answer that.

* * *

ERNIE SCHAAF strengthened his position in the heavyweight ranking by the manner in which he polished off Salvatore Ruggirello, the Italian giant, in Madison Square Garden, recently. By stopping his opponent in the fourth round after Ruggirello had knocked out Walter Cobb and Stanley Poreda, Schaaf lived up to the reputation he has gained as the most promising heavyweight.

Ernie received several hard jolts from Ruggirello, but took them without flinching and came on to batter his rival into submission. Under the able tutelage of Jack Sharkey, one of his managers, Ernie has developed a corking left hook. It was a hook to the stomach in the second round that really ended the battle.

Schaaf planted it with such telling effect after Ruggirello had twice rocked him with vicious rights, that the Italian could hardly catch his breath for the remainder of the round. If Ernie were not a slow thinker, he would have ended the contest then and there.

* * *

NEW faces are appearing with regularity in New York fights and to that may be attributed the gain in patronage since James J. Johnston, the hustling manager of Madison Square Garden took the helm. The fans like to see new talent. It adds to interest. Johnston has been doing great work and if he can continue to furnish such high class attractions as he has given the public since the first of the year, boxing in New York will have a banner year.

OUT in Chicago, Nate Lewis, who is in charge of the Chicago Stadium, is arranging shows that should enable his organization to pay a good dividend this year. Nate has filled the arena in each of his last four starts. With Battling Levinsky, Tuffy Griffiths, Tony Canzoneri, Billy Petrolle, Earl Mastro and several other stars listed to appear for him, Lewis is sitting pretty.

With both the Stadium and the New York Garden packing 'em in again, it is beginning to look like old times. I have always contended that good cards will draw out the public and what Lewis and Johnston are doing proves my point.

* * *

WITH the Roumanian and French flyweight champions in our midst, the question of international supremacy in that division should soon be decided. Tom O'Rourke, the veteran manager of world famous fighters, has the Roumanian title holder, Frankie Nour, in tow. There isn't a man who knows more about the intricacies of boxing than O'Rourke, hence it is safe to predict that if Nour lives up to the reputation that has preceded him to this country, Tom will have another champion under his charge. In their recent battle in France, Nour had Young Perez down three times.

* * *

THE American friends of Ted Broadribb, "Snowball" as he was known when he fought here for Dan McKetrick, are pleased to learn of his success as a big-time manager abroad. In addition to acting as British representative for Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of Europe, Broadribb has the greatest talent in England gathered under his wing, among them, two champions. Broadribb is of the aggressive, American type, and has adopted our methods in the development of talent. Ted may send several of his boys here for an American tour. Nel Tarlton and Dom Volante, both of whom were good attractions here a few years ago, expect to pay us another visit.

The British Board of Boxing Control thinks Nel, the English featherweight king, should be acknowledged world champion now that Battalino has been deposed. If that is not acceptable, the British feel that Tarlton should be selected with the three leading Americans for an elimination tourney, the winner to be given the crown. There is no doubt in my mind that Tarlton must be considered in any such tourney before a new champion can be crowned.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY will undoubtedly continue to pack 'em in and outdraw the country's leading attractions, but he will never again be a champion. That much was conclusively proved by him in his four-round battle with King Levinsky in the Chicago Stadium in which he recently hung up a record for attendance but was outpointed by a wide margin by the Kingfish. The old Manassa Mauler dropped an unofficial decision to the fish peddler, who, according to the ringside experts, won three of the four rounds and would have gained the verdict had one been rendered. It was a slugging match in which Levinsky outfought the erstwhile title holder. A poll of the newspapermen showed eighteen voting in favor of Levinsky, two for Dempsey and four declared for a draw.

The men clashed before a gathering of 23,322 fight fans, the largest number ever assembled in the spacious Chicago arena and they paid $74,199.95, of which Dempsey took down forty percent. Although the bout was listed as an exhibition on a card in which the National Boxing Association's semi-finalists in the middleweight tourney, George Nichols of Buffalo and Billy Jones of Philadelphia being the headliners on the regular card, it was the appearance of Dempsey that brought in fight fans and scribes from within miles of Chicago. Incidentally, Nichols, by beating Jones in the tourney, furnished the surprise, as Jones was a big favorite. (*Continued on page* 40)

Fearless STANLEY KETCHEL

STANLEY KETCHEL, without doubt one of the hardest hitting middleweight boxers of modern times, appeared in action only once in Boston, but in that short bout, he uncovered some of the class that entitled him to the nickname of the "Assassin," and incidentally furnished the setting for as exciting a few minutes as one could care to witness.

The occasion was when he met Dan (Porky) Flynn at the Armory A. A. on May 17, 1910. The sidelights were furnished by Wilson Mizner, the playwright, who was then acting as manager of Ketchel.

Ketchel started off in his usual careless way, with a smile that was deceiving because of its very wholesomeness. Flynn cut loose with a series of left jabs that completely surprised the western wonder and opened Stanley's eyes to the fact that this was one of Dan's very few real fighting nights. When Dan was in the mood, he could uncork some really fine boxing, but the occasions were so few and far between that few gave him credit for the real work of which he was capable.

At the end of the first round Mizner was about as excited an individual as I have ever seen in a boxer's corner. He did about everything he should not have done and had Stanley been less of a real warrior, he never would have come through that mill.

As it was Stanley showed a concern in the way things were going. He said to Mizner:

"So this is the fellow who'd topple over when he saw a glove coming toward him, eh? Guess I'm going to be busy to-night."

* * *

DAN kept up his good work in the second. The wholesome smile disappeared from the face of Ketchel, and in its place came the look of the killer. Looking at Ketchel one could realize why he was dubbed the "Assassin."

If Flynn saw the ferocious look of Stanley, he certainly didn't show it. He surprised everybody by stabbing his opponent throughout the round. Meantime Mizner was getting more and more excited. He was shouting advice to Stanley but the latter was moving along in his own way, sure of himself and certain that he would eventually get to Dan and come through a winner.

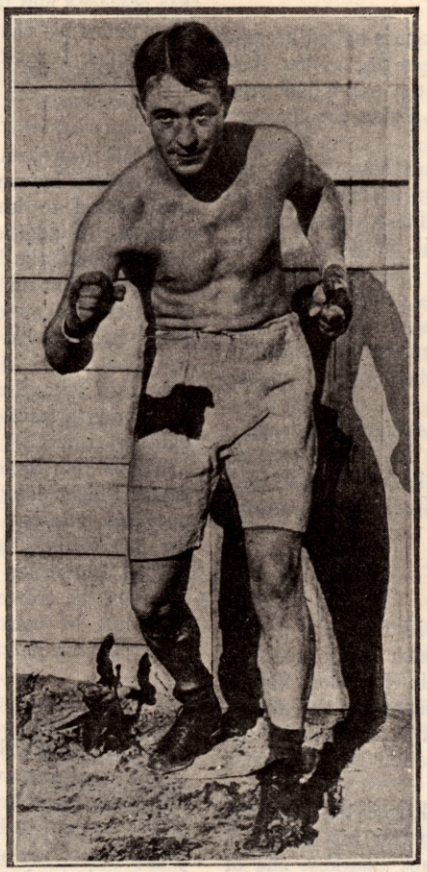
That happened in the third round. Ketchel cut loose with those terrible drives of his and his famous shift, even superior in the opinion of many, to that used by Fitzsimmons at his best, connected with Flynn's midriff hard enough to send Dan down and on the way to a brief nap.

When the finale came, Mizner, big bottle in hand, leaped into the ring as though he feared something was going to happen to Ketchel. He waved that implement around in a fashion that added to the confusion and the din and it was not until Stanley had been declared the winner that he was able to calm himself. Even in the dressing room, Mizner showed signs of his agitation.

They left early the next morning for New York and from there Ketchel started on the journey that was to result in his murder by Walter Dipley at Conway, Mo., on October 15, 1910, at a time when Stanley was in line for some real big money.

With his death, there was removed from pugilism one of the most colorful figures since the days of John L. Sullivan. Ketchel's career had been one of adventure from the time he left his home in Michigan to wander over the waste-lands of the West, to range cattle up in Montana, then to drift into California, where he was able to earn a few dollars here and there by his fistic prowess, until he was chosen as an easy mark for Joe Thomas for a scheduled 20-round bout up at Marysville on the afternoon of July 4, 1907.

Joe at the time was considered unbeatable in his division. He was a fine ringster, a master workman in all that word implies. So that when Ketchel, with his tearing, slashing style, kept bearing in on Joe and every trick the latter knew was unavailing to stop the onslaught, it was not a question of whether Joe would win, but would he be able to weather the human tornado and be in at the finish.



Stanley Ketchel

That bout went on record as a draw, and resulted in a return match in 'Frisco the following Labor Day, when Stanley won in 32 rounds. Again on December 2, 1907. Ketchel won in 20 rounds, and on August 18, 1908, Joe was knocked out in 2 rounds, also in 'Frisco. That indicated to those who follow the game, one of two things, either that Joe had gone back badly or that Ketchel had come into his own.

Mizner, adventurer by nature, had some exciting moments in his career, but there was probably more pep injected into those few minutes when he was in Stanley's corner in that Boston bout than ever came to him in an equal amount of time. There was nothing to show that he ever cared to repeat the experience for he seemed to devote himself from that time on to dramatic productions on Broadway, where he has had plenty of occasion for adventure, but none quite so thrilling as when he thought he saw danger of his pugilistic protégé going down to defeat at the hands of "Porky" Flynn.

Ketchel was born of Polish parents at Grand Rapids, Mich., on September 14, 1887. It was on September 7, 1908, that Billy Papke, the Thunderbolt, stopped Ketchel, the champion, in 12 rounds at Los Angeles. But Ketchel was undaunted.

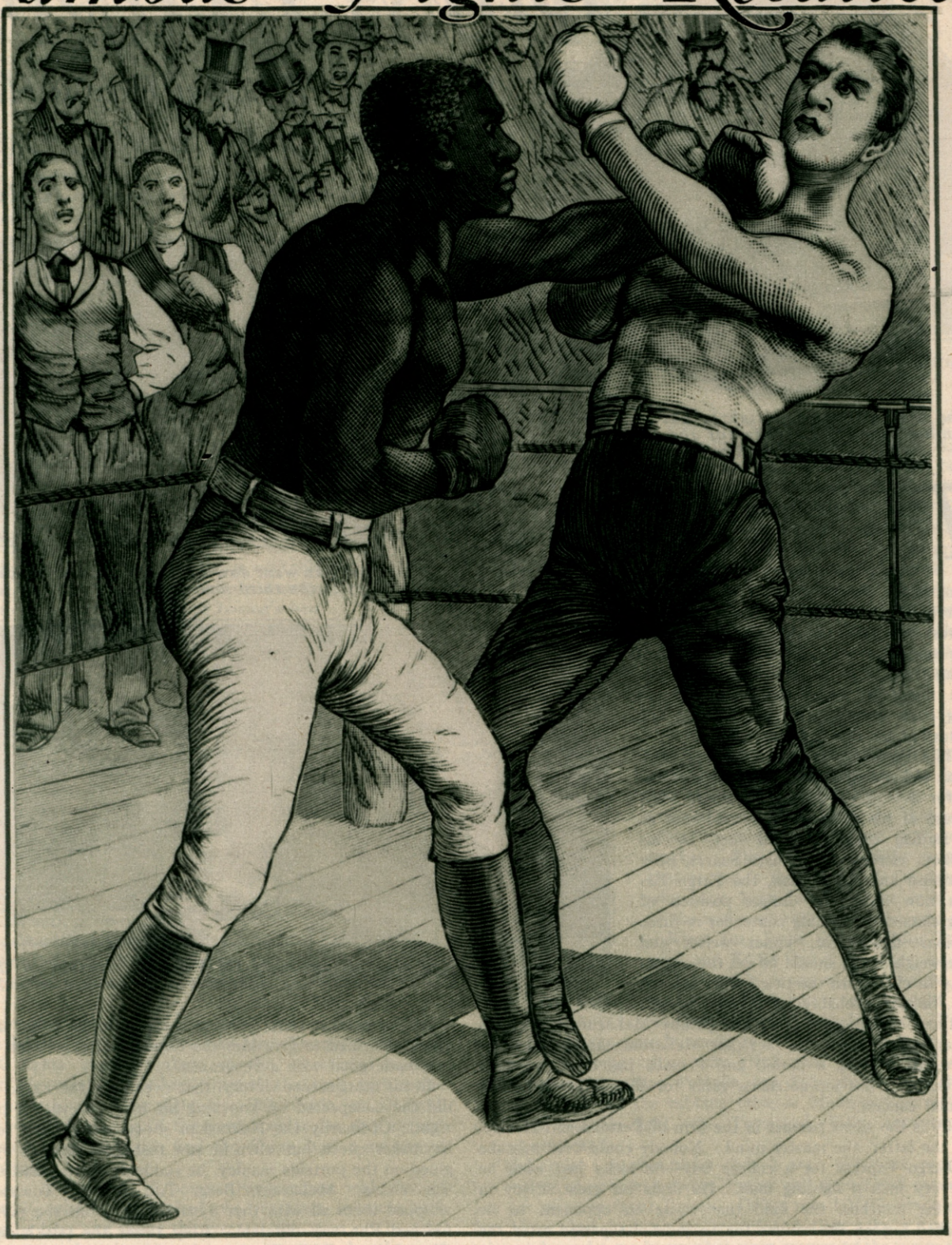
On November 26—only eleven weeks later—at San Francisco—Ketchel came back with terrific fury. He battered his erstwhile conqueror and stopped him in eleven rounds. Ketchel had retrieved his crown. On July 5, 1909, in the ring at Colma, Cal., Ketchel and Papke met once more. Each was determined. Each had knocked the other out. Each threw everything he had into the effort—and out of the combat came a Ketchel again triumphant.

Ketchel's Homeric battle with Johnson was fought on October 16, 1909, at Colma, and what a scrap the smaller man put up! Johnson, bigger, more clever and quite a hitter, had the time of his life against the "Tiger Boy."

In the twelfth, though the spirit was willing, the flesh and the senses called a halt and Ketchel was knocked out. But what a fight—160 pounds to 200!

Ketchel scored 44 knockouts. Twenty-one of these came in succession. His string was snapped by Joe Thomas.

Famous Fights Recalled



Series No. 25

MAY 21, 1892, was a day in the career of James J. Corbett that will ever be remembered by him, for on that day, "Gentleman Jim" fought his famous battle with Peter Jackson, a bout that went 61 rounds at the end of which Hiram Cook, the referee, declared it "no contest." The affair was a private one, open to members of the California Athletic Club only, and was one of the most scientific ever fought.

At the end of the sixty-first round both fighters were so exhausted they could hardly stand on their feet. Corbett surprised even his most ardent supporters by remaining as long as he did against such a ring general as his Negro opponent, who, despite an injured leg, made things hum for the young Californian. It was that fight that gained for Corbett an international reputation and later enabled him to obtain a battle with John L. Sullivan from whom he won the title on September 7, 1892.

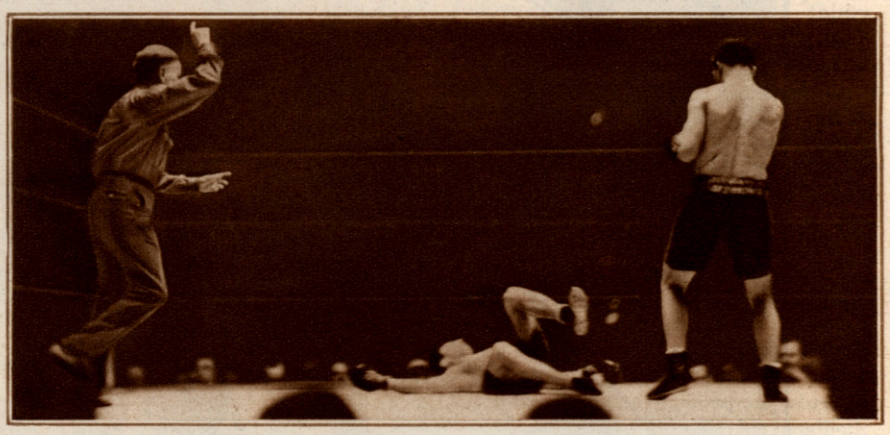
The above is a ringside drawing of the Corbett-Jackson fight, sketched in the forty-eighth round. The bout started at nine o'clock in the evening and lasted through the first hour of the next morning. It was a test of skill and endurance and Corbett, the untried, came through triumphantly even though the bout was declared "no-contest."

Billy Petrolle,

Mid-West's Knockout King is Hardest Hitter Among Men in Lighter Divisions Since Stanley Ketchel

The Fargo Express (right), like a panther, crouching, ready for the attack on Eddie Ran

Three times in the first round Ran went down. Here's the first knockdown. Patsy Haley is the third man in the ring



And here is the end of a perfect night for Petrolle. Instead of the expected left, it was an unsuspecting right that sent Ran into dreamland

THE greatest hitter since the days of Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican Wonder and Stanley Ketchel.

That's what the veterans who have seen Billy Petrolle in his recent fights, proclaim. And well does he deserve the compliment, for the Fargo Express has been mowing down opponent after opponent and has acted as a tonic during these days of depression. He has done much to build up the sport and bring back boxing patronage through the medium of his clouting fists.

While there are several deserving boys in the welterweight class, who are clamoring for a crack at the title holder, Billy, because of his great record, stands out as the leading contender. In fact, by his knockout victories over Justo Suarez, Billy Townsend and Eddie Ran, the Fargo Express now holds the unique position of being classed the leading contender in three divisions—lightweight, junior welter and welterweight—and should he get the opportunity to clash with the title holder in each class, he will probably be favored to win the three championships. While Jimmy McLarnin proved his master last summer, the fact that McLarnin has remained inactive for so long a period and Petrolle has been swapping punches with the top-notchers, gains for Billy first choice for a titular contest.

Billy is the silent partner in the firm of Petrolle and Hurley, with the latter, the master mind. Nobody could ever mistake the Fargo Express for a college boy—he looks just what he is—every inch a fighting man. He finds his greatest joy in throwing punches, the kind that cause an opponent to lie stretched out on the canvas for an indefinite period after the punch has found its mark.

Fighting is not all one-sided with Billy for he has often taken severe beatings in order to administer the same to his rival. Billy thinks that the worst shellacking he ever gave a fighter was that which he administered to Eddie "Kid" Wagner in Fargo a few years ago and to Suarez in the Garden. The toughest beatings he ever got, he says were received at the hands of King Tut in Detroit and Minneapolis. After the first beating, Petrolle went to a hospital and after the second, he quit the game, only to attempt a comeback after a long rest.

That comeback is the most sensational in the history of the sport. Pronounced passe by his friends and his manager, Billy asked for another chance and so earnest was he in his plea, that Hurley decided to give him the chance and the Fargo Express has made good with a vengeance.

In his most recent victory, that over Ran, the Fargo Express did the unexpected by knocking his man out with a powerful right. Ordinarily the Nebraskan shoots across that left with haymaker effect, but when he saw that Ran kept his eyes well glued on the portside mauley, he suddenly shifted and the fight was ended. McLarnin, Berg, Tut, Suarez, Townsend—he whipped them all with that dynamite left, but the punch that finished Ran was different. Billy threw the punch down the alley the way Eddie Plank would groove a fast ball, and when it struck the spot, there was no need for a referee's count.

Billy gives a show. He packs 'em in because every time he is scheduled to fight, the fans know that they are going to receive a huge treat. That's why Billy is popular—yes—one of the most popular fighters of recent years.

PETROLLE is a temperamental fellow. He always has had his way in anything he undertook. When he first began fighting, or when his present manager, Jack Hurley, found him, he was just a checker in the railroad yards at Fargo, N. Dak. He had shown something of a fighting nature, what with

Man of the Iron Fist

By NAT FLEISCHER

bouncing around with the other huskies in the station and decided to go into the ring.

Hurley was then promoting fights in Fargo and he engaged Petrolle for a bout giving him $30 for his first performance. Billy won, and Hurley wanted to put him on again. He promised Petrolle $90 for the second bout, but the opponent failed to show and the fight was called off. Petrolle insisted on being paid, however, and Hurley compromised with him for $20, with the "Express" insisting he was still owed $70.

Petrolle didn't do any more fighting for a while, but Hurley kept his eye on him, awaiting a more favorable day to approach the fighter about coming back to the ring. After a lot of persuasion, Petrolle finally struck a bargain. He declared he would sign a proffered five-year contract if Hurley would make good the $70 still due him, even a year after.

Hurley and Petrolle dickered and bickered and finally they again compromised. Petrolle split the difference and took $35, which was all the money Hurley had to pay for a veritable gold mine, for the "Fargo Express" went on to immediate fame, becoming one of boxing's best drawing cards and amassing a fortune both for himself and Hurley. Hurley insists it was the biggest bargain any fight manager ever made.

Petrolle's record shows that he has every requisite of a champion. He can sock hard with both hands, is practically immune to punishment. Doesn't know what fear means, likes to fight best when he has a tough scrap on his hands and has developed a style of attack that is poison to the clever fellow.

Billy has defeated more champions than any fighter of this era. Among those whipped by the Fargo Express, either before or after they had won titles, are Tony Canzoneri, Sammy Mandell, Jackie Kid Berg, Stanislaus Loayza, champion of Chile; Armando Sheckels, champion of Belgium; Hilario Martinez, Spanish title holder; Justo Suarez, South American lightweight king and Jimmy Goodrich.

The Fargo Express in gym togs

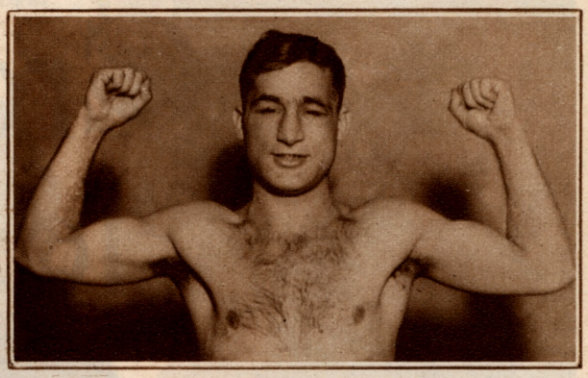
Billy's love of fighting has carried him through a record of over 150 fights, most of them of the sensational variety. Some of his many opponents entered the ring with other ideas of how to spend the night, but Billy made 'em all fight, with the result that some of the most spectacular and memorable battles of recent years find the Fargo Italian as one of the principals.

There are few records of boxers that compare with that of Billy Petrolle who, at 24, retired two years ago to come back four months later and prove the greatest sensation of the ring. Those four months of retirement were spent in hunting and fishing and when Billy tired of that sort of life, the old love of fighting returned to him and it was not surprising to Jack Hurley, his manager, that Billy made his appearance in a Fargo gymnasium one afternoon offering to box with any and all "just for the sport."

"Are you coming back?" they asked Petrolle.

"Naw, just feel like donning the gloves again," Billy replied and exchanged blows with several spar mates.

Billy says he was truthful enough about the comeback just at the moment but when he had completed the session he knew that the ring had its hold on him and that henceforth he'd be pounding the old boxing trail again.



Where Petrolle gets his terrific hitting powers from

Billy was born at Berwick, Pa. on Jan. 10, 1905. Billy's parents migrated to Fargo, N. D., before he was a year old but when the house the Petrolles had been living in burned down, the family moved to Schenectady, N. Y., where Billy spent his boyhood days and gained his only education which consisted of seven grades in public school. It was during that period that Billy discovered the pleasure of wielding his fists in battle. Rarely a day went by that he did not engage in at least one scrap with schoolchums. Schenectady rings saw the first of Billy, too, as a ringman, for at 15 he engaged in eight or ten amateur bouts there.

* * *

FROM the start of his career until February 1, the Fargo Express engaged in 111 fights of which he won 41 by the knockout route. That average is an exceptional one and compares favorably with the best in the sock market. The most astonishing part of that record is the calibre of the fighters who have been felled by the iron fists of the mid-westerner during the past year —King Tut, Justo Suarez, Billy Townsend and Eddie Ran.

If Petrolle were a heavyweight, he would be worth his weight in gold. He would be a second Jack Dempsey. Fighters of his ability come but once in a lifetime.

There are some critics who think that Jimmy McLarnin is a greater hitter than Petrolle, but Billy differs with them. Sitting recently on the rubbing table in Madison Square Garden following his fight with Townsend, Billy, answering a query, remarked:

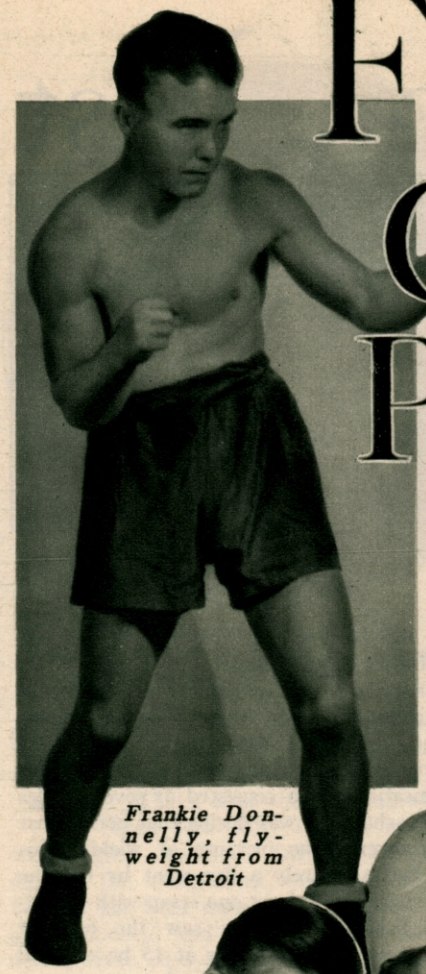
"McLarnin a harder hitter than I am? Why ask me? It is a matter of opinion between Jimmy and myself and naturally I'm not going to favor Jimmy. He's a nice hitter—yes, a very fine hitter, but look at his record and then take a peep at mine and you let me know what your answer to the query is.

"In the last eight months look at the fellows I've met and whipped. You can't say the same thing about McLarnin. He's the one fellow I'd like to meet again just to prove that I'm his master.

"While he's been idle, I've clashed with every man who wanted any part of my socks and I've come through with flying colors. I'll be tickled silly to tackle McLarnin and I know that he'll not answer the bell for the final round this time. If he keeps on fighting until he's fifty, he'll never equal my record.

"I want to have it out with him. I know I can take him. After flattening Suarez, Berg, (*Continued on page* 42)

FISTIC Crowd Pleasers



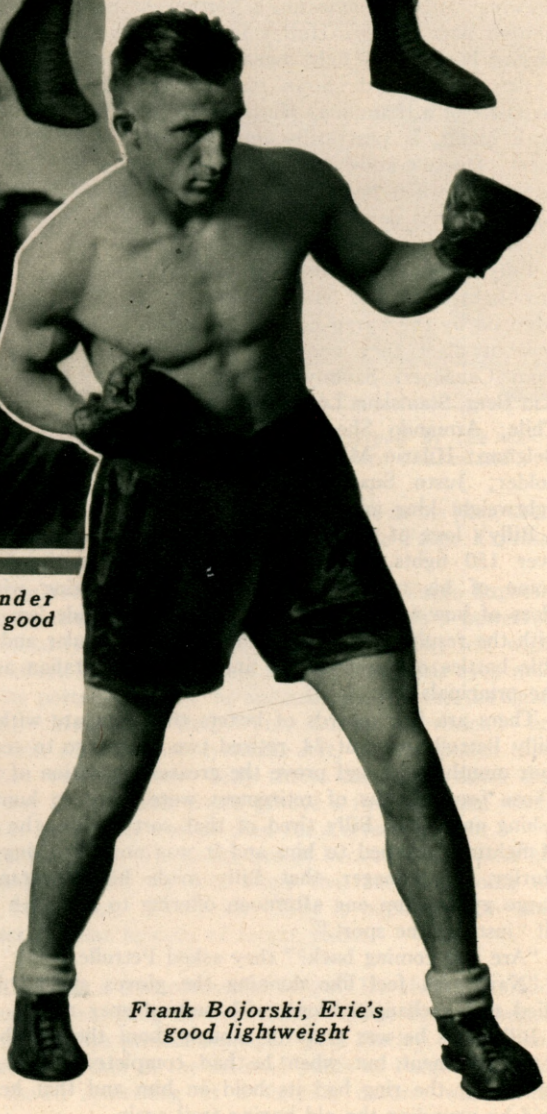
Frankie Donnelly, flyweight from Detroit

Johnny Mitchell, classy Detroit featherweight

Eddie Kid Wolfe, 140-pounder from Memphis, who made good in New York

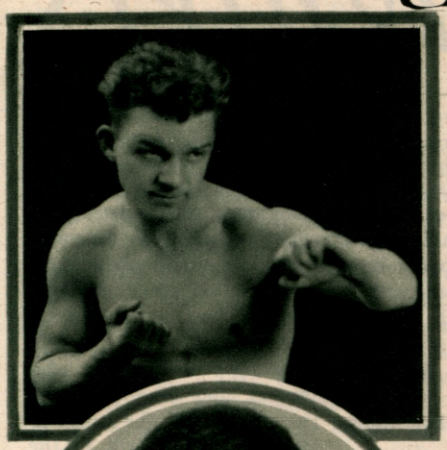
Lew Feldman, New York's leading featherweight contender

Mickey Cohen, pleasing junior-welterweight from Denver



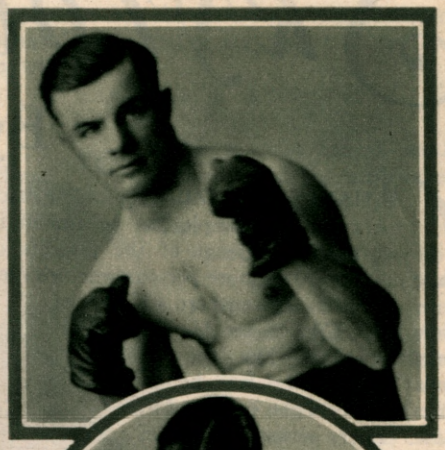
Frank Bojorski, Erie's good lightweight

Heading *Towards* Stardom

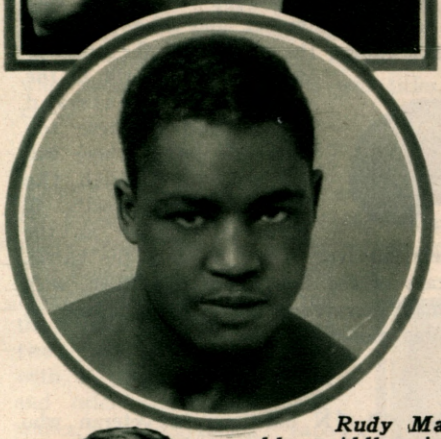


Jimmy Mack, classy Philadelphia bantam

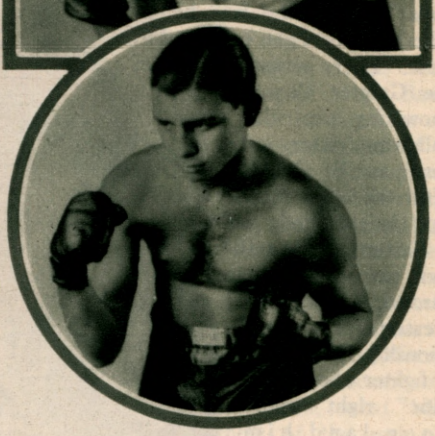
Joe Zotter, New Britain, Conn., lightweight



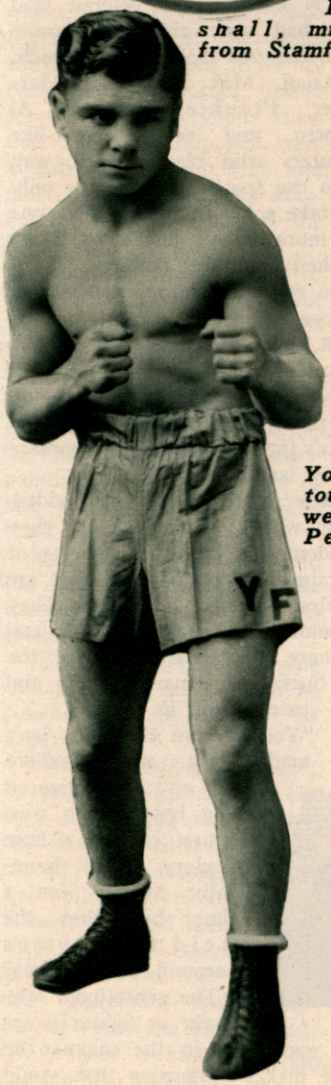
Allie Zack, Coney Island, N. Y. featherweight flash



Rudy Marshall, middleweight from Stamford, Conn.

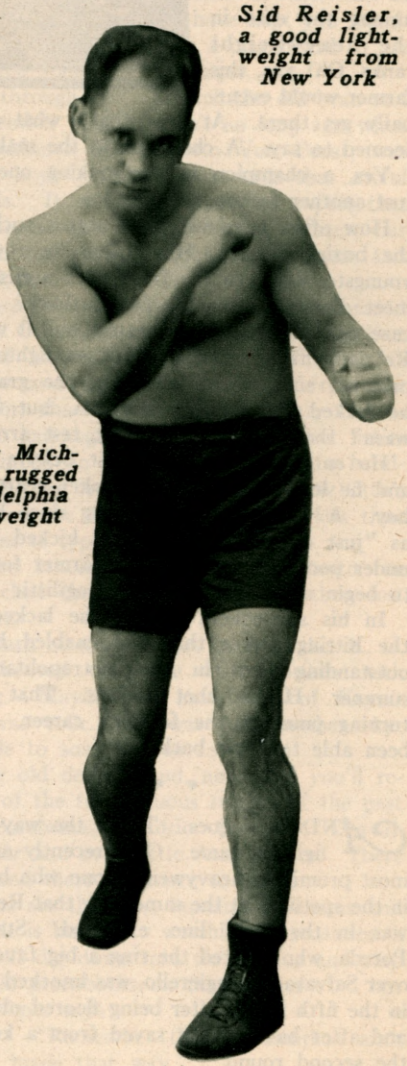


Sid Reisler, a good lightweight from New York



Young Firpo, tough lightweight from Pennsgrove, N. J.

Carmen Roman, New Jersey's lightweight star



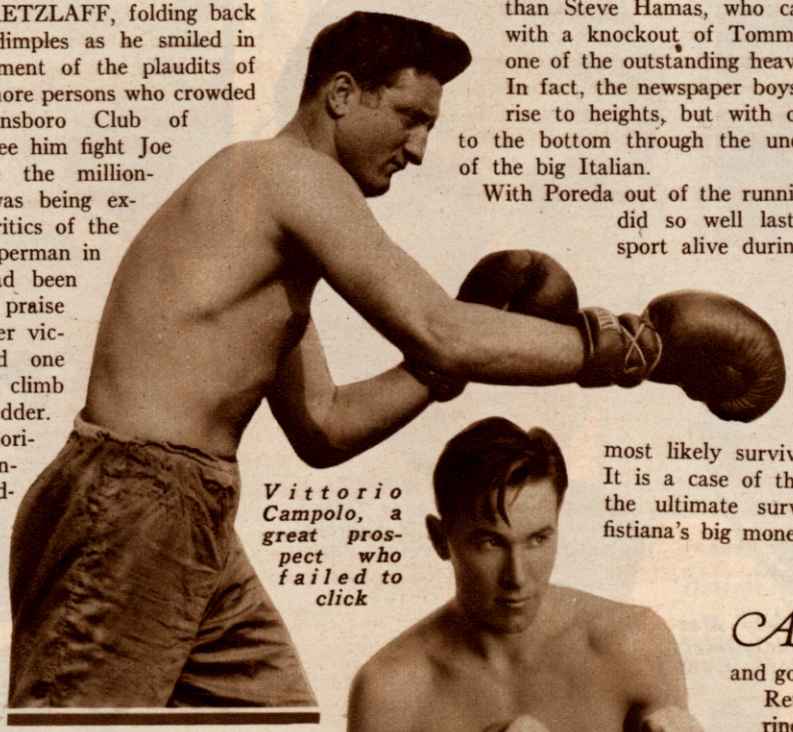
Mickey Michaels, rugged Philadelphia lightweight

Skyrocket Fighters

By "Bob" Burrill

CHARLEY RETZLAFF, folding back two deep dimples as he smiled in acknowledgment of the plaudits of 10,000 or more persons who crowded the Queensboro Club of New York City to see him fight Joe Sekyra, looked like the million-dollar fighter who was being extolled by the fight critics of the East. Every newspaperman in the Greater City had been showering him with praise following victory after victory as he hurdled one after the other in his climb up the pugilistic ladder.

Eastern fistic authorities saw in this sun-tanned, burly mid-westerner, a championship contender, a fighter whose "terrific" right would soon land him among the elite in the heavyweight ranks. Oh! yes, this farmer would eventually get there. At least that's what everybody seemed to say. A champion in the making!



Vittorio Campolo, a great prospect who failed to click

Yes, a champion in the making one day and just another failure, the next!

How often have we come across such cases in the boxing world? How often have we seen a youngster come to the front with a rush, only to meet disaster, after his first setback? Retzlaff's case was not the first on record, and it won't be the last. Retzlaff, like a horde of other fighters who showed promise, simply couldn't make the grade, not because he lacked the fighting instincts, but because he just wasn't there when the biggest test arrived.

He entered the ring against Sekyra a hot favorite, and he left it, a dejected, broken-hearted, disappointed boy. A veteran, one who long since had been figured as "just another fighter," had kicked the ladder from under poor Retzlaff, and the farmer found it necessary to begin anew his quest for pugilistic glory.

In his subsequent contest, he lacked the fire and the hitting power that had enabled him to be the outstanding card in the metropolitan district last summer. He had shot his bolt. That defeat was the turning point in the farmer's career. He has never been able to come back.

* * *

AND so it goes. That's the way of the fighting game. Only recently another most promising heavyweight, one who basked in the spotlight at the same time that Retzlaff was in the front line, exploded. Stanley Poreda, who entered the ring a big favorite over Salvatore Ruggierello, was knocked out in the fifth round after being floored often and after having been saved from a knockout by the bell in the second round.

Thus exploded another great prospect! Poreda, more so than Steve Hamas, who came through that same night with a knockout of Tommy Loughran, was regarded as one of the outstanding heavyweight prospects in America. In fact, the newspaper boys were keen on his chances to rise to heights, but with one swoop, his stock dropped to the bottom through the unexpected defeat at the hands of the big Italian.

With Poreda out of the running, only two of the boys who did so well last summer and who kept the sport alive during the heights of the business depression, are still in the spotlight—Hamas and Schaaf—and if these fellows are paired, there will be only one, with the chances being greatly in favor of Schaaf as the most likely survivor. Thus, on goes the battle. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, with the ultimate survivors taking their place as fistiana's big money makers.

* * *

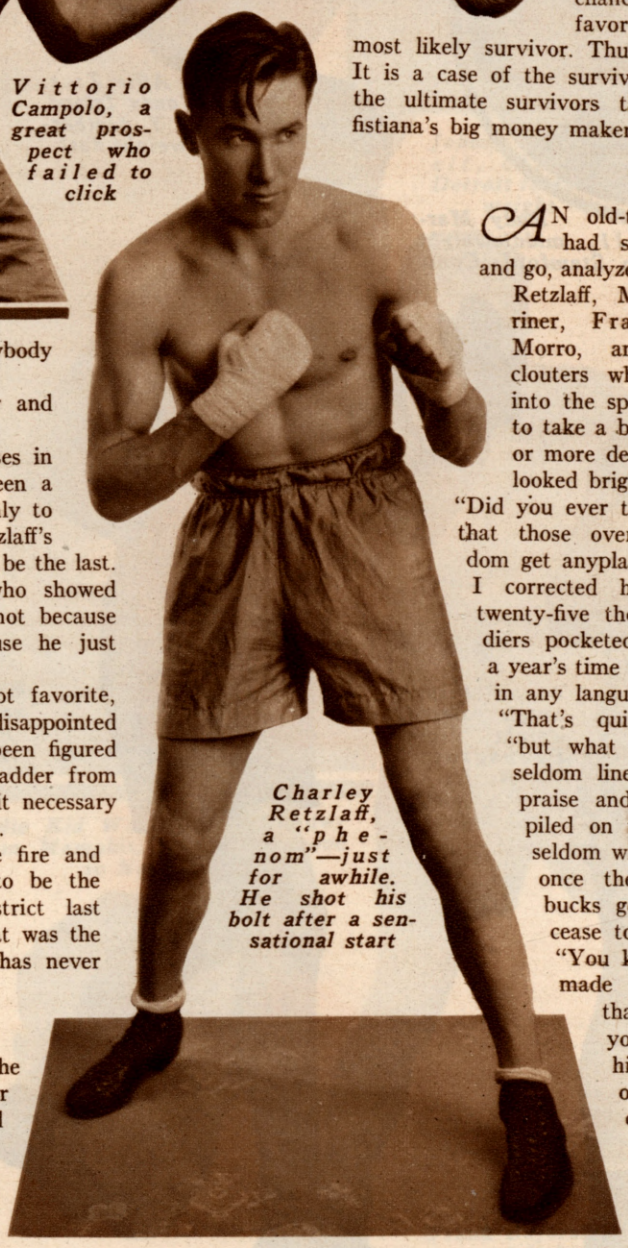
CAN old-timer, a veteran who had seen champions come and go, analyzed the cases of Poreda, Retzlaff, Max Baer, Les Marriner, Frankie Campbell, Al Morro, and other comet-like clouters who blasted their way into the spotlight of boxing only to take a big tumble through one or more defeats just when things looked bright for them.

"Did you ever take notice of the fact that those overnight sensations seldom get anyplace?" he asked.

I corrected him, remarking that twenty-five thousand little iron soldiers pocketed by a raw novice in a year's time was getting somewhere in any language.

"That's quite true," he added, "but what I mean is that they seldom line up to the sheets of praise and predictions that are piled on their doorsteps. They seldom wind up with a title and once they are trounced, the bucks get square corners and cease to roll in.

"You know a champion isn't made that way—anymore than an inexperienced young lawyer who wins his first case in a flare of glory. Well, financially maybe, for a time, but when the acid test comes around, then what? The sensational lawyer or fighter is expected to blast his first-class opposition in the manner he beat the others. And when he makes a showing that would be a credit to any other chap of the same experience, but



Charley Retzlaff, a "phenom"—just for awhile. He shot his bolt after a sensational start

loses . . . he's a false alarm. Vastly overrated."

"The lighter fighters," he carries on, "are now and then a possible exception. Titles are lost and won by freak events. But even so, they are mighty few and far between. The robes don't last long on the back of a champion like that."

I tried to recall the name of some sensation who had torpedoed through the field and wound up with the purple cloak, but the only one I could think of was Paul Berlenbach, who came along rapidly, lived up to his reputation as a sensation, and won a title.

"In the old days when we fought with bare dukes," the old campaigner said, "it was different. There wasn't much to learn, just to keep in condition, and then it usually simmered down to raw, brute strength. Nowadays, it just isn't done. Like Law or Surgery there are points to be learned and points to be picked up by experience and the 'phenoms,' those who come up overnight to win titles, don't exist."

* * *

EVERY man or woman who saw husky young Max Baer hurtle the hemps and dance across the ring to his corner, followed by Frankie Campbell, will never forget that fight and the drastic outcome. Those two great young prospects, with a scroll of sensational and brief victories in their wakes, stood facing each other, nodding at the white shirted ref, and then, robes off, back in their corner poised for the bell. Everybody knew that Baer and Campbell were a pair of the sweetest and most colorful prospects gracing the resined square at the time.

Something was bound to come off . . . and it did. But the startling climax that was to find the valiant Frankie Campbell crashed, a gory mess, to the floor, rushed to a hospital, later to drop the count to Death, was hardly anticipated. That was the finis of one skyrocket; the half-way mark for another.

Max Baer, recovering from the sickening aftermath of the Campbell affair, picked up his glorious knockout trail.

"This kid, Baer, is a coming champ!" they said. "Can he punch! Why, I saw him hit a guy once. . . ."

Mauling Maxie looked great; he was great for a while but then he stepped out of that well-known third-class into the second. A serious blond, well-built lad named Ernie Schaaf, who had been fighting with uncertain success here and there, was "set up" for this "murderous, man-eating" mauler from the Gold Coast. Grave-faced Schaaf, fighting his customary fight, jabbed, hooked, tamed the wildcat, and was awarded a justly earned decision. Baer's stock, though hardly a collapse, slumped somewhat. He wasn't invincible, anyway.

Max Baer whose rise was phenominal

Stanley Poreda who was tumbled from the heights by Salvatore Ruggirello

* * *

NOT so long ago, I recall reading of the exploits of another fighter born on the West Coast, who had the squinting, eager eyes of the fight world focused upon him for a time. If you think that the two-round fights of Charley Retzlaff and Frankie Campbell and the vicious clubbing of Maxie Baer had the earmarks of the unearthing of a world's champion, what would you say of the lad, with but one pro battle under his belt, trouncing the cagey Armand Emanuel, in his second start? That's what Al Morro did! What became of him? Well, what has become of the rest of them—those great boys who have kept you standing in line trying to purchase a pasteboard to see them squelch some leather lunger.

I'm not through yet! Scratch the old bean and you'll remember that it wasn't so long ago when that dark-skinned Norsk, Otto Von Porat, was tilting the boys on their ears with that awful right of his. It was more than one expert that touted Otto as the hardest hitting fighter, bar Dempsey, in the world. Knockout, knockout, and more knockouts.

Even when Johnny Risko and Paulino decisioned the Norsk, Otto lost no time in rebuilding that pedigree of kayoes, á la Stribling. Soon his lantern jaw and dark face re-flashed from the Eastern sport sheets. Somewhat contrary to tradition, Otto had regained the spotlight, but fistically, he climbed no higher. One evening a handsome young chap from Georgia, who knew Otto's failing, belted the lad out of things in less time than it takes to type.

There are others who have barged onto the stage, snatched the old limelight, and then lost it overnight.

With a path of dizzy boxers in his wake, K. O. Christner heaved onto the fistic horizon with flags flying. Maybe you have read of Kayo's recent canvas colic. He was just another skyrocket made to soar just so far!

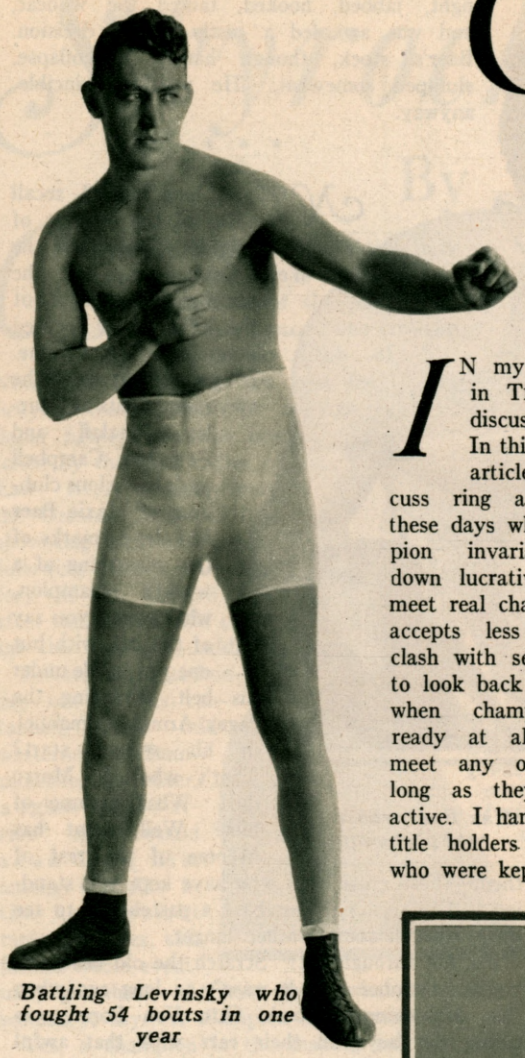
Rack the old derby stand, now, and you'll recall a few of the tempestuous terrors of the past—Teddy Sandwina, Vittorio Campolo, Dorval, Les Marriner and even little Artie Shires. There are more, and there are more to come.

Fight fans are the most human of humans and so long as it is human to worship the sensational, the boys will dig down into their jeans and slap the good old greenbacks on the counter . . . but as our old-timer says:

"Remember that a champion ain't made that way."

Champions Analyzed

By Dan Morgan



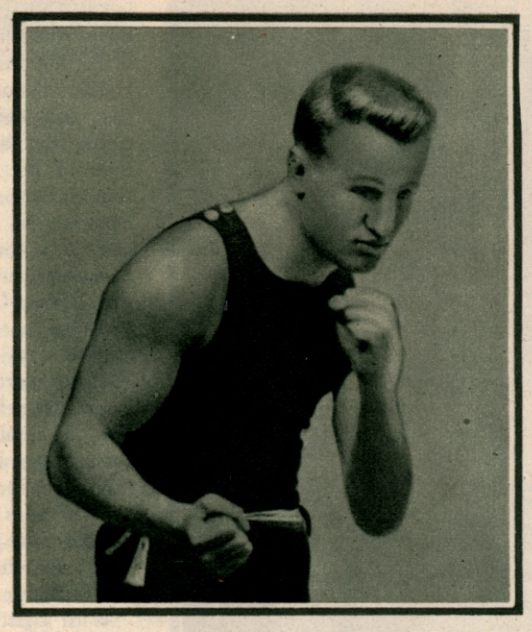
Battling Levinsky who fought 54 bouts in one year

IN my last article in The Ring, I discussed courage. In this, my second article, I shall discuss ring activity. In these days when a champion invariably turns down lucrative offers to meet real challengers and accepts less money to clash with setups, I like to look back to the days when champions were ready at all times to meet any opponent, so long as they could be active. I handled several title holders and others who were kept busily engaged, and I should know.

Show me a title holder of this era who will do what Battling Levinsky accomplished when he held the light-heavyweight crown? Show me a topnotcher of to-day with the exception of Canzoneri, Battalino and Loughran, who will tackle the kind of opponents that Knockout Brown, Frank Mantell, and Jack Britton faced during the height of their career! I mention these only by way of illustrating the point so forcibly brought out in past issues of this magazine by George Blake and Nate Lewis.

These two boxing experts were correct when they said that the blame for the depression lies on the heads of the fighters and managers who keep good men from meeting bona fide challengers, because they fear the outcome of the battle. A title holder should fear no man his weight. While he is in possession of the championship, he should reap the benefit that goes with the title, and the only way he can accumulate the wealth that should be his by right of conquest, is to stop dilly-dallying, to stop facing setups, and clash with the best in his division.

Tony Canzoneri, Tommy Loughran and Bat Battalino have followed this procedure among the present day stars. No fighter has been too good for these top notchers. A few more fighters of that type and the game will soon come back into its own. Champions are peculiar persons. I have handled three and one whom I called the title holder, but who was not generally recognized though his claim was bona fide.



Al McCoy, dubbed the "Cheese Champion"

* * *

I HELD the reins over Jack Britton, Al McCoy, Battling Levinsky and Frank Mantell. When Stanley Ketchel died, Billy Papke, who had lost the crown to Ketchel, reclaimed the middleweight title and Mantell, in a bout advertised as being for the championship, beat Papke. Regardless of what the writers may say, to me, Mantell always was the champion. After he beat Papke, he made considerable money in the paper mills of Pawtucket where he became an influential citizen.

As for Al McCoy, he was always ready for action. The "Cheese Champion" he was called, yet I know that he was a far better fighter than he was given credit for. Unfortunately, he was strictly a defensive fighter and had a habit of backing into a corner, but he did that merely because he felt that in such a position, a clever fighter could not surround or hurt him. Like all southpaws, when he learned how to box, he wouldn't lead. Yet I think he was a good fighter.

McCoy was a mighty busy fellow between the years 1914 when he won the title and 1918 when he retired. Among the good men with whom he clashed were Jack Dillon and Harry Greb, several times; Mike O'Dowd, Battling Ortega, George Chip, Jack Ahearn, Billy Grupp, Willie Lewis, Jack McCarron, Soldier Bartfield and others. He feared no man, yet they called him the "Cheese Champion."

I never hesitated to match any of my boys with the best in the field. All I wanted was action and I never asked my boy whether he would agree to clash with so-and-so. All I told him was to get into trim as he had a fight scheduled for such-and-such date.

To-day, what do we find? A manager first must inquire of his fighter, especially if a champion, whether he will agree to meet such an opponent on the terms offered. What's a manager for, if he can't attend to the business end of the partnership?

* * *

BATTLING LEVINSKY, who held the world's light-heavyweight championship, was in some ways one of the most unusual fighters I have ever handled. He has one record that I am sure has never been equaled—that of fighting fifty-four contests in a year. He fought every night in one week of that year.

He craved work. Nothing made him more happy than to fight. He made a fortune out of boxing, but unfortunately, he lost it in investments.

At one time I had him signed up for five bouts. Every

Dan Morgan, Who Held the Reins Over Three World Title Holders, Discusses Their Peculiarities

night was engaged but Wednesday, so Levinsky decided to take his wife to a show. Just before theatre time I received a hurry call for him; there was an offer of $500 for the engagement. I nailed the Battler going into the Criterion Theatre with his wife and explained the situation. We hopped into a cab, the Battler stopped his man in the third round and was back in time for the third act.

Levinsky's specialty was tackling heavyweights. He stacked up against such men as Gunboat Smith, Sandy Ferguson, Porky Flynn, Tom McCarthy, Jim Flynn, Charley Weinert, Carl Morris, Jim Coffey and many others. Levinsky was too fast on his feet for the big men, and when he did happen to be cornered he would fight his way out by sheer fury of his come-back. His pet phrase was:

"Feet brought me in and feet will bring me out."

* * *

THAT'S the kind of fighter we are missing today. Likewise Jack Britton. He not only was a prince of a fellow, but a wonderfully clever boxer—a ring marvel when in his prime.

Britton, of course, was the greatest champion I ever managed. He was, beyond question, one of the greatest fighters the ring has ever known.

His battles with Ted (Kid) Lewis, from whom he wrested the title, will never be forgotten. They met twenty-two times. In their twentieth meeting Britton knocked out Lewis at Canton, O. A little later the twenty-first fight drew $17,000 over in Jersey City and then came the twenty-second and last meeting, which was in the Garden, and drew $66,000.

One incident in connection with their battles is still fresh in my mind. It happened in St. Louis. Britton sat in his corner and acted as though he was worried, and wouldn't lift his eyes from his shoes. I reminded him that he had fought Lewis often enough to be able to guard against anything the Kid had to offer. The fights were hard, I pointed out, but he always had something on Lewis.

"Do you know, Dan," said Jack suddenly looking up. "I put some money in a bank in this town the last time I was here, and for the life of me I can't remember the name of the bank."

There was one thing about Jack Britton that a lot of our present-day champions might copy. Every time Jack fought, even when he held the title, he always made weight and never asked any man to let him come in over weight. He was a natural welterweight and knew that if he didn't weigh under the limit he couldn't fight at his best.

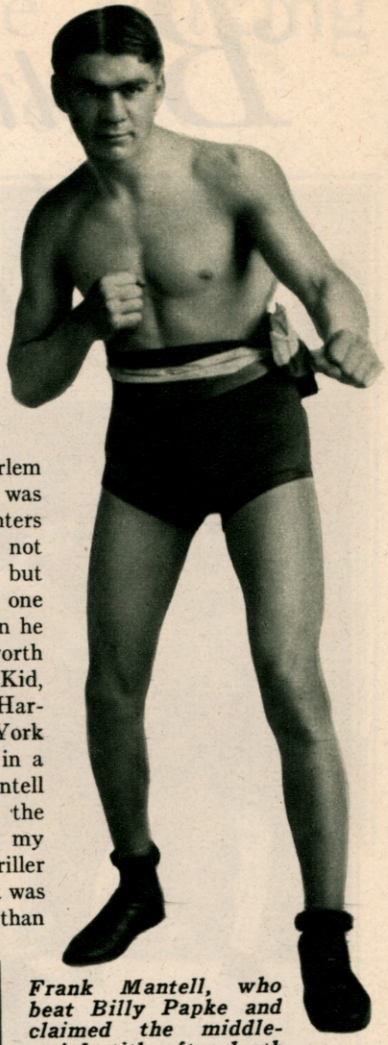
"If I'm right I'm not going to be badly punished," he argued. "I'd rather lose the title than be a punching bag for any one."

And then there was that great little scrapper, Knockout Brown, of whose career I wrote in my last article. Four fighters, all ready at all times to face any opponent, regardless of race, color or ability. And those four are only a few of the many other stars who a few years back helped to build the game into a huge commercial enterprise.

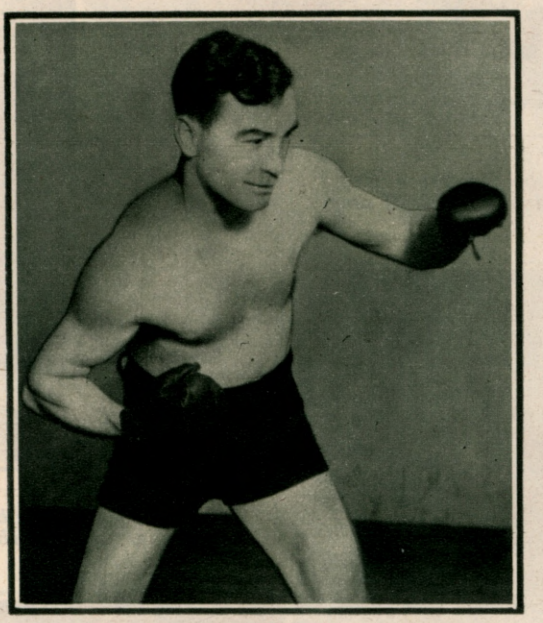
What we need to-day are more of that type—the kind that will forget setups, and battle legitimate challengers — Canzoneri, Loughran, Petrolle type.

* * *

ONE of the best fights I ever saw between welterweights was that between Mantell and "Dixie Kid", the Harlem Negro who at the time was one of the greatest fighters of his period. Dixie Kid not only was a clever boxer but a terriffic hitter and any one who could whip him when he was in his prime was worth while considering. The Kid, who now lives up in the Harlem section of New York City, knew that he was in a fight after he and Mantell had gone ten rounds at the old Olympic Club. In my days I've seen many a thriller in fisticuffs, but none that was more bitterly fought than that slashing affair.



Frank Mantell, who beat Billy Papke and claimed the middleweight title after death of Stanley Ketchel



Jack Britton, one of the cleverest fighters of modern fisticuffs

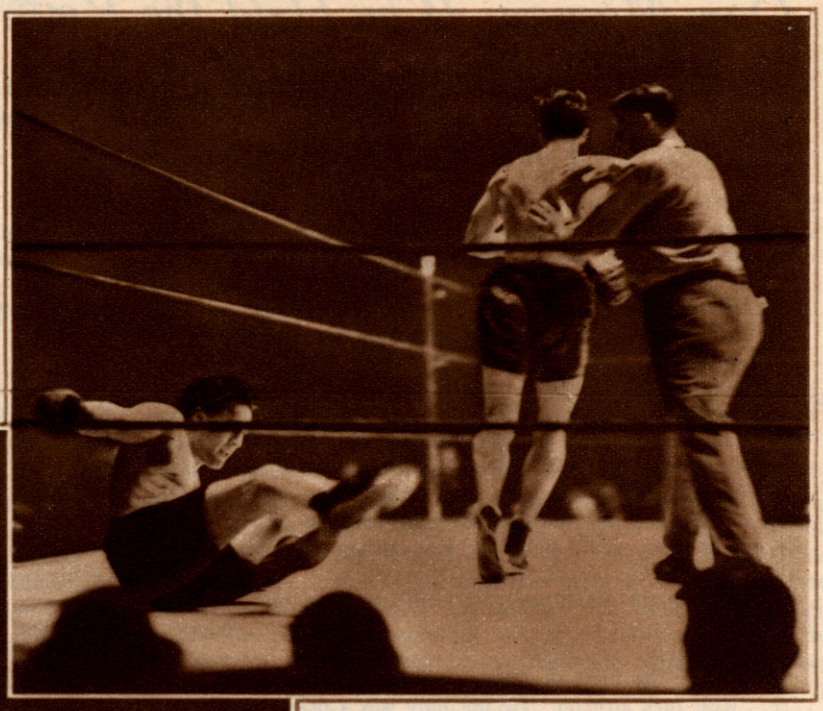
At the end of the contest, which was witnessed by a crowd that packed the hall to capacity, there was little to choose between the gladiators, but Mantell was the stronger and the steadier and therefore was given the edge. I'll never forget the scenes attending that fight. It took me almost an hour to get to the place, so dense was the mob outside the club clamoring for admission.

When I got inside, I was pushed all over the place before I could find my seat. Many of those who had paid for a seat, found the only available spot either out on the fire escapes or on the roof from where many viewed the battle through the skylight.

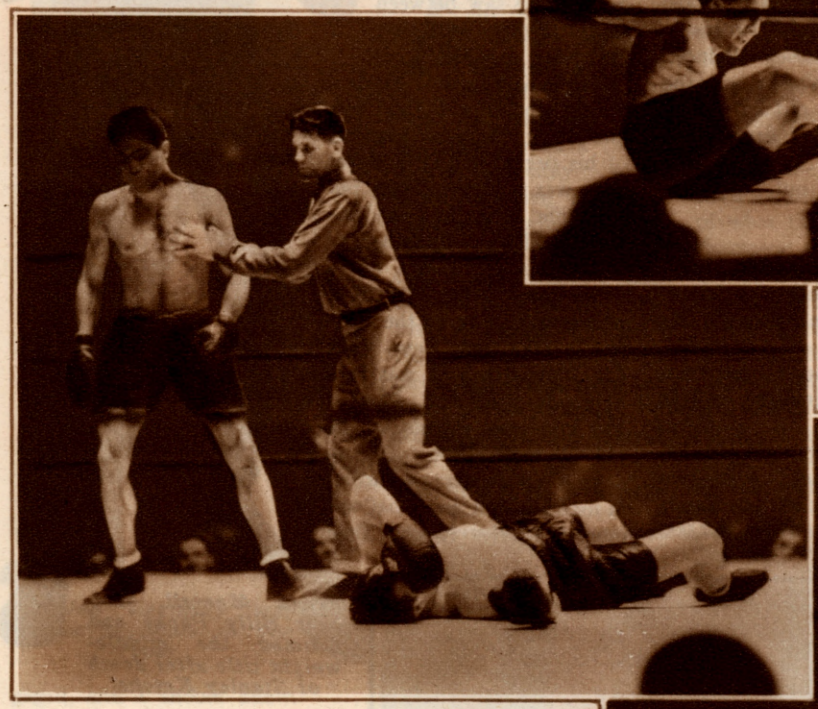
The Negro fought a tough battle. Many of his swings struck Mantell around the neck but many also connected and jarred Frank from head to heels. It was Mantell's superior cleverness that enabled him to wear down his opponent.

There are many Negro fighters in the field today, but none that compares in cleverness and hard hitting to the Dixie Kid. He thrived at a time when the field was filled with great colored scrappers, among them such notables as Dixon, Gans, McVey, Jeannette, Craig, Johnson and Bobby Dobbs. The nearest approach to Dixie Kid of recent years was Tiger Flowers, who had a style all his own, a most awkward one.

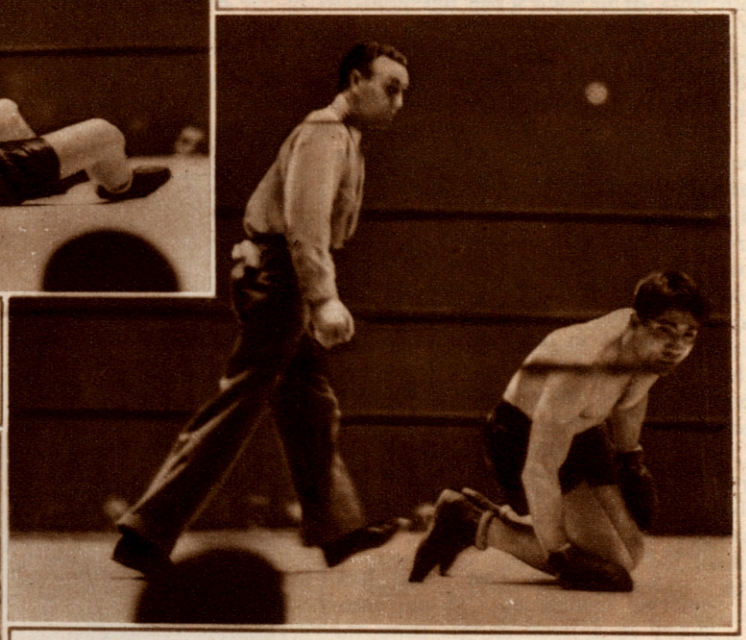
Bouts that Thrilled



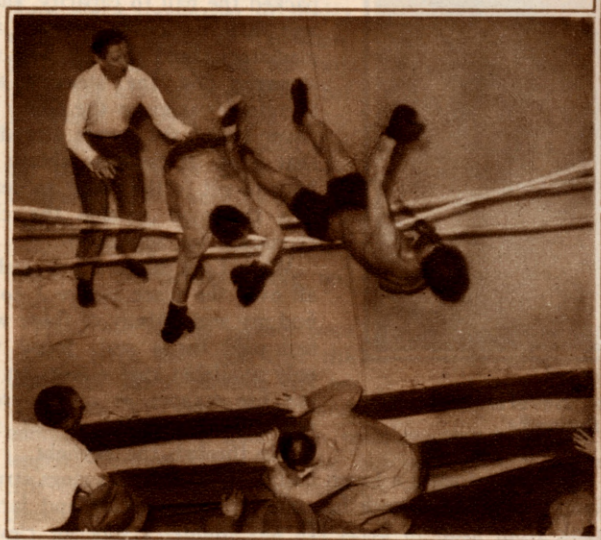
A veteran stopped by a youngster. Tommy Loughran floored by Steve Hamas, former Penn State athlete



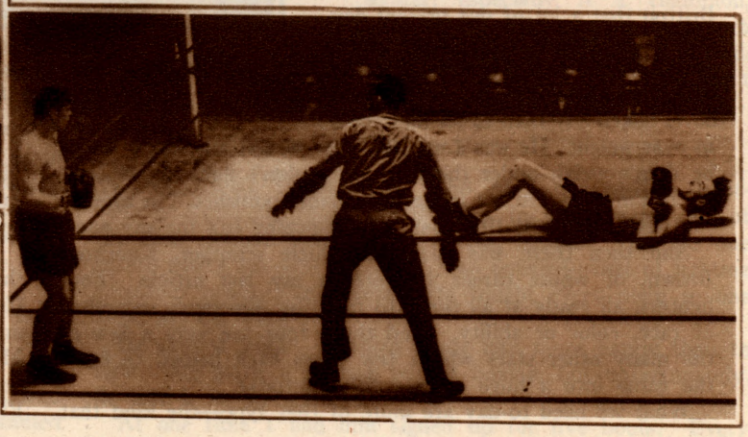
Stanley Poreda was kayoed by Salvatore Ruggierello. Here Stanley is taking a count of nine



Ruggierello down in bout with Ernie Schaaf, who stopped the Italian giant in the fourth in Madison Square Garden

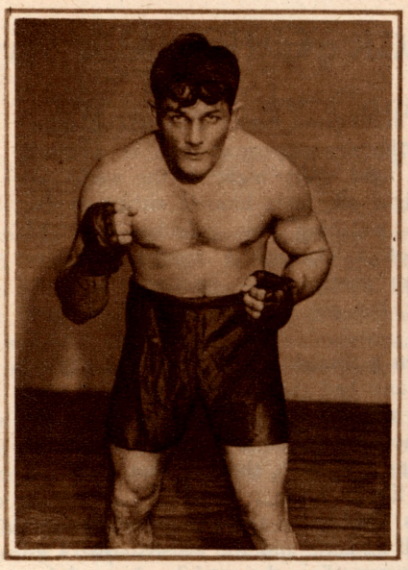


Above—Here's a novelty—two fighters going out of the ring at the same time. Bing Brodie and Young Perry toppling over the ropes into the press stands in bout at Alexandria, Va.



Right—Charley Retzlaff down in the fourth in fight with Joe Woods of California. Retzlaff came back to win in the seventh

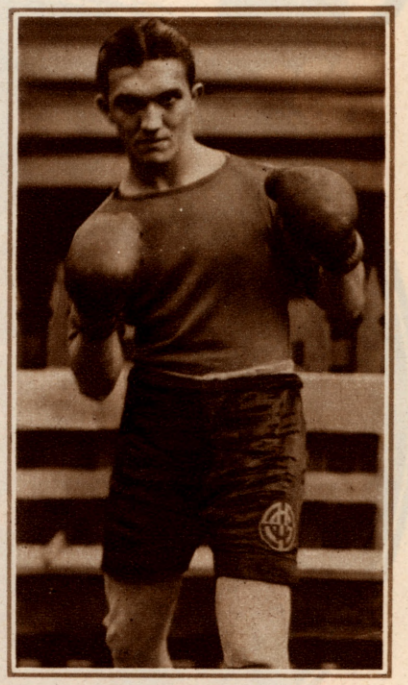
Foreign Boxers Who Are Making Their Presence Felt



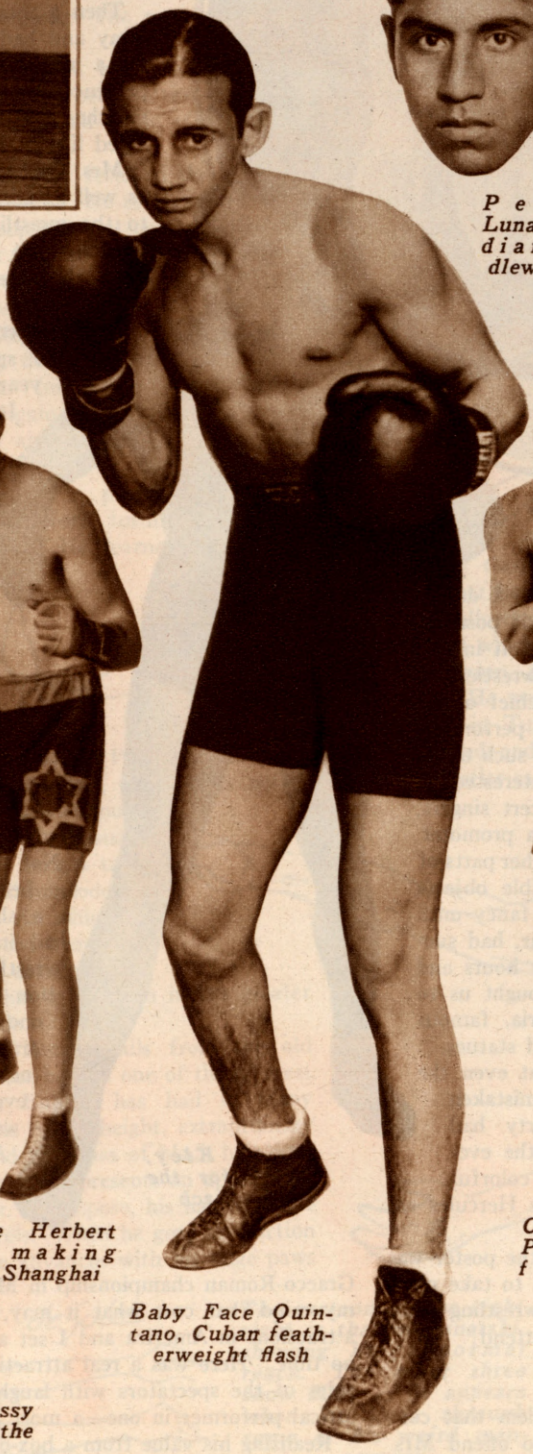
Paul Rojas, hard-hitting Cuban middleweight

Kid Montana, Peruvian flyweight champion, now in Cuba

Pedro Luna, Indian middleweight.



Joe Coego, crack Cuban featherweight

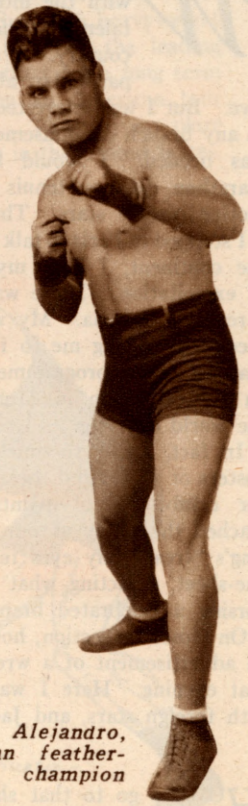


Marine Herbert Perstein, making good in Shanghai

Carlos Zavolla, Panamanian featherweight flash

Varias Miling, classy featherweight from the Philippines

Baby Face Quintano, Cuban featherweight flash



Pablo Alejandro, Mexican featherweight champion

Contortionist Turns

By JACK CURLEY

Kley slipping out of a double arm lock, a difficult feat unless you happen to be a contortionist. Kley's opponent is Don De Laun

WHEN I toured Europe last summer, I did so with the intention of discovering, if possible, talented athletes whom I could exploit in this country. I didn't have in mind wrestlers in particular, although that was my chief objective. But I was interested in bringing high-class performers in any branch of amusement because I felt that such talent was needed. I would have been equally interested in marathon dancers, tennis stars, opera and concert singers, motion picture stars. That is the business of a promoter.

I stopped in Paris to talk tennis to Cochet. In other parts of the continent, I kept my eyes open for possible objects of exploitation. There was little to arouse my fancy until I reached Bavaria. My wife, an art connoisseur, had succeeded in getting me to forget sports for a few hours and mapped out a programme that would have brought us to an art exhibition in Munich, capital of Bavaria, famous the world over for its treasures of paintings and statues.

In fact, art is so much advertised there, that even the posters of sports and theatrical events are often mistaken for exhibitions of paintings. When our party had reached the lobby of our hotel to prepare for the evening's "treat," my eyes fell upon a huge, most colorful one-sheet, depicting what at first I thought was Hercules endorsing a celebrated brand of Munich brew.

On closer inspection, however, I learned that the poster was an advertisement of a wrestling match that was to take place that evening. Here I was in a dilemma. A wrestling show with foreign stars, and Jack Curley unable to attend!

* * *

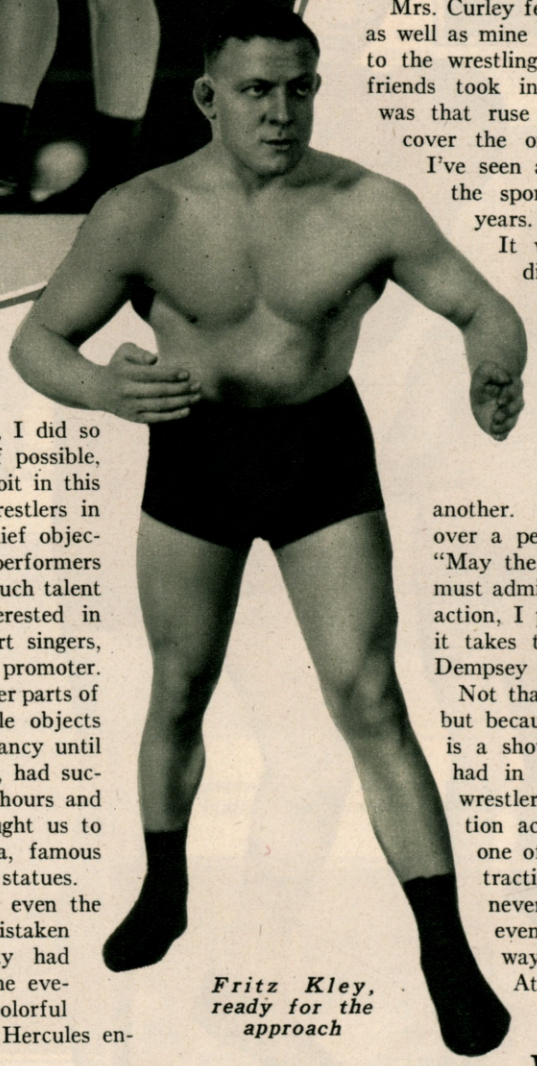
HOW to go to that show was the big problem that confronted me. Naturally I couldn't afford to offend Mrs. Curley by cancelling our engagement to the art exhibition and asking her to accompany me to a wrestling show. I was like the newspaperman who is assigned to cover a fight every night of the week and on his night off, finds himself sitting at the ringside watching two palookas—just by way of a change. I approached Mrs. Curley gently and pointed out the poster, but got little encouragement from her.

Then a thought came to me. I slipped away and had the mayor of Munich send me a message at the hotel requesting my presence as honorary referee of the matches. What a thought that was! It acted like a charm.

Mrs. Curley felt that the honor was hers as well as mine and she insisted that I go to the wrestling show while she and her friends took in the art exhibition. It was that ruse that enabled me to discover the only contortionist wrestler I've seen and I've been dabbling in the sport for upwards of thirty years.

It was at that show that I discovered Fritz Kley, a mat artist who I think may revolutionize the sport by forcing his rivals to develop a system of attack hitherto unknown in the grappling game. To me, one wrestler is the same as another. I seldom go into ecstasy over a performer, my motto being, "May the better man win." But I must admit that when I saw Fritz in action, I pictured, in less time than it takes to tell this story, another Dempsey in the wrestling field.

Not that Kley is a great wrestler, but because of his ring tactics. He is a showman such as we haven't had in years. He is a type of wrestler who, through his contortion acts, will soon develop into one of the greatest wrestling attractions of the era. He may never reach the heights, but even defeats won't stand in the way of his financial success. At least that is my opinion.



Fritz Kley, ready for the approach

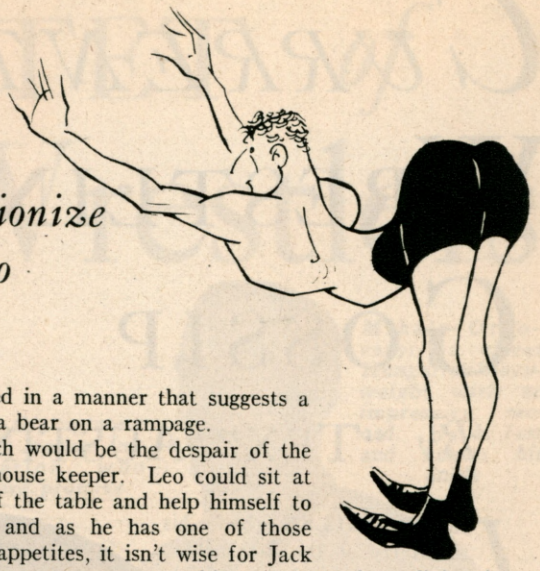
* * *

WHEN I saw him successfully defend the Graeco-Roman championship in Munich that night, I made up my mind that cost what it may, Fritz would be one of my attractions in America and I set about to sign him. I wasted no time. Here was a real attraction, one that would split the sides of the spectators with laughter. A wrestler and a theatrical performer in one—a most unusual entertainer.

Realizing his value from a box-office point of view, I quickly went to the German's dressing-room and conferred with him

Wrestler

Fritz Kley, German Giant, May Revolutionize the Sport by Compelling Rivals to Develop New Attacks

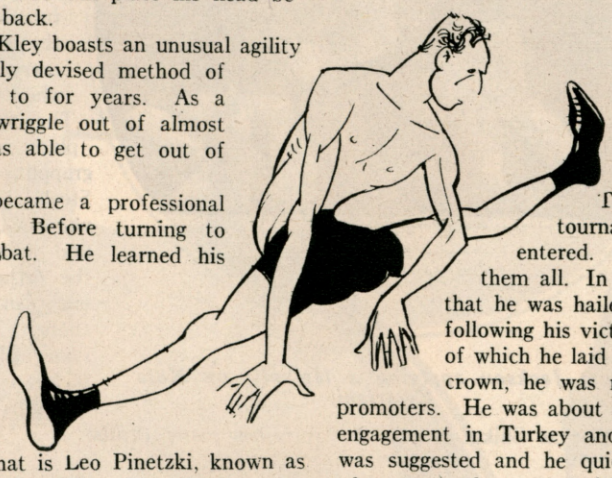


relative to a tour of America under my jurisdiction. He hesitated because in Europe he was a big attraction both on the stage and as a Graeco-Roman wrestler. But when I told him what Jim Londos had made since he won the catch-as-catch-can title and what he could make if he ever reached the stage where he could depose Londos, Fritz accepted. The rest is an old tale.

On his first appearance in the Garden, he stole the show from the headliners. The crowd cheered because the fans had never before seen a wrestler get out of all kinds of holds by such contortion acts as did Kley.

This new wrestling attraction last year received the highest award in Europe for his athletic prowess. He received a medal at Basle, Switzerland. He has a supernatural chest expansion of eight and a quarter inches, is six feet tall, weighs 210 pounds and can do a perfect split. He also can place his head between his legs and rest it on his back.

Next to his flawless physique, Kley boasts an unusual agility which he acquired by a specially devised method of training which he has adhered to for years. As a result of his training, he can wriggle out of almost any hold, just like Houdini was able to get out of handcuffs.



Kley is 28 years old and became a professional wrestler when he was sixteen. Before turning to wrestling, he also was an acrobat. He learned his stunts at school in Berlin, where, during his school days, he worked as a grocery clerk, the same as did Londos in his youth.

* * *

ANOTHER freak of the mat is Leo Pinetzki, known as the "Gorilla Man." Unlike Kley, Pinetzki is not a contortionist, but his bulk and his tremendous reach of 96 inches make him a most unusual type of wrestler. He is 6 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 283 pounds and like all mastodons of the ring, he has varicose veins. An athlete's reach should be approximately the same as his height, yet the Polish-German dreadnaught had a spread that is fourteen inches greater than his altitude.

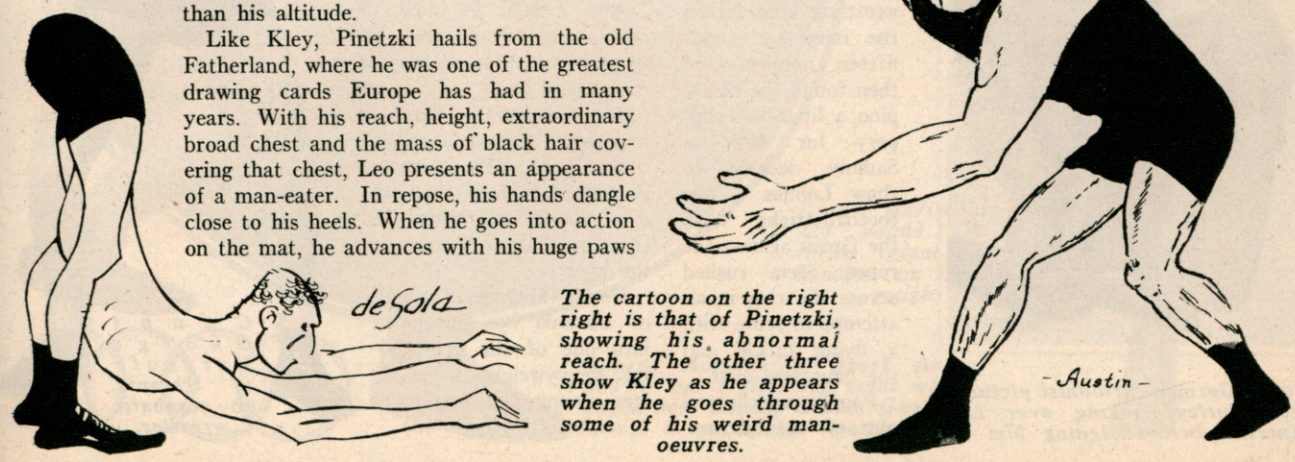
Like Kley, Pinetzki hails from the old Fatherland, where he was one of the greatest drawing cards Europe has had in many years. With his reach, height, extraordinary broad chest and the mass of black hair covering that chest, Leo presents an appearance of a man-eater. In repose, his hands dangle close to his heels. When he goes into action on the mat, he advances with his huge paws outstretched in a manner that suggests a gorilla or a bear on a rampage.

His reach would be the despair of the boarding house keeper. Leo could sit at one end of the table and help himself to any dish, and as he has one of those wrestler's appetites, it isn't wise for Jack Pfeffer, his manager, to get him accustomed to dining in a boarding house.

* * *

PINETZKI is of Polish descent, but he has lived almost all his life in Germany and is accepted as a German. Like most of the good wrestlers who hail from Europe, Pinetzki first made his bow in the tournaments that are part of almost every nation's athletic programme abroad. He appeared in several minor affairs and so well did he perform, that he soon became a headliner and was the leading drawing card in shows around Berlin, Hamburg and other centers in Germany.

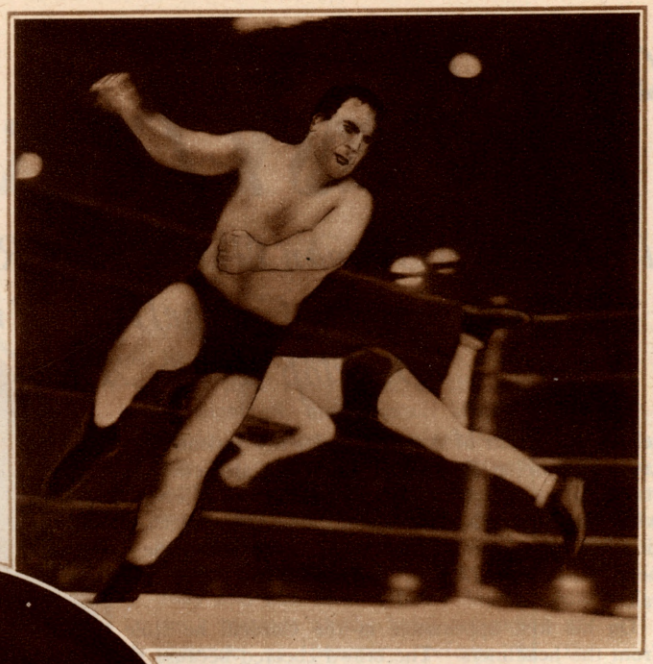
Then came the great international tournament, an annual feature, and he entered. He faced eleven men and threw them all. In fact, he turned the trick so easily, that he was hailed by his countrymen. For a time, following his victory in the Internationals, by virtue of which he laid claim to the European heavyweight crown, he was much sought after by the leading promoters. He was about to close a contract for a long term engagement in Turkey and Russia, when an American tour was suggested and he quickly accepted. There is no place where a wrestler can get rich quicker than in the United States.



The cartoon on the right right is that of Pinetzki, showing his abnormal reach. The other three show Kley as he appears when he goes through some of his weird manoeuvres.

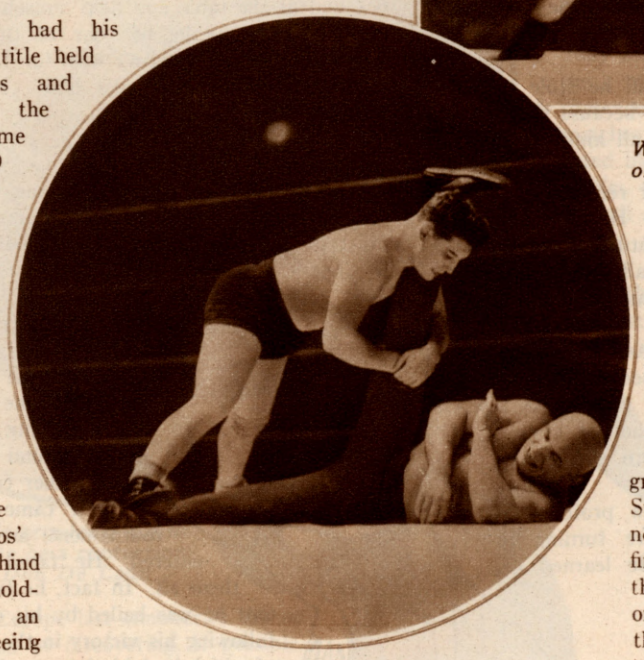
CURRENT WRESTLING GOSSIP

By "TEX" AUSTIN



When Sam Stein hurled himself out of the ring in attempting a flying tackle on Jim Londos.

JIM McMILLEN had his third try at the title held by Jim Londos and again dropped the duke, this time after 42 minutes and 39 seconds of the most gruelling kind of wrestling in Madison Square Garden. There is no doubt now that aside from Dick Shikat, there is not a man in the group over which Londos rules who has a chance to beat him. The fans are wondering why Shikat is being ignored. Is it because he apparently is Londos' master, or are those behind the helm in New York holding that match off for an outdoor attraction? Seeing the same faces over and over again is getting somewhat monotonous, especially so when such a high class, clever grappler as Shikat is placed in the background.



Nort Jackson applying a leg-split on Kola Kwariani.

How a German cartoonist pictured Jack Curley looking over Leo Pinetzki, before signing him up

Sammy Stein will long remember his heavyweight championship match with Jim Londos in Madison Square Garden on the night of January 25.

The Jewish wrestling king forced the issue for about fifteen minutes and then found the champion a little too slippery for him so Sammy decided to show Londos a few football tricks. With the Greek against the ropes, Stein rushed across the ring in an attempt to score with a flying tackle and the bout was over.

Poor Sammy leaped out of the picture. He went clear through the ropes and struck the concrete floor. He hit head first and was unconscious for almost ten minutes. It required the services of five policemen to carry him to his dressing room where he bemoaned his fate.

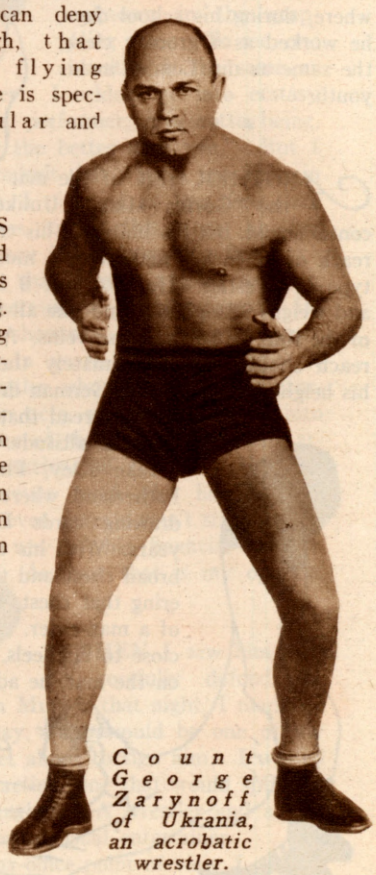
The flying tackle should have no place in wrestling. Experts in the grappling art, like Londos, Shikat, Steele, Sherry, Lewis and Steinke, do not use it. They don't have to. They find it far more advantageous to use the orthodox methods of attack. No one can deny though, that the flying tackle is spectacular and furnishes many thrills.

* * *

STRANGLER LEWIS apparently has deserted the clan with which he has been identified for so long. He is now in good standing with the wrestlers who perform for the Curley-White-Mondt group. A Londos-Lewis match is now in order and would be the biggest wrestling attraction of recent years. It is an outdoor natural. Next in line is a return Londos-Shikat bout. The German is conceded more than an even chance to regain the title, by close followers of the sport.

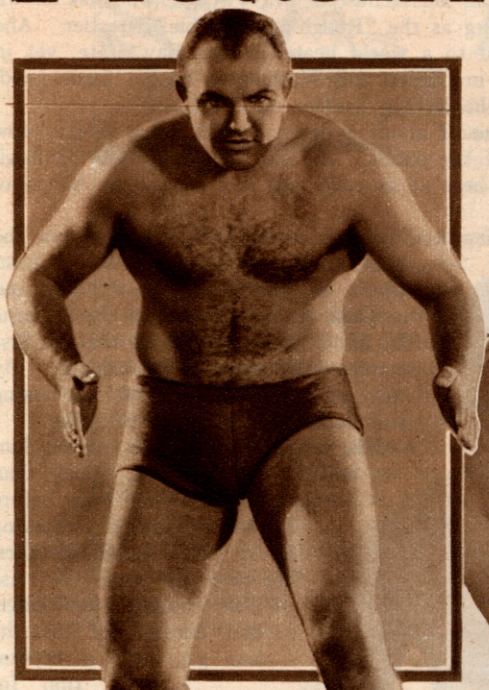
Count George Zarynoff of Ukrania has developed into one of the outstanding heavyweight wrestlers among the foreign

(*Continued on page* 40)



Count George Zarynoff of Ukrania, an acrobatic wrestler.

A QUINTET of Pleasing Wrestlers

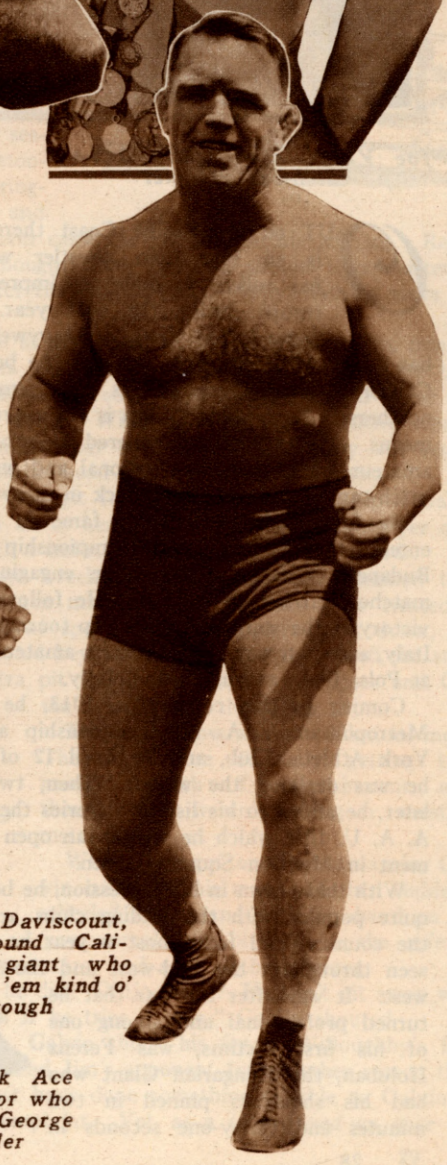


Don De Laun, capable 225 pound French-Canadian

Mario Giglio, latest young Italian importation who shows promise

Mihaly Orgovanyi, a clever Hungarian heavyweight with an impressive record. He is fast and knows his holds

George Kotsonaros, Greek Ace and former Hollywood actor who twice beat Sandor Szabo. George is a spectacular wrestler



Dick Daviscourt, 220 pound California giant who handles 'em kind o' rough

Popular *Coast Matmen*

Joe Varga, Hungarian catch-as-catch-can grappler

OUT on the Pacific Coast there is an Hungarian wrestler who has rolled up quite an impressive record during the past year. His name is Joe Varga, a heavyweight who has taken the measure of some of the best boys in California and Oregon and is rated among the top notchers in his locality. Varga is not a newcomer by any means. He is well remembered here by followers of amateur wrestling as the national and world's catch-as-catch-can heavyweight king back in pre-war days.

He first made his bid for fame in 1912 when he entered the amateur world championship tournament in Budapest, Hungary, and, after engaging in eighteen matches, carried off the title. He followed that with a victory in the world championship tournament at Fiume, Italy, and then won the all-comers amateur championship at Pola, Italy, and at Trieste, Italy.

Coming to this country in 1913, he entered the Metropolitan A. A. U. championship at the New York Athletic Club, and on April 12 of that year he was declared the winner. Then, two months later, he added to his list of victories the national A. A. U. title which he won in an open tournament in Madison Square Garden.

With that crown in his possession, he became quite popular with the leading clubs around the country, and for almost a year he was seen throughout the mid-west and the far west. It was after the war that he turned professional and among one of his first victims, was Ferenz Holuban, the Hungarian Giant who had his shoulders pinned in two minutes and thirty-one seconds in a match for the Hungarian title in Budapest, Hungary.

Since returning to America, Varga has been one of the big cards on the Coast where he has a good following and is well liked.

Another grappler who is going good on the Coast, is Abe Kaplan, a Boston, Massachusetts, heavyweight, who was known in his home burg as the "Rough-and-Tumble" wrestler. Abe never amounted to a world beater in the Bay State, yet in California and in Oregon and Washington he has made good. He is one of the leading heavies on the Coast.

Kaplan is one of about a dozen Jewish heavyweights now parading before the public. He was born in Russia on April 3, 1897, came here at an early age and is now an American citizen.

Kaplan, finding it difficult to make both ends meet in the East, made his way to the Pacific Coast, where he worked during the day and at night attended school in the Spokane Y. M. C. A. It was there that he first attracted attention as an athlete. By way of diversion he took up boxing and followed that with wrestling.

His weight, 215 pounds, suited him better for the mat sport than boxing and it wasn't long before he found himself competing as a professional grappler. He often has made good use of his boxing knowledge, and because of that he has gained a reputation for rough tactics.

Abe Kaplan, Massachusetts heavyweight, starring on the Coast

In his younger days Kaplan was a blacksmith. When he first took up boxing, he fought as a middleweight and beat some of the best boys on the Coast. When he made his wrestling debut, he engaged Al Newman, a star middleweight, and punished Al so badly that Newman had to undergo medical attention for two broken ribs.

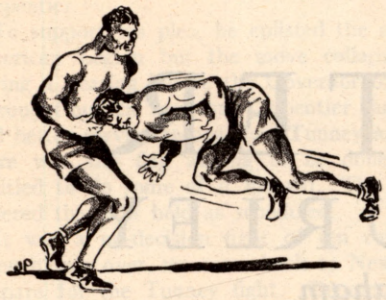
Even after he took up wrestling, Kaplan turned back to his first love, boxing, by tackling Joe Domingo in Boston in a ten-round bout. As a heavyweight grappler he has had as opponents the Zbyszko brothers, Charley Hanson, Ned Maguire, Renato Gardini, and others of that caliber. Kaplan is married and now makes his home in Boston.

Among other stars of the Pacific Coast are Everett Marshall, John Freberg, Al Karasick and Ted Thye of Portland, and Ad Santel, all of whom are kept busy.

TRICKSTERS *of the* MAT

By JOE HUMPHREYS

(World Famous Sports Announcer)



WRESTLING has been marked by many strange characters, but none more so than Jim Galvin, the "Wild Irishman," who gave the fans of a generation ago as many thrills and laughs as any one who ever trod a mat.

Galvin was not a star wrestler, but he was an actor par excellence with a sense of showmanship that probably never has been exceeded. Add to this, the fact that he could think out novel ideas with lightning speed and that he would go to any extreme to get either the razzing or the laughs of the fans, and you can visualize why Jim proved a good drawing card in a period when patrons of the sport were not as well posted in the finesse of the game and were satisfied if they got plenty of action, even if there was an absence of wrestling skill.

Galvin came into the field at a time when the majority of the stars were eking out a living by meeting all comers with burlesque shows and agreeing to toss those ambitious grapplers within a certain time limit, usually fifteen minutes. Failing to do so the "champion" PROMISED to pay to the comer the sum of $25. The actual figure, more often, was a two spot.

* * *

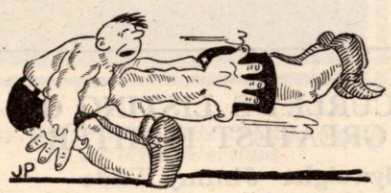
JIM hailed from Brooklyn. He broke in there at the old Star Theater, a place where on wrestling nights they set up trick scenery that would collapse when the matmen hit them with any force at all. From the start, Jim was a scream. He was a powerful and rangy fellow, as old timers here will recall, with no limit of endurance and a willingness to work that kept the other fellow mighty busy.

Jim realized his shortcomings more than anyone else, but he set about correcting those at such a rate that he soon outsmarted even the keenest of referees and promoters, to say nothing of the men whom he opposed. He brought into play all kinds of schemes, and when he did not originate he improved on old tricks that kept the fans in an uproar from the moment he stepped through the ropes until the show was over.

* * *

I WILL never forget an appearance he made at the old Star Theater. We had had, as I thought, about all the wild men the game ever knew—Icemen, Greeks, Turks, Italians, Hindoos and whatnots—but Galvin that night was to "outwild" anything that New York had ever seen for variety of tricks and for his manner of playing them.

Walter Willoughby, I believe, was his opponent. Walter at the time was rated the middleweight champion and was a remarkable master of the game. He had had great experience in meeting all comers both in theaters and with summer carnivals, especially in New England. He was a great card up in Boston and proved an equally good attraction in New York.



* * *

TIME had hardly been called when the pair were in a mix-up that outclassed any Donnybrook I've ever seen. They were here, there and everywhere, with Galvin roaring like the bull of Basham, ripping, tearing, pushing and mauling. In a crash, both went to the mat with Galvin beneath.

"For Gawd's sake, referee, stop the bout. Ouch! Ouch! Gee, but that hurts. There's a tack sticking in my knee," cried Jim.

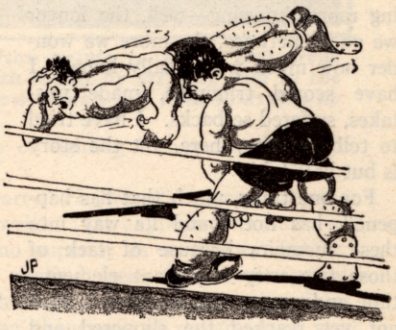
The bout was stopped to permit Galvin to remove the "tack".

Jim swung on his haunches, located the "tack" in his tights, made painful grimaces as he "pulled" it out of his knee, and gained the sympathy of the crowd. Walking to the side of the mat while holding one hand on the spot whence the "tack" had been removed, he tossed the tack to the far corner of the stage and then limped back to resume activities.

That act brought on hisses for Willoughby and applause for the "Wild Irishman," just as Galvin had figured it would. The plaudits were delivered because of the "injuries" Jim had suffered and his gameness in continuing.

* * *

THE first fall was recorded after 42 minutes of the swiftest kind of action following the removal of the "tack", with Willoughby the victor. The men went to their dressing room for ten minutes, Galvin still limping on his right leg.



Then came the gong and the men appeared on the stage for the start of the second session. To the astonishment of the ringside spectators and the scribes, Galvin came out limping on his left leg. Rather strange, they thought, that the pain should have shifted so quickly, but after the bout got under way, nothing more was said about it.

The men went at each other with a vim, and in five minutes Galvin lifted his opponent and hurled him against the trick scenery in back of the stage. On that particular piece was painted a pond and as Willoughby hit it, the entire scenery crashed, and amid a roar of laughter Willoughby was resting on the floor with his head emerging above the "water".

"That's what you git for being too shmart," piped Galvin loud enough for all to hear. "I jist wanted to cool yer off a bit," he said with a smile. And again the crowd roared.

Then when the wreckage was cleared they resumed their warfare and for ten minutes the spectators were treated to the wildest kind of sport. Both grapplers went down, and Willoughby, angered beyond words, rolled Galvin off the stage into the orchestra pit where the chairs were upset and Galvin's head went through a drum.

The crowd now was in a hilarious mood. The fans were certainly getting their money's worth of entertainment, even though they weren't seeing a wrestling match.

When they got on the mat again, Galvin rushed at his man, and then suddenly wheeled about, and with his hand on his jaw, complained bitterly to the referee, who, like the spectators, had seen nothing wrong.

"Lookit what he did! Didje see it? He can't git away with it. I'll brain 'im if he tries it agin," Galvin shouted.

And with that, Galvin shook his fist in Willoughby's face and the crowd hissed Jim's opponent for no other reason than they felt he must have done something terrible to Galvin to bring on such complaint. Yet, as a (*Continued on page* 42)

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART 24—FINAL CHAPTER

THE flood of reminiscence, once loosed, is difficult to check. Nearly forty years now I have roamed the world, seeing much, hearing more, knowing—well, the longer we go, sometimes, the more we wonder how much we actually know. I have scored triumphs, made mistakes, suffered setbacks. I have tried to tell the story here, yet the story is but half told.

For one thing, much that has happened, has not found its way into these memoirs because of lack of those two very important elements, time and space. For another, I have not yet reached the slippered and pantalooned age, where a pipe, a glass, a warm chimney corner and a few old friends are all that I desire.

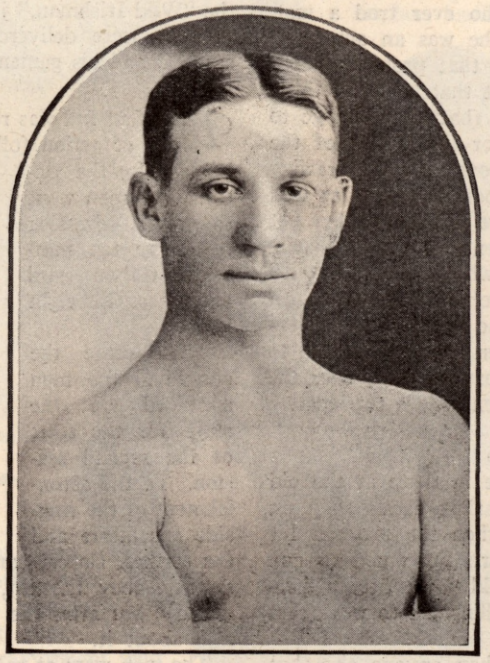
I am busier now than I ever have been before. My interests are broader, my friends and acquaintances more numerous, my goals more glittering. Some day, I shall sit down and chronicle the events of this era as seen in retrospect. When that time comes, I hope you will be as patient and forbearing with me as you have this time—and that I shall get as much pleasure from that task, as I have from this.

Now for the end of this, which covers what I am pleased to call "The First Forty Years."

* * *

IN the last eight years I have had very little to do with boxing, having devoted almost all my time to the revival of wrestling to a point where interest in it exceeds any it ever had known, I believe. Back, then, to 1924, I must go to tell of the last major fistic engagements in which I was interested. All of them involved one of the most remarkable characters and most likeable men I have encountered in forty years of rambling over the face of the earth—Georges Carpentier. One of them involved another young man who, though retired from the ring, still is very much in the public eye and to whom, at this time, I would pay my tribute—Gene Tunney.

I never have spoken more than fifty words to Tunney. I never was closely associated with him, never made a dollar with him. The only enterprise in which we were linked, was his fight with Carpentier and I was pulling against him as hard as I could. Therefore, I cannot be accused of bias when I say that in my opinion, no champion the fight game ever has had, was so great a credit to it as Tunney. No man ever served it more faithfully or helped so greatly to elevate it. I would be remiss, I think, in not stepping just a little out of my way to salute him as I trudge along.



Tommy Ryan, selected by Jack Curley for the post of honor in both welter and middleweight divisions

In 1924, Billy Gibson, then managing Tunney, asked me to persuade Carpentier to fight his man. I was dubious about Georges's willingness to come here to fight again but I promised to take the matter up with him by cable. While we were exchanging cablegrams, Floyd Fitzsimmons asked me to go to Chicago to discuss with him a match between Carpentier and Tom Gibbons, to be held at his "Blue Sky Arena," at Michigan City, Ind. I did so and agreed, pursuant to Carpentier's consent, to the bout, provided I got $20,000 in advance, a fiasco at Buffalo, where Georges was to have met Jimmy Slattery, having made me cautious.

The money was supplied by Fitzsimmons' backer and, returning to New York, I sailed the following day on the Leviathan to talk over the proposed bouts with Carpentier. At first he was loath to come here again, being engaged in recouping the losses in business he had suffered during the war and on previous visits to this country but I broke down his objections and we were on the Leviathan when it steamed out of Cherbourg on the return voyage.

* * *

AS the Gibbons fight was booked for a month or so in advance of that with Tunney, Gibson was determined to prevent us from fulfilling that date, even if he had to take us into court. He met us at the pier and a process server who accompanied him was about to hand us subpeonas but I stalled him off with a promise to discuss the matter at our hotel within the hour.

Then, having seen Gibson and his party off for the hotel, Georges and I slipped over to Manhattan Transfer and there boarded a train for

CURLEY'S LISTING OF GREATEST FIGHTERS

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry
Featherweight—Abe Attell
Lightweight—Benny Leonard
Welterweight—Tommy Ryan
Middleweight—Tommy Ryan
Light Heavy—George Gardiner
Heavyweight—Jess Willard

Chicago. When Gibson discovered he had been tricked, he attempted to have the fight in Michigan City stopped on the ground that Tunney, as an ex-service man, had a prior right to a fight with Carpentier.

To support his plea, he enlisted the aid of the American Legion but the move collapsed when, during a hearing before the Governor of Indiana, I brought out the fact that Carpentier had a longer and better service record than Tunney and that if there was any flag waving to be done, he was entitled to do some of it himself. The Governor ordered the fight held as scheduled.

It was a no-decision fight of ten rounds and, when it was over, we came back to New York to prepare for the Tunney fight. Georges had suffered a sprained ankle in the Gibbons fight and only because of his indomitable will was he able to finish the fight; but the ankle failed him again in the Tunney fight and precipitated the ending of it on a technical knockout by Tunney in the fifteenth round because Georges no longer could defend himself.

* * *

CARPENTIER'S prestige and skill were waning but after a year's rest, he came back in 1926 to box a ten-round draw with Eddie Huffman in the Garden, to lose a decision to Tommy Loughran in ten rounds in Philadelphia and to win a couple of minor bouts by knockouts. Jim Crofton, who was promoting fights at Tia Juana, offered us a return match with Huffman and, accepting it, we left for the Coast. There Georges received an offer of a six-weeks tour of the Pantages circuit at $5,000 a week and we took it. While our tour was in progress, Huffman fought Tiger Flowers and lost—and that fight brought to an abrupt end the career of Carpentier. According to Carpentier, he was fouled by Tunney and the motion pictures bear out Georges' contention.

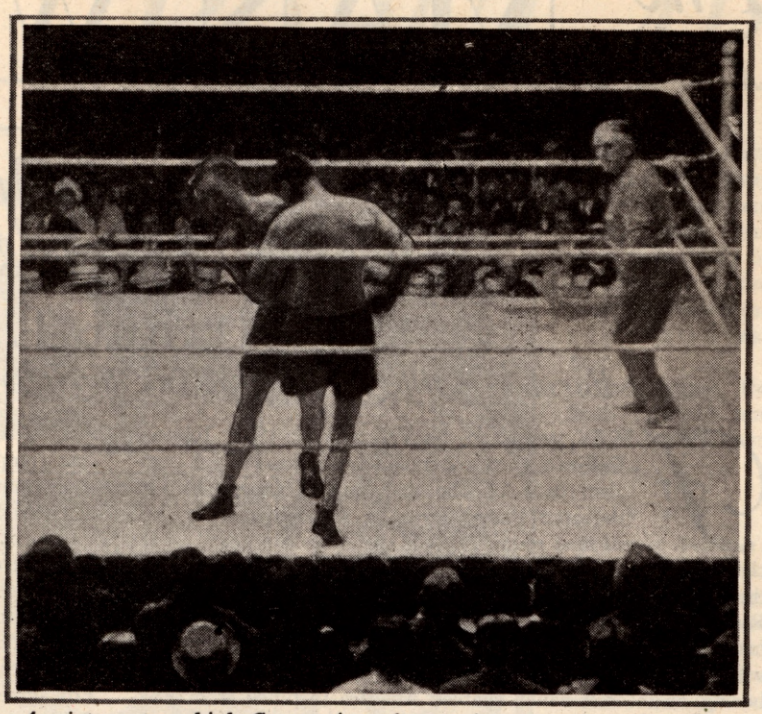
"I will not fight Huffman again," he declared to me. "I never asked you to get me out of a match before, Jack, but this time you have got to do it. I do not know whether I can beat Huffman or not and I will not risk losing to a man who has been defeated by a middleweight. Even if I were to win it would be meaningless now. Since there is a chance that I may lose, I cannot go on with it."

I argued with him in vain. He had reached the end of the trail and, in my heart, I could not help but agree with him that the time had come for him to quit. He never fought again. I see him frequently and he is a guest at my home occasionally. He always will be welcome there, as he knows.

* * *

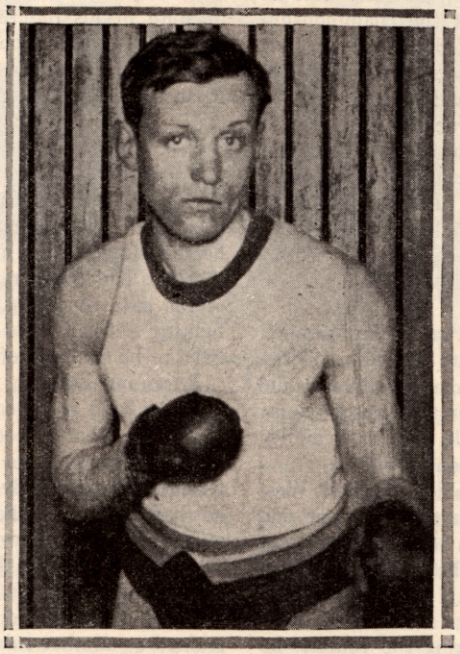
IN closing, I will set forth—in reply, I might say to any number of requests that I do so—a list of the greatest fighters I ever have seen, beginning with the flyweights. With some of my selections you may quarrel, which is, of course, your right. But here they are:

Flyweight: Jimmy Wilde. Not, mind you, the Jimmy Wilde who was beaten down by Pancho Villa at the Polo Grounds. Wilde had gone over the crest by that time and was ready to be taken by somebody. I mean the Jimmy Wilde who was the "Mighty Atom" of five years before and who gave one of the greatest demonstrations of fighting I ever saw the night he defeated Pal Moore.



A picture to which Carpentier often points to prove that Gene Tunney stopped him in the fifteenth round by striking him in the groin with his raised knee. Note how Gene's left knee is drawn up

Bantamweight: Jimmy Barry. He was the greatest puncher and greatest fighter of his weight that anybody ever saw, was absolutely game and had no superior as a "money fighter." By which I mean that he always was at his best in his most important fights, when thousands of dollars were wagered on him.



Jimmy Wilde who leads the flyweights in Curley's selections

Featherweight: Abe Attell. I do not think there is much room for argument here. In the beginning, Abe was a rough, tough little fellow and a knocker out, a calm, merciless, gum chewing terror whose iron fists beat down every boy around San Francisco who had the temerity to fight him. Yet he developed himself to a point where he was the most skilful boxer his division ever has known—and when I say that I am not overlooking the marvelous Jem Driscoll.

Lightweight: Benny Leonard. This choice will lack the approval of many old timers who hold steadfastly to the belief that in his best days Leonard would have been soft picking for Joe Gans. Well, as I said before, every one has a right to quarrel with my choices. But in self defense here I would like to point out that I saw Gans, too.

I saw Gans in many of his greatest fights and had a tremendous admiration for him, yet I rank Leonard above him. Benny was safer, surer, a greater money fighter, was just as smart, just as good a boxer, just as game, just as good a puncher. In spite of the aura of invincibility that has been cast about Gans, there were many of his contenders who were almost a match for him, whereas Leonard, who came in a time when there also were many good lightweights, was so far superior to his contenders that there was no legitimate comparison between him and any of them.

(*Continued on page* 41)

The MAN Who Made

John L. Sullivan's victory over Paddy Ryan fifty years ago, marks turning point in American pugilism

By Arthur Lumley

Former manager and booking agent of the Boston Strong Boy

FIFTY years ago, on February 7, 1882, John L. Sullivan, then a comparative unknown, put pugilism back on the map with a bang when he defeated Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, La., in nine rounds to win the American heavyweight championship. And with that victory, he paved the way for the great popularity that the sport now enjoys. The defeat of Ryan under London Rules in a little less than eleven minutes, marks the turning point of the sport in this country, for with that triumph of Sullivan, came a revival of interest in boxing, an interest which enabled America to pluck from England the laurels John Bull had held for more than a century and plant them on Uncle Sam's land.

Sullivan's influence was felt throughout his long career. He was the most colorful of all American fighters, not excepting Jack Dempsey, and it was his picturesqueness, both in and out of the ring, that kept boxing in the limelight at a time when it seemed that the sport was ready for its grave.

At that period of Sullivan's career, the Bostonian was hardly known outside of his own balliwick and in New York, and as a result, it was with the greatest of difficulty that he was able to make the match that brought the championship to him. In fact, at one time, things looked so gloomy, that few thought Sullivan and Ryan would ever be brought together, but Jim Keenan, sportsman who had backed John L. against Flood, came to the rescue with the necessary $1,000 to clinch the deal, after members of the famous Cribb Club had previously donated $1,500 of the $2,500 required to complete the stakes. The club had guaranteed the full amount but at the last moment some of the members balked and Keenan saved the day.

* * *

RYAN himself prevented the match from falling through when he induced his backer, Richard K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*, to reduce the stakes half because Sullivan could not obtain sufficient funds. The reason for that was obvious. While Ryan had already established himself, Sullivan's ability as a bare-knuckle fighter was practically unknown.

Ryan, whose victory over Joe Goss at Collier's Station, West Virginia, on June 21, 1880, in a battle lasting an hour and twenty-four minutes in which 87 rounds were fought, was Fox's favorite and Fox would have gone the limit on backing him against the new arrival from Boston.

The Ryan-Goss fight, incidentally, was the first bare-knuckle affair that Sullivan had ever seen. Following the contest, he remarked to Tom Early, noted Boston sportsman whose guest he was, that he felt confident he could stop the victor. It was there also that plans were started to bring Sullivan and Donaldson together at Cincinnati.

Sullivan never cared for London Rules, but as they were in vogue at the time, he was willing to fight under them. After he had whipped Donaldson and then Goss at Boston, he started a crusade against the use of the bare fists and in his travels around the country in exhibitions, he began to popularize the use of gloves.

It had taken Sullivan only five minutes to dispose of Goss while it took Ryan more than an hour to turn the trick. It was that comparison that suddenly drew attention to Sullivan as a championship prospect and finally resulted in the Bostonian being backed.

John L. wanted to meet Ryan with the gloves for $1,000 a side, but the amount of the stakes were not considered enough to interest the Ryan end, and it was suggested that a bare knuckle championship affair be arranged for $10,000 a side. Later Ryan personally requested that this amount be cut in half, as he was anxious to settle matters with the Boston lad. Fox agreed to this. Mike McDonald, of Chicago, on behalf of Sullivan consented to furnish the amount for Sullivan, but a hitch arose over the stake holder and McDonald refused to proceed any further. It appeared then as if the match was definitely off.

Several members of the aristocratic Cribb Club of Boston came to the rescue with an offer to back Sullivan to the extent of $2,500. Of that, $1,500 was posted, but when the final payments came due, there was another hitch and the balance was not forthcoming. Billy Madden, manager of Sullivan, however, induced Jim Keenan to put up the extra money, which he did in spite of his differences with Sullivan following the Flood contest. With the posting of the final deposit, both Sullivan and Ryan went into training, Sullivan at Bay St. Louis and Ryan at a New Orleans suburb.

* * *

IN the choice of battle ground, Ryan had won the toss and named "within a radius of 100 miles of New Orleans," there being no law against pugilism of any kind in Louisiana. When the men had been training three weeks and within two weeks of the date of the battle, a statute was enacted making prize fighting a felony and again it looked as if the match would have to be declared off.

Ryan and Sullivan were rushed secretly from their training quarters for a conference at the St. James hotel in the Crescent City. At that meeting, Ryan declared his readiness to fight anywhere the affair could be held without interference. Here Paddy displayed the same sportsmanship that he had in the earlier negotiations, so that on the assurance of several powerful politicians that the contest could be pulled off before the law became effective, the men agreed to go ahead.

Sullivan completed his training at Carrollton, while Ryan trained at another suburb of the Crescent City.

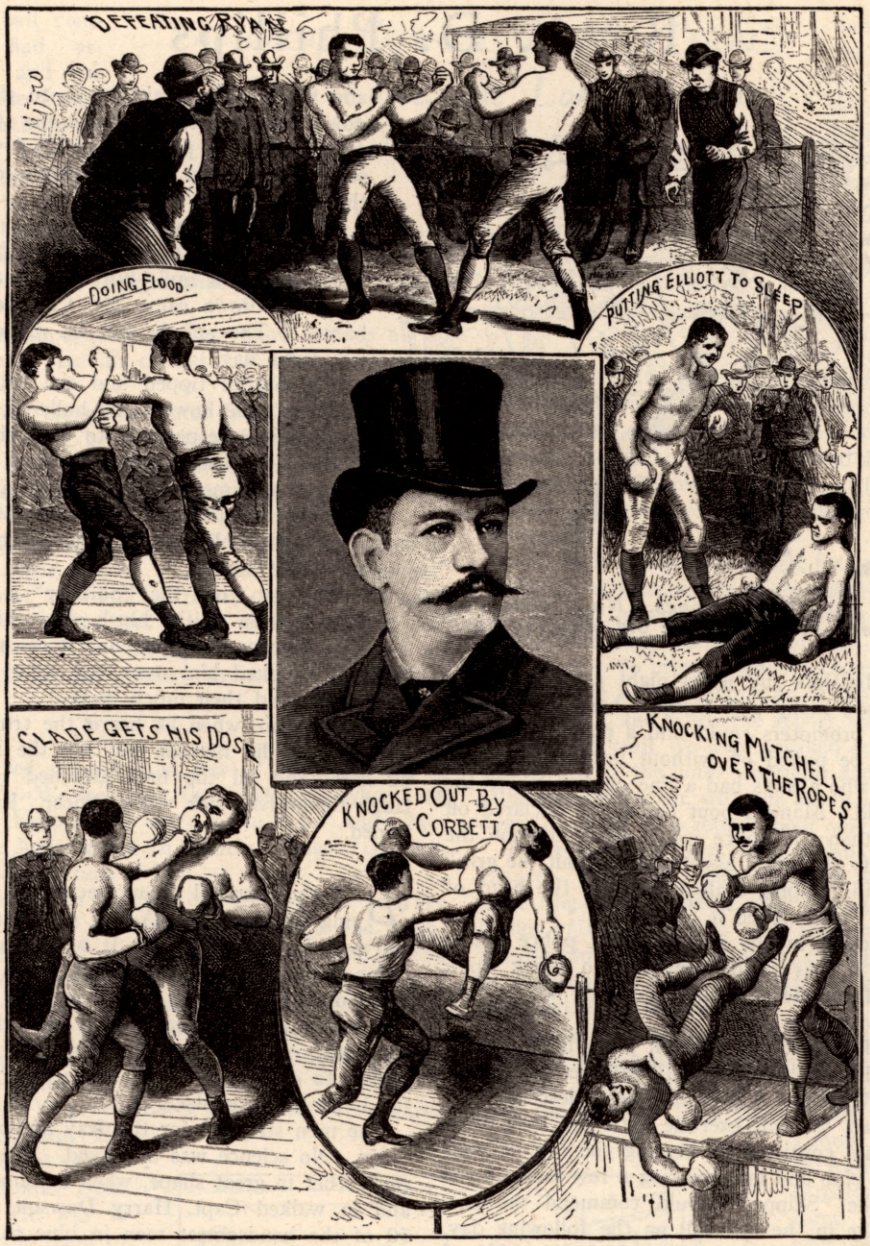
Barnes Hotel at Mississippi City was chosen as the battle ground and there, on a beautiful spring-like morning on a vast lawn overlooking the Bay, the ring was pitched. Special trains brought great crowds from New Orleans and other places. Every vantage point was filled, but it was on the immense piazzas of the hotel that the elite gathered, among them many women.

Just before the men came into the ring, another hitch arose, this time over the referee. It was finally agreed that two officials act, one being Alex Brewster and the other Jack Hardy of Vicksburg.

BOXING POPULAR

When everything had been satisfactorily arranged, Sullivan "shied his castor" into the ring at 11.40. There was a delay of some 20 minutes before Ryan appeared and tossed his cap into the ring. In the toss for corners, Ryan won and chose the Southwest corner, thus making Sullivan face the sun.

The fight, judged by to-day's standards, was not a great one to look at. In fact, in all but the seventh round, it was a one-sided affair with all the advantage in favor of Sullivan. In that round, however, Sullivan was as near to defeat as he ever was. Ryan had landed heavily on John's chin with the right as the latter had rushed in. The punch dazed Sullivan to such an extent that he dropped his hands to his sides and he looked in a bewildered way at his opponent. In fact, so far gone did he appear, that some reporters flashed that Ryan had won.



Scenes in the career of America's Greatest Fistic Idol

The crowd was in a frenzy and yelled for Ryan to finish the job but Paddy could not follow up his advantage and Sullivan recovered. Thereafter the Boston Strong Boy fought with terrific fury and battered Ryan all over the ring. It was in one of these drives that Ryan's truss slipped and he battled through to the finish suffering greatly, but he was game and declined to permit his seconds to throw up the sponge.

The end came a few minutes later when Sullivan's youth again prevailed and he battered Ryan with rights and lefts until Paddy went down and his seconds finally acknowledged defeat.

During the progress of the battle, Newspaper Row in both New York and Boston were packed with people anxious to learn the result. The news came through during dinner hour and in front of the *Daily News,* then on the site of the Bridge entrance, the New York *Sun,* the *Times,* then at the junction of Spruce, Park Row and Nassau streets, and the *World,* then on the Northeast corner of Beekman street and Park Row, crowds were assembled to get the scant bulletins that trickled through.

When it was announced that Ryan had won, a tremendous shout had gone up only to be drowned out a moment later when the correction was flashed.

Then came the final result and pandemonium reigned.

* * *

IT was Sullivan's success against Ryan that suggested the famous transcontinental knockout trip that made boxing so popular. Although in many states at the time there were laws against pugilism, Sullivan's personal popularity aided him in gaining permission from the officials to exhibit his wares against all comers. Only in a few places was there any interference. New York, in fact, appeared to be hardest on the "Big Fellow," where Alex Williams, then a captain, was very active and invariably stopped proceedings the instant a heavy blow was struck, was the champion.

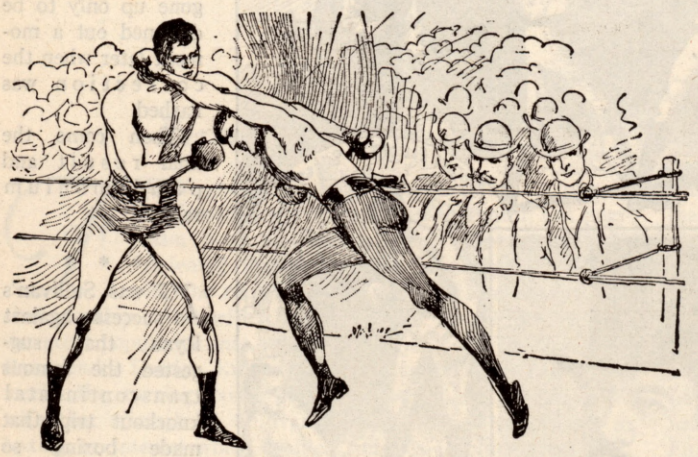
It was following the arrest of Sullivan and Alf Greenfield of England, that the first judicial decision of which there is any record was made in which it was pointed out that sparring or boxing was not prize fighting within the meaning of the statute. This followed the meeting between Greenfield and Sullivan in that old trainshed of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, then known as Gilmore's Garden in mid-town New York. Under that decision, boxing was tolerated and continued at the suffrance of local officials in the North and East until the passage of the Horton law and later the Frawley law and the present Walker law.

On the Pacific Coast, glove fights to a finish before members of various clubs were permitted for many years. Then Tom McCarey at Los Angeles and Jimmy Coffroth at San Francisco, opened the shows to the public, under local permits until reformers had a prohibitory law passed.

Prior to that, Louisiana had legalized boxing in the early 90's and made possible some great battles, among them being the series of September, 1892, in which Jack McAuliffe beat Billy Myer, the "Streator Cyclone," for the lightweight title, George Dixon retained the feather- (*Continued on page* 40)

When a *COPPER*

By A. D. Phillips



The men went at it hammer and tongs. No science was displayed by either. It was a good old slugging bee.

OLD-TIME battlers and fly-by-night contests of the long ago had many and many a hard row to hoe before the promoters could find a place whereby a mill could be pulled off without interference from the police who always had a line on just where the contest was to be held. Many a bout had to be declared off for no other reason than the police would descend upon the hall or cellar and notify the select assemblage to "hit the grit." That, we generally did, heaping maledictions on the head of the "Benedict Arnold" who tipped it off.

If there was one thing in the world that a police officer liked in those days, it was to be sent out to break up a contest, and take it from me that they did their whole duty and someone else's with it.

It was their chief delight to get a tip on just where a battle was to come off, and hide until we were all gathered in the hall or cellar, and when everything was in readiness, descend upon the gathering and start the fan exercise with the long night sticks. These exercises consisted of beating the top of your head in with the long club and interspersing a few kicks in the ribs in order that the "Skipper" would commend the perpetrator of the outrage in the roll call on the following day.

One of that ilk used to go to the limit with this kind of dirty work and then boast of it the next day. To hear him talk, you would think that he was the entire department, but he was not, as facts will show.

* * *

AN impromptu scrap came off one evening between "Dublin Tricks" and a longshoreman named Dan Coyle. The gang thought that it would be a good thing to provide them with a set of gloves and let them "have at it" in the regular orthodox style. That was agreeable to the belligerents and everything was arranged for the battle to come off in "Clod" Joy's cellar in downtown Boston, the next evening.

In the meantime, the "Sherlock" got his nose to the ground and located the battlefield. He notified no one in connection with the department but saw visions of chevrons, and he cooked it up with a "Benedict" in the party, that when the signal was given, the betrayer of our secret was to open the door and "in march me bold bull with his gun drawn" and order us to "throw up our hands."

But somehow or other the plan went amiss. When the gang was all settled down and the men stripped for the word, "Clod" got a "hunch" that something was liable to come off and would not permit the go to start until he had taken down the stairs leading from the street and in lieu thereof, substitute a pork barrel filled with brine—the heavy, salty solution in which fighters of those days pickled their hands.

He had no sooner done this, than the signal was given from the outside and the hatch lifted and the wild West order of "throw up"—but the rest of the order was never heard for down came Mr. Cop, feet first into the brine barrell. The splash that he made, I will remember to my dying day.

The barrell tipped and the brine nearly blinded the bluecoat. He howled and hollered, bit and begged, trying all the time desperately to wipe the salty fire out of his eyes. He rolled around, the most abject and humiliated looking specimen that you ever laid an eye on. We all got out the back door and were down on the street corner singing "Twinkling Stars" when the reserves came down to rescue him.

The cop told the "Skipper" a story that would put Munchausen to the blush about his chasing burglars and how he was set upon and thrown into the cellar. The "Skipper" looked him over and what he said to "Sherlock" was much, and then much more.

The Captain, when he heard the truth of the matter some weeks later, did nothing but kid the life out of our would-be hero, and all the men attached to the station used to laugh themselves sick when Officer "Brine's" name was mentioned.

* * *

BUT the betrayal of our secret did not stop us from pulling off the mill. A few days later, we scouted around and found the ideal spot. It was no other place than in the cellar of the Racquets Club. This was a very fine club that had some of the very best young men in that part of the city, and never had any connection with boxing. That did not enter into our minds at that time, and we prevailed upon the janitor to open up the club for a few "simoleons" and permit the battle to take place.

The men stripped for the fray and went at it hammer and tongs. No science was displayed. The men were pummelling each other in great shape, when in came the door with a bang and in walked Capt. Harry Dawson and a squad of about 50 of the handsomest men in blue that I ever saw. Every mother's son of them had a smile on his face and a long night stick in his right hand by way of greeting us.

Believe me, it was an imposing sight! One that I will not forget! There was a mad race for the windows, but the captain had already protected that avenue of escape and there we were, hemmed in like a lot of rats in a trap.

The captain made one speech to the gathering that served to allay any fears that we might entertain about being clubbed into insensibility. He just ordered the men to "lock 'em up."

Each officer in the squad took two men and escorted them downstairs, where the "hurry up" wagon was waiting to convey us to the station. It made some 10 or 12 trips to the station and when the round-up was completed, there were just three men who were present at the battle that were not present when the captain looked over the gang.

One was Jim McCabe, the noted entertainer, now deceased, myself and one of the contestants. How McCabe and myself made our escape will never be known for good and sufficient reasons. After the captain had counted heads, he made the discovery that one of the contestants was not among the number in the guard house. How this fellow escaped, was as much a mystery to me as to any man who was there.

'came a CROPPER

The Scrap Between "Dublin Tricks" and Dan Coyle, the Longshoreman, in Cellar of the Boston Racquets Club

AFTER the bail commissioner had arranged the bonds and the boys were all on the street, we began to institute a search for "Dublin" in order that we could arrange for an immediate passage on a bull boat to enable him to avoid the dusty roads and see the sun rise on the Atlantic. We searched high and low, in every nook and haunt where we thought that he might be hiding, but no signs of "Dublin".

The mysterious disappearance of this fellow had us all up in the air. The police had his clothes, but where, oh, where was "Dublin"?

A search was made along the water front, as many of us were of the opinion that he had made his escape and was aboard one of the fishing smacks, asleep. After a fruitless search, which took well into the morning, the hunt was abandoned.

The next day a great many George Washingtons, James G. Blaines and many other leading statesmen "were arraigned" in the municipal court and mulcted to the tune of "five per" for attending a prize fight. All hands and the cook paid their fines and returned downtown swearing all kinds of vengeance on the left-handed monkey wrench that had tipped the police off.

* * *

BUT by the sacred seven-horned cow of Siam, we had to find "Dublin". We had not the least idea where the "old top" could be hiding, and every place from Andy McCormack's slaughter house point to Chuchy Twigg's coal bin was searched and still no trace of him.

The search was about to be given up when a hue and cry was raised by some of the old ladies who lived in the neighborhood that there was a crazy man on the roof. The thought came to some of us like a flash, it must be our long lost brother. We quieted the ladies and went up on the building and there, behind the chimney, was my "bould Dublin," chattering with the cold with only a short fighting trunk and rubber soled sneakers.

He was taken down to a neighbor's, and a suit of dungaree overalls provided for him. It's a wonder that he did not perish.

But nay, nay, Pauline, Dublin was not cold. He was so infernally hot that the flood of billingsgate he let loose would have heated the Common. What he said and how he said it, can never be repeated.

He was given a warm drink and some good clothing, and then he told us of his famous escape from the bloomin' bobbies. It appears that while the officers were doing escort duty from the club to the "hurry-up conveyance," Dublin was taking in the situation, and spying a broken showcase in the hall, opened the slide door and crawled in among the broken glass and debris.

He remained there all night, and was waiting for daylight for some of the promoters to return and get him some clothes. That would be about the last thing that would ever enter our heads and "poor" Dublin was compelled to stay all day, until patience was exhausted; he thought he would take in over the roof and, escaping down into a back yard, wait until someone he knew would pass, and then send word to the crowd.

Many and many a time he would touch me for the price of a "hod." He would laugh and say "Dad, old top, it was a rocky road for Dublin, wasn't it?"

* * *

CONDITIONS such as were confronted in the "Dublin Tricks"-Dan Coyle contest were common in the early days of American pugilism. There were many contests that I viewed in which headaches, backaches and other ailments were carried off as souvenirs either through police interference or through the action of ruffians who invaded the hall to obtain the spoils.

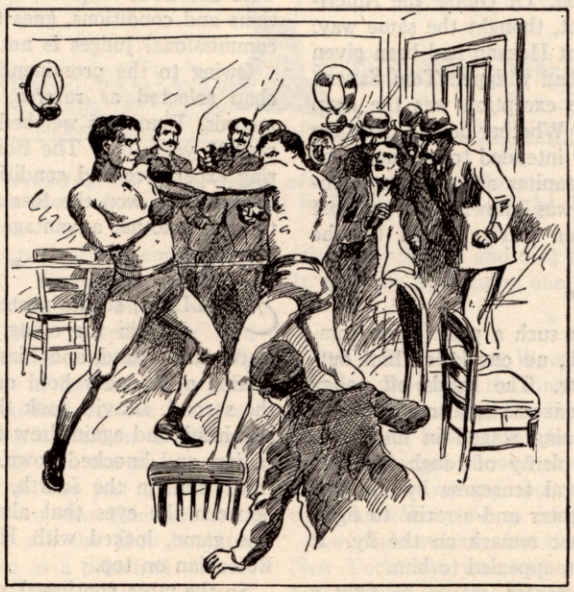
Well do I remember the fight between Jem Carney and Jack McAuliffe at Revere, one of the suburbs of Boston, on November 16, 1887, when those who were in on the secret rendezvous had to hide away for hours for fear of falling into the hands of the law. To prevent police interference we were all put up at the home of the proprietor of the hotel near the scene of the contests, and when the report was spread that the police were on our trail, we were sneaked out of the hotel to a barn, also owned by the hotel proprietor and there we remained until after midnight when, with the aid of lanterns, we were ushered down the road in a round about way, to the battle ground.

Those were the days of mob rule and the police took no chances. They also were the days of keen opposition to the prize ring and the police took the greatest delight in fanning bodies of the spectators with the hickory sticks. New York and Boston were the centers of the fight trade at the time, and as pugilism was against the law, all kinds of tricks had to be practiced to avoid detection.

I was a great admirer of McAuliffe, most of whose fights I attended, and I shall never forget the scene in North Judson, Indiana, early in 1889, when a sawed-off constable, trying to milk the treasury from some of the funds collected for the famous 64-round bout between McAuliffe and Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone, was taken into camp by "Seven Up Pete," a Chicago underworld character, to whom was delegated the task of soothing the "enraged" sheriff.

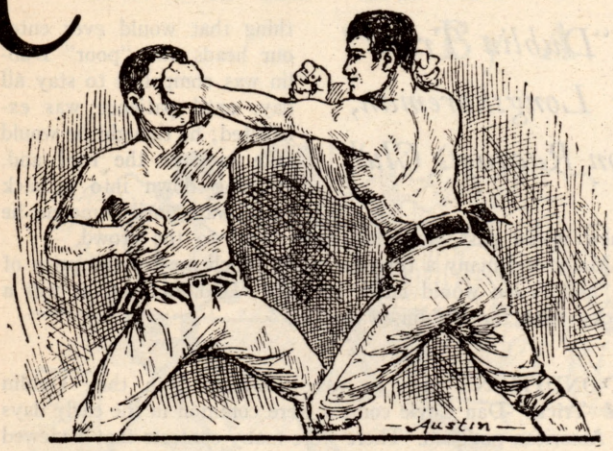
The old hayseed with his cracked voice had scarcely ordered the fighters out of the ring when his feelings were soothed with a fifty-dollar bill. Then he was asked to have a drink, and he politely obliged. Seven Up Pete, whose eyes were on that fifty, drugged the drink, and when old Mr. Constable had gulped down two glasses of whiskey, he proved an easy mark for Pete who got back the $50.

Those were the days that never again will be repeated. Do you blame us old timers for repeatedly harping on that bare-knuckle period? Thrills aplenty were on view in "them thar days."



Here is a scene in the famous cellar battle drawn by the author's artist who was among those who viewed the contest

CRADLES of BOXING



Leavitt, the Lowell boy, received one straight between the eyes in the fourth that almost knocked him off his pins

OUR story to-day brings us once more to Harry Finnegass, the Boston lightweight, who, while the wearer of an apron in Ned Price's sporting drum in North street, Boston, first attracted fistic attention back in 1857.

Those who have followed the series will recall that Harry, after being much discomfited by Johnny Roberts in a battle of 47 rounds, and lasting for more than two hours, staged in a Danvers, Mass. hall, was grabbed by the police. He eventually landed in the Lawrence jail.

In course of time he was set free, the sporty boys staged for him a benefit, and Harry, now with money in his pocket, began to eat regularly and put up his dukes on such occasions as presented themselves. Naturally, he stuck rather close to Price, his patron, and, in several of the stories concerning Ned and his career, Finnegass has come in for mention.

So it came about on one late day in April, 1860, while Price, Finnegass and others were discussing the Heenan-Sayers affair, fought on the 17th at Farnborough, England, there strolled into the saloon one Michael Leavitt of Lowell, Mass. At that time the recent mill over-the-seas was a white-hot subject—the heat, which even unto this day has hardly been entirely dispelled, suffused the entire country.

Price, though British born, favored Heenan, and was not backward about expressing his opinion. Of course the Americans, also those of Irish blood present, thought the same way. With but one exception all agreed that Heenan had been given a raw deal—that unquestionably he had whipped Tom Sayers.

Strange as it may sound, the one exception was the chap bearing the name of Michael Leavitt. Whether he had partaken too much of Price's booze, or merely intended to be funny, he edged himself into the band of Heenanites and declared himself. The Benecia Boy, as Heenan was known, had got just what was coming to him—had been fairly beaten by the Briton.

* * *

WHAT a fine remark to make in such a place, such company and at such a time! Well, no one killed him outright, a very surprising circumstance. The hands off policy was probably due to the general amazement, also that Price seriously objected to such affairs being staged in his sporting rooms. Undoubtedly there was plenty of tough talk and black looks. Leavitt eased the general tenseness by the further announcement that he was a fighter and a-rarin' to fight. Diplomatic Mr. Price caught this last remark on the fly. It afforded just the chance which always appealed to him.

"Mr. Leavitt of Lowell being a fighter, would he fight a man of his own weight?" Mr. Leavitt was entirely agreeable and willing to accomodate.

"Would Mr. Leavitt care to fight one of the gentlemen present, Mr. Finnegass?" Mr. Leavitt had heard of Mr. Finnegass and would be pleased to fight him. Then, one more query—"Was Mr. Leavitt merely talking, or was he willing to back himself with money?" Yes, the chap from Lowell was "heeled." He had $300 "talking money." "Fine!" That settled it—everything was complete.

All went into a huddle and Leavitt put up enough money to show that he was not fooling. This was covered by Price for Finnegass. It was agreed that May 10 was as good a day as any, so articles were drawn up and signed. It was to be bare-knuckles and to a finish. In deference to the fact that Leavitt resided in Lowell, also, because at that time the New Hampshire laws were a bit lax as concerns prizefighting, Hooksett, N. H., was selected as the field of honor.

Leavitt returned to Lowell, presumably as well satisfied with affairs as were Price and Finnegass. There was the usual training which, in the case of Leavitt, must have been rigorous stuff. Insofar as we can find, what previous fights he had, if any, were decidedly minor affairs.

* * *

HOOKSETT is not many miles from Manchester, N. H., one of the big cities of the Granite State. It is a cinch to reach in these days of the fast travelling auto, but back in 1860, things were different. So early on the morning of May 10, Price, Finnegass and about 150 other Bostonians, boarded a train at the old Boston & Maine R. R. station, now the site of the fine Boston Garden fistic auditorium and combined hotel and railroad offices.

Arriving at Hooksett in due season, the Hub party found the spot they were looking for, about a mile from the station, pitched the ring and otherwise prepared for the impending festivity. They were joined by Leavitt and a party of about 200 fans from Lowell and Salem, with a scattering of New Hampshire farmers and sports thrown in for luck.

The formalities were few. The money in the hands of the stakeholder, Leavitt tossed his hat into the ring, and jumped the ropes.

Finnegass duplicated. Price and Prof. W. G. Taylor took their place in his corner as seconds, while Jack Saunders of Salem and Daniel Sullivan of Lowell, attended Leavitt.

Dave Blanchard of Boston and Tom Heathwood of Lowell, were chosen as umpires, all of which, subject to certain limitations and conditions, goes to show that the present system of commissional judges is not entirely a modern invention.

Owing to the prominence in other lines of business of the chap selected as referee, his name never appeared in the records. Finnegass weighed about 130, and Leavitt, 135. Each was 23 years old. The Bostonian had the big edge as regards ring experience and condition, while height and reach favored Leavitt. He won the toss and therefore forced Harry to face the sun, another advantage for the Lowell boy.

* * *

CALL set, scouts posted and no representatives of officialdom in the offing, they got going. Both drew blood in the first round, and Finnegass wrestled his man down, after getting a chancery hold on him, thus ending the stanza. In the second, Leavitt took the lead. He slammed hard to body and head, and again drew the claret. However, he was winged to jaw and knocked down. The Lowell boy was down in the third, and, in the fourth, was badly punished, a straight left between the eyes that almost knocked him off his pins. He was game, locked with Harry, and both went to grass, the Bostonian on top.

So the muss continued, and very one-sidedly, at that. Leavitt had a bit of luck in the 11th, for he got a chancery on Harry and mussed him up in great shape. He was finally

A Little More About the Ring Activities of Finnegass and "Cocky" Woods

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's leading boxing authority)

The twelfth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England

thrown, however. That was his last chance. In the 24th, after the fight had lasted 36 minutes, the sponge was thrown from Leavitt's corner to save him from being seriously injured.

Finnegass won the fight, the side stake, and plenty of money for his Boston backers and admirers. As for Leavitt, a badly whipped youngster, his state would have been forlorn indeed but for the kindness and decency of his late antagonist.

As often happened in connection with the oldtime ring, the fight over, Finnegass jumped the ropes, grabbed a hat, and, circling among the spectators, took up a collection for Leavitt. Harry started the same with his own money and finally handed the Lowell boy about $75, all of which took off some of the curse.

The members of the merry party all reached their homes in safety without even the sign of "a pinch", there to resume with unabated ardor their part in the Heenan-Sayers controversy. Like many others in sporting centers, Bostonians did their full share of talking and writing about a mill, which, as to all the exact details, they knew very little about. Abuse of Sayers, Frank Dowling, the referee, and the British sporting public in general, was quite the thing in America about that time.

Before the month of May had expired, however, Hubites, also members of the Gotham fraternity, were forced to lay off for a while. They had matters concerning this side of the pond to discuss, an affair, which for the time was more important. Also, they were better informed concerning it.

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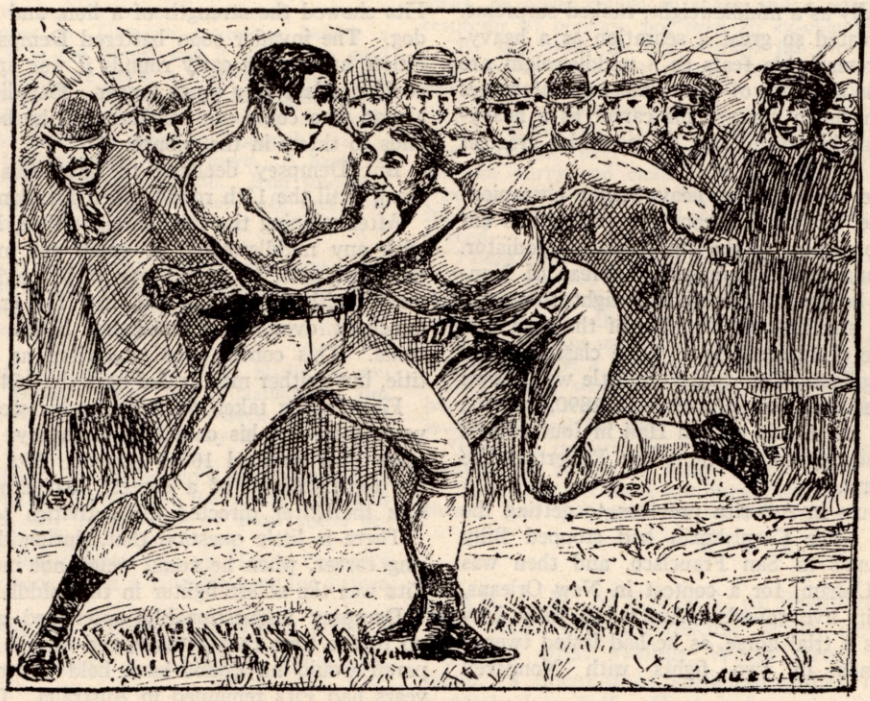


Finnegass wrestled his man down after getting a chancery hold on him. The above drawing appeared in Wilkes' Spirit of the Times

IN the February issue of THE RING, in which appeared the tenth story in the series, the arrival of George King, a British heavyweight, was mentioned. Though his record as ringster in his home land was very limited, he butted with a challenge into the general argument that preceded the Ned Price—"Australian" Kelly mill. The sports took him seriously for a while but, when it was found that he had no money, and could get no backing, he was allowed to fade out for the time.

Price's mill with Kelly finally settled, as told in the March issue of THE RING, King bounced back into the picture with another defy. This was aimed at Price, who just then was a "big shot." While the probabilities favor that Edmund could have taken King just like nothing at all, the Hub boniface refused to be drawn back into the ring as a principal.

So Ned passed the glad tiding along to John "Cocky" Woods, one of his Boston heavyweight cronies, concerning whom we already have told considerable in various earlier stories. King's challenge was just Woods' mutton. As "Cocky" had boxed in several New York benefits, and consequently was well known in the Big City, his willingness to take on King found great favor.

It was agreed that Woods was the man to give King a battle. The usual drawing up and signing of articles followed. Each principal put up $100 as a token of good faith, and the date of battle was set for the morning of May 28, the ring to be pitched within 20 miles of New York City. The contract contained the stipulation that if either principal failed to appear in the ring on the morning of May 28, the offender would "blow" his forfeit. That is, the man who did appear, was to collect the entire stake.

* * *

WE incline to the opinion that King was not so hot for going through as he had seemed prior to the signing of the articles, an opinion or suspicion which subsequent events, as set forth in oldtime records, tend to sustain. It is history that Woods, trained and ready for battle, and accompanied by a crowd of Boston sports, was on the job early on the day appointed. None, so far as can now be ascertained, had serious trouble in reaching "the spot." This was a locality known as Huyler's Landing, just across the river from Yonkers, Jersey territory.

It was near this place on Aug. 14, 1856, that the famous, or, as some termed it, "infamous", 85 rounds fight between Charley Lynch and Andy Kelly, bantams, was staged. Kelly was frightfully beaten and died from the effects and general neglect. It gave the fight game one tough jolt.

* * *

RETURNING to Woods vs. King, when the latter failed to appear at the ringside, Woods tossed in his hat, and, stripped and ready for battle, followed it inside the hemp. Having thus fulfilled all the requirements, he claimed the stake money. He was allowed to do his talking, and his seconds and others, their roaring, but that's about all that happened at that particular time as concerns John "Cocky" Woods.

Two lightweights, however, Young Clark and Young Elliot, New York boys who had expected to witness the Woods-King fight, announced that for the benefit of the assembled company they would fight for $50. It was to go to a finish. Such things have happened both before, also (*Continued on page* 40)

Fitzsimmons, as Middleweight, Ranked Supreme

By CHARLES CANOLE

WHEN Mickey Walker turned in his middleweight crown recently in order to try his luck with the heavyweights, he was conceded only a small chance of pulling through. As a middleweight, the experts figured, Mickey was the peer of the field, but as a heavyweight, he was too small and too light to cut any figure. Yet Walker surprised even his most ardent supporters by holding the American champion, Jack Sharkey, to a draw.

Walker, who has held both the welter and middleweight titles, thinks he is good enough to bring home the bacon in the heavier class, and in the event he succeeds, he will take his place at the side of the great Bob Fitzsimmons, the only man to win three world's titles. That Walker is a wonder at his weight, is admitted, but he will never equal the marvelous record of Fitzsimmons.

Ruby Robert, especially as a middleweight, ranked surpreme. Possibly because he created so great a sensation as a heavyweight champion, his remarkable feats as a middleweight are so often overlooked. As a matter of fact, almost all references to the formidable Cornishman concern his career as a heavyweight, yet it was as a middleweight that he gained his greatest prestige.

Fitzsimmons' capture of the light heavyweight championship at a time when he was on the wane physically, was another remarkable performance by the freckle-fisted gladiator. Yet there is small doubt that Fitzsimmons' defeat of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, holder of the middleweight title, was the most disconcerting, startling performance of the man who was destined to win the championships of three classes before his retirement from pugilism. Comparatively little was known about Fitz when he landed in San Francisco in 1890, and the record of his defeat at the hands of Jim Hall in four rounds in Australia had a tendency to belittle Ruby Robert in the eyes of the boxing experts.

Fitz had but two bouts in America previous to getting the match with Dempsey. The Cornishman had stopped Billy McCarthy in nine rounds in San Francisco, and then was matched with Arthur Upham, for a contest in New Orleans. Fitz stopped Upham in five rounds. Australian Billy McCarthy was regarded as a trial horse, as he had lasted twenty and twenty-eight rounds in two fights with Nonpareil Dempsey.

Therefore when Fitz stopped McCarthy in nine rounds, Dempsey and his supporters jumped to the conclusion that Fitz would be a good drawing card with the title holder and the match was made. It was in this match that Fitz proved conclusively that he was a genuine middleweight. The Cornishman stood 5 feet 11¾ inches in height, and his magnificent upper body, great shoulders and long, sinewy arms, surmounted by a notably small head with a sparse thatch of auburn hair, gave him the appearance of anything but one of the greatest fighters in the history of the ring.

HIS remarkable superstructure was supported by a pair of long, spindling legs that tapered to thin, bony ankles. His eyes were small, blue and usually twinkled with good humor, for outside of the ring Fitzsimmons was a jovial chap, and fond of practical jokes. He also liked to sing and had a tenor voice of fair quality. Dempsey was a black-haired little chap who only occasionally weighed more than 147 pounds.

Bob was wonderfully speedy, an excellent boxer, and while not a knockout hitter, was a punishing puncher. Like Jim Corbett, Dempsey depended on wearing his opponents down by jabbing and defensive tactics before putting them to sleep.

Dempsey insisted on 154 pounds ringside for Fitzsimmons. Dempsey and his backers were evidently of the opinion that a man standing only a quarter of an inch below 6 feet could not possibly make 154 at ringside and retain his strength.

Fitzsimmons accepted the weight condition without a word of protest and posted a forfeit to make the poundage. When the time came to weigh in, Fitz stepped on the scales and registered 150½ pounds, which naturally knocked the Dempseyites off their balance. Dempsey scaled 147½ pounds.

IF Dempsey and his backers were astonished at Fitz's low weight, they received a worse shock when the fight started. Fitz showed the strength of a lion, and the courage of a bull dog. The invader soon battered Dempsey to a helpless condition, and in the early rounds it was apparent the Nonpareil could not last very much longer. Fitz did not care to pummel a man who could not retaliate and he begged Dempsey's seconds to throw in the sponge.

But Dempsey declined to have this done and struggled along until the 13th round, when Fitz landed a knockout blow.

After winning the middleweight title, Fitz engaged in battle with any middleweight he could get matches with, but for the most part, he waged war with heavies. He finally got a match with Jim Hall, who had the credit of a four-round knockout over the Cornishman before the latter left Australia. This contest was advertised as for the middleweight title, but neither man scaled near the 154 pound limit.

Fitz, having taken on considerable weight during the three years following his defeat of Dempsey, scaled 167½ pounds, while Hall weighed 163½ pounds. Fitz knocked out Hall in the fourth round of a contest that aroused much suspicion. Fitz thereafter directed his activities to the heavyweights.

There is little question that, during the early years of his ring career, when he could weigh not more than 160 pounds, Fitz was the ablest fighter in the middleweight class.

Dempsey unquestionably outclassed all the 154 pounders up to the time that Fitz arrived on the scene, and the Nonpareil would no doubt have held on to the title for many years had Fitz remained in Australia. Of the men who held the title at 158 pounds, Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy wanted nothing to do with Lanky Bob.

Stanislaus Kiecal, known in the ring as Stanley Ketchel, was without doubt the most dangerous hitter of the 158 pounders. Many have reached the opinion that Ketchel would have out hit Fitzsimmons. The writer is unable to subscribe to that edict. He is of the opinion that Fitz would have brought Ketchel down.

Stress has been laid on the tenth round knockout by Ketchel of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, after the latter had cut the Polander to ribbons. The superiority of Fitz's punching powers over those of O'Brien is apparently not given due importance.

Of modern middleweights there does not appear one who could have withstood Fitz's blows. Billy Papke, Jimmy Clabby, Frank Klaus, Eddie McGoorty, Jack Dillon, Mike O'Dowd, Al McCoy, George Chip, Johnny Wilson, Tiger Flowers and Mickey Walker would all have been easy for Fitz in his best form as a middleweight.

Letters *from* Readers

ANNUALLY, since the death of Tex Rickard, THE RING, of which Tex was a staunch supporter, has kept the name of the famous promoter alive through the publication of one or more stories pertaining to the human interest side of the great promoter's life. In the February issue there appeared in this publication an article, "An Untold Story of Tex Rickard," which has brought us many letters of praise from western friends who knew Tex when he was king of the gambling houses.

From Timmins, Ontario, from Vincent Woodbury, came one letter which, because of its historic data, is worth reproducing. Here it is:

"What a delightful, accurate resume you gave us of that splendid sport Tex Rickard in your February issue. It is the first time I've seen recorded the fact he was that fearless character The Bronco Kid in Rex Beach's best book 'The Spoilers,' a truth I've been long waiting to hear.

"You know I purchased your magazine night before last in Toronto to help work away some drab hours of the night en route to Timmins, and it proved such a tonic that I did not douse the glim in my Pullman until a disgusting morning hour I'm ashamed to mention until we become better acquainted.

"Tex Rickard I remember in Tonopah sometime before a burro stumbled over a rock in the desert and it turned up gold for Goldfield. In those days, we took a narrow gauge hay burner from Mound House to Hawthorne, slept the night to the tune of glasses and gambling, then next morning to Sodaville and then sixty miles across desert in stage to Tonopah.

"We 'staged' our water twenty miles to the town. A basin of water cost a quarter. Tex's bar was splendid. Run smoothly and cleanly where you could leave your money safe and sure you'd get it back, or spend every cent, where you could cash a check or get a loan.

"It was wide open in that big-hearted western way that made friendship where and when it was worth the having. The trait that featured Tex with me, was his trusting fearlessness which gave any crook the drop on him, if—well if he wanted to take that chance.

"And then, not satisfied with giving us Tex, blame if you didn't have to stir up my memory about Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and even the shady Johnson—yeah—back to a time when all the geese were swans, lad—and every lass a queen—perhaps. For it was in Truckee, California, I realized Fitzsimmons was to fight Jeffries for the world's championship in San Francisco that very night. There was the smart Overland Limited at the station and only forty miles of snow sheds between myself and the Pacific Slope.

"Up Market Street, the hack drove me to Harry Corbett's saloon where that same evening I got a ringside seat for fifteen smackers.

"The boys fought in a big tent. Someone apparently pulled a boner, for there was a rent at the top from where a star or two gave you a couple of friendly winks for which you didn't have to pay.

"I can't be accurate, for a long time has passed since the occurrence, so please don't ask me to. If you do, I won't anyway—but to the best of my recollection, Fitz scaled 160 pounds for that fight while Big Jeff pushed Fairbanks well over the 218 mark.

"There was Bob just opposite me in his bathrobe, his face chalk white and as serious as a man with a pulled tooth. Jeff crawled through the ropes in an old suit and black sweater. I thought he was some big 'ham' until he pulled his clothes off and stood over me hesitating where to throw them. A voice called out, 'throw 'em here, Jeff!'—and I almost said it too!

"The fight? Oh what a fight! Clean, hard and fast.

"The piston stabs of Fitz landed with a smack, like driving your fist into your palm. Before the second round was through, blood was flowing from Jeff's face and collecting on his chest.

"While Jeff, with that hungry gorilla crouch of his, long left extended and right well back like a striking rattler, kept following Fitz slowly and pressingly about.

"In the third, I noticed that after Fitz stung his jabs home, he'd fall into a clinch only to receive Jeff's sinking right to the ribs. I saw Fitz bite his lips, caught the hurt look flash across his face and realized damage was being done internally as well as externally.

Talk about fights! Gentlemanly affairs—not a flock of noise and smoke! I could hear the fighters breathe and catch the intact of a gasp. If there was a noise, no one heard it—but between rounds, we all jumped to our feet and yelled for that grand old man, Fitz, some forty years old, who was carrying the fight to the champion of the world, a man in the pretty days of exalted youth.

"The next three rounds were the same—the same savage thrusts of Bob, and the stealthy progress of the massive Jim as he pressed the lighter man and drove his ponderous blows home in the clinches.

"It was the sixth, I think, when Fitz missed an uppercut by a fraction that threw his right straight over his head and himself completely off balance. The crowd gave a prolonged sigh—heard throughout the tent, so close a call did Fitz have.

"It was in the eighth round it happened. And so quickly, and so ever-lastingly complete! Bob always had been backing up. He'd dance out of harm's way, take position again in the center of the ring, deliver his blows, clinch, break, and start retreating again. As he reached the corner, he'd often drop his hands to his sides and dodge out—and he did it this time in his own corner, but the movement away was a trifle late. Jeff curled over his mighty right from the crouch and it sunk against the heart of Fitz. The man wilted in his tracks and was counted out with no effort by him to rise.

"Soon after the loquacious Bob was on his feet and addressing the audience while we all stood to listen. 'This was positively his last fight. He thought that through his own physical culture ideas, he could return to shape and a winner, but age was no respector of persons, not even an ex-champion.'

"By this time, he had worked his gloves off and he threw them wildly into the crowd—with the yell of abandon—'My last fight.' And it was. A man at that moment with not a mark on him—a winner certainly on points up to the very last.

"The night was young. I had plenty time for my ferry and 'the midnight' over the mountains to Nevada. The cable car did not hurry and came to a slovenly pause opposite the San Francisco *Examiner* building where a crowd had collected watching the fight returns—and there on the screen what do you think I read—

"Faked fight—Fitz lays down in the 8th—

"I got the extra. It seemed the *Examiner* had received evidence about the fight being fixed and to finish in the eighth. It insisted that as Bob dropped his arms, he mumbled, 'Hit me'.

"I saw his lips move and hardly anyone was nearer to him, but I took it to be a gesture for breath. Anyway, gesture or not, what's wrong with lips working? However, after he did open his mouth a trifle, Jeff did hit him and the one blow did the work once and for all.

"It was a realistic thing I found myself saying, as I read that flash on the screen of 'faked fight'.

"Fake hell. If there are more fake fights like that lead me to them. And that goes for today."

* * *

DR. J. M. SPENCER, of Roanoke, Va., sent in the following interesting letter, one, inspired as he says, by what Wilbur Wood wrote in the December issue. I deem it of sufficient public interest to have it published in full. Here it is:

"For years it was noticed by Army Officers that many men passed as physically fit by civilian physicians, were unable to stand up under the steady grind of a forced march, a hot sun, or fatiguing work of any description. Those men were classed simply as undesirables—fellows lacking 'heart', nerve, grit. We know now that this is not just to them. The trouble is with the 'heart', but it is a physical trouble and not a mental one.

"After a certain amount of stress, the heart has not the power to pump the blood to the needy organs in sufficient quantity for their abnormal needs. These men may stand up splendidly under slight draft; under the every day saunter of life. However, they are able to win only the first two sets of tennis and lose the last three. They can pitch remarkable ball for six innings, and are knocked out of the box in the seventh. They can roll, weave and jab, with the footwork of a champion for three rounds. Then—feet shackled and ten-pound weights in each glove for the fourth—and last.

"From childhood many of that type have had to suffer the humiliation of continued defeat. In the sports in which they feel they can excel, they experience only a heart-breaking succession of failures. By those not too stout of heart, the surrender is made early. Others may fight the (*Continued on page* 42)

Current Wrestling Gossip

(*Continued from page 26*)

group now appearing in this country. The Count's performances have been such as to arouse considerable favorable comment. While most of the grapplers who are referred to as of the "acrobatic type," perform more like clowns or circus athletes than wrestlers, the Count knows his wrestling from A to Z and mixes his knowledge of holds with his acrobatic feats—a combination that gives the fans a chance to applaud quite frequently.

* * *

Those who saw Ernie Dusek perform in New York for the first time on the Stein-Londos card, saw little of resemblance in mode of procedure between Ernie and his brother Rudy. Of the two, Rudy is by far the better and more experienced, but Ernie is developing and may be among the headliners in the East in another six months.

* * *

The Japanese have sent another heavyweight into the field in Eastern territory in Oke Shikini, who is bigger and huskier than the average Jap. In fact, his build is rather unusual for one of his race. He is a clever jiu jitsu performer.

* * *

A match between Leo Pinetzkl and Fritz Kley would be worth a movie. It would be one of screams of the screen. Here's your chance, Mr. Curley.

* * *

And speaking of the mat maestro, reminds us that Curley recently received a communication from Yousuf Husane, the Turkish grappler who headlined here quite a while back. Yousuf has been coaching a score of young matmen with great success at Barsa Velayat, Turkey. So great is the interest in the sport there, that Husane has invited Curley to stage an international tournament in the land of the Fez. If that cannot be arranged, Yousuf intends to persuade Jack to bring to America a few good Turkish matmen. Fans in this country would welcome a throwback to Yousuf Husane or Yousiff Mahmout. They were good.

* * *

Carl Pojello, the Chicago Lithuanian, continues one of the big attractions in Eastern wrestling circles.

* * *

The match between Jim McMillen and Ray Steele that took place recently in St. Louis, was the most grueling these stars have been through. It was a nip and tuck affair with McMillen winning and thereby gaining the return tilt with Jim Londos.

* * *

Wrestling is holding its own throughout the country despite the sudden return of boxing. The crowds continue to enjoy the action always in store for them when the mat stars are on exhibition.

The Man Who Made Boxing Popular

(*Continued from page 33*)

weight championship against Jack Skelly, and Jim Corbett wrested the crown from Sullivan.

Florida had no adverse laws, Corbett and Mitchell battled at Jacksonville. Dan Stuart secured the passage of the law in Nevada so that he could pull off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Under that law Tex Rickard made his first bid for fame as a fistic promoter when he promoted the contest between Gans and Nelson at Goldfield.

To-day practically every State in the Union has laws governing boxing under commissions, while those that have no such statutes, permit boxing under certain restrictions, so that there is hardly a place in the country where the sport is under a ban. Texas is the lone State where no boxing of any kind is tolerated but a movement is now on foot to legalize the sport there.

Despite the depression boxing is in a healthy condition and the rewards great—a far different condition from the times when champions fought finish fights for purses and side stakes of less than a pair of "curtain raisers" get to-day.

And all through the progress of boxing, as we know it to-day, the Sullivan influence is seen. One is led to wonder what would have been the result if the outcome of the Sullivan-Ryan affair had been reversed. Ryan would hardly have made the sport popular, but it is safe to feel that boxing, which has existed in one form or other for thousands of years, would have had some champion to revive it, even if Sullivan had not done so. What the sport needs to-day is another popular John L. Sullivan.

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page 37*)

since that morning of May 28, 1860, but in these days have become a rarity.

These boy pugilists filled in the time for more than an hour—banged each other up in great shape. Clark was declared the winner, while Elliot, the loser, had to be assisted from the ring. The gang "kicked in" an extra $30 as salve for the vanquished. This pleasantry over, the merry fans awoke to the fact that their own troubles were just beginning. While they were enjoying the Clark-Elliot scrap, the two steamers that had brought them to the scene, sneaked off down the river and left the entire company to get back to New York as best it could.

While these various events were happening at Huyler's Landing, King, after broadcasting that he was going up river to fight, was grabbed by the police before he really got started. He was kept under lock and key until about noon, and then released. Woods and his set charged that King brought about his own arrest. This, of course, the Briton and his side, denied. In any event, the stakeholder refused to give up the money, and, between both outfits, it is easy to imagine that he had plenty of trouble for a while.

Thus concludes Chapter No. 1 one of the Woods-King battle. Not to end the tale too abruptly, this fracas, one of several chapters, was finally staged. The various rows, bickerings and other details that associated themselves with it, must go over to the next story in the series.

Wrestlers and Wrestling fans should not be without a copy of Jack Curley's book, Modern Wrestling"—Price $1.00.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page 11*)

As for Dempsey, his fight with Levinsky, was his first attempt against a top notcher in his "comeback" role. The Manassa Mauler continually weaved and bobbed in an effort to offset the attack of his younger, sturdy opponent, but it was evident from the start his attempt was no more than a shuffle. His legs are gone.

The man who vanquished Jess Willard, Firpo, Carpentier, Gibbons, Miske, Brennan and Sharkey, still retains sufficient of his deadly clout to enable him to mow down third and fourth raters, but with his legs failing to function properly, he hasn't a Chinaman's chance against the top-notchers. America's leading promoters know that, and from now on, any talk of a possible meeting with Sharkey, Schmeling, or Carnera, should be taken only at its face value—as ballyhoo for the Dempsey exhibition tour.

That Dempsey was able to outdraw by a big margin, the best previous gate for the Stadium, shows what a vast interest there was in his "comeback." Had he made good by knocking out Levinsky or winning by a big margin, he would have overcome the first big obstacle in his "comeback" path and would have convinced the critics that he still was good for one big fight. His defeat by Levinsky, however, settles that once and for all time.

So long as Dempsey continues to arrange contests with men whom he is certain he can whip, the boxing world that worships him, will have no need for worry. But it will be most pitiable, should the former Manassa Mauler be laid low by a palooka.

Jack Sharkey, What About Him This Year?

(*Continued from page* 3)

the title back in September of 1930. He ducked the issue then and ducked it again when he accepted Stribling instead of Sharkey.

How far that fear will react against him, remains to be seen. Those who know Schmeling intimately, declare that it was not fear, but circumstances over which neither Schmeling nor his manager, Joe Jacobs, had any control, prevented a Schmeling-Sharkey match. However true that may be, the average fan refuses to accept that explanation.

As for Sharkey, he has always felt that he is Schmeling's master. He is more cocky now than ever on his ability to knock the German out. So certain is he that the championship will pass on to an American, that already he has mapped out his plans for a year's campaign. Jack expects to make up for opportunities he missed in the past.

As for the American sportsmen, though, naturally, they would like to see a native son carry off the crown, they will greet Schmeling with the same enthusiasm accorded all first rate champions, if the German succeeds in retaining the title. As for THE RING, this publication, on behalf of its army of readers, trusts that both Schmeling and Sharkey will engage in a clean-cut, sportsmanship contest to a proper finish. In the interests of boxing, we hope that the fight will be fought strictly according to the code and we'll doff our cap to the victor, be he the German or the American.

It is interesting to note that the man who stopped the fight between Schmeling and Stribling, George Blake, internationally famed referee and fight manager, declares that in his opinion, Schmeling can whip Sharkey. Blake, in a California interview, went on record with the statement that Schmeling is the most finished heavyweight of the era, and that he will wear down Sharkey as he did Stribling.

To which Sharkey replies:

"Blake is entitled to his opinion and so am I to mine. It is my opinion that I'll knock out Herr Schmeling and bring the championship back to the U. S. A. This time I'll play safe. I'll go right in at the start and I'll slam one to Schmeling's jaw and it will be all over. There will be no reason for any dispute."

And as for Jack Dempsey, who has picked Schmeling to knock out the Boston gob, Sharkey says:

"He is the one fighter with whom I would love to get into the ring. I'll guarantee that if he ever consents to stop ballyhooing his exhibitions and fooling the public in the sticks, and consents to sign for a return bout with me, I'll knock him cold in less than three minutes."

And so the public may gain an idea of the confidence that Jack Sharkey has in his ability. If confidence alone will turn the trick, then June 16 will see the heavyweight crown again resting on the head of an American.

White Hope

(*Continued from page* 9)

inert on his back. His right leg was bent upward, an arm was over his eyes, shading him from the hot sun.

The experts looked, and they laughed. "Well, this certainly looks great," chuckled Dean Mahew, of the New York *Star*. "One leg is lifted off the blazing canvas. He shades the sun from his eyes. And they say this is on the level."

Thus it came about that aspersion was cast far and wide on Willing's world's championship.

But Jepson had been knocked out as cleanly as Sullivan had been stopped by Corbett, or Fitzsimmons had been knocked out by Jeffries. He shaded his eyes, but he couldn't get up.

Jepson had been on the verge of collapse from his own exertions and the long and systematic beating. The left to the jaw settled it all, quite definitely.

And thus it came about that George Willing, the big Kansas rancher, who had come to Oklahoma to commit murder, became the heavyweight champion of the world.

The saga of George, The Giant!

Pitfalls on the Set-up Trail

(*Continued from page* 5)

Angeles. There was a lot of argument as to which one would have won had it been a finish fight.

Jim Coffroth, as a result, rematched them for a 45-round battle at Colma, on May 15, 1909. Because he figured the fight would go at least 35 or 40 rounds Coffroth booked no preliminaries and scheduled the show to start at 2:30 in the afternoon.

The contest went exactly one minute and 25 seconds of the first round, Papke scoring a knockout. With no preliminaries, that was all the customers got for their money. Thousands, delayed for one reason or another, still were coming through the gates as Kelly was dragged to his corner. After that promoters never again dispensed with preliminaries.

One of the most startling examples of form upsets was supplied by a show in Madison Square Garden last January. In the second of the four scheduled ten-rounders Enzo Fiermonte, little known Italian middleweight, knocked out Jack Rosenberg of New York, who was the choice at 2 to 1. In the semi-final Stanley Poreda, a 1 to 5 shot, was stiffened by Salvatore Ruggirello. And finally, to make the evening complete, Tommy Loughran, favorite over Steve Hamas at 3 to 1, was knocked out by the young collegian. A ten-dollar note parlayed on Fiermonte, Ruggirello and Hamas would have netted a profit of $710. A rather nice gain for an evening.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 31)

Welterweight and Middleweight: Tommy Ryan. Tommy so easily was the greatest of all welterweights that it would be a joke to nominate any other for the post and, when he grew into a middleweight, was quite as easily the best, save only Bob Fitzsimmons, whose freakish build enabled him to scale at the middleweight limit for many years yet who, by every right and rule of the book was a heavyweight. Ryan not only dominated two divisions in his time but he was so good that I do not know of a single heavyweight now before the public that, in his prime, he would not have whipped.

Light-heavyweight: George Gardiner. First of the light-heavies, a class suggested by Uncle Bill Naughton in justice to Gardiner, who could beat about all the heavyweights contemporary with him except James J. Jeffries, who obviously was too big and strong for him. George was the best 175-pound fighter I have seen yet.

Heavyweight: Jess Willard. Here again there will be differences of opinion and sharp criticism of me by those who advocate the claims of John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey. Willard, however, never received the credit due him as a fighter and I always will believe that the best heavyweight fighter I ever saw was the Willard who wrested the title from Johnson at Havana and so, regained the title for the white race.

Tricksters of the Mat

(*Continued from page* 29)

matter of fact, Willoughby had done nothing, and Galvin, who pulled the stunt when his back was to the spectators and the referee, was able to gain public sympathy.

While still arguing, Jim turned towards the back of the stage, and in full view of the spectators, he let the "blood" trickle from his mouth. Then he placed his fingers in his mouth, and with a yank, he withdrew a tooth and tossed it to his second standing in the wings.

By that time the house was in a bedlam with hisses and booes greeting Willoughby. The bout was resumed and suddenly Jim was frothing at the mouth in as fine a display of rage as I've ever seen outside a padded cell of an insane asylum.

The men then went licketty-split—first one then the other being tossed about when again came a halt. Galvin's tights became loose. The rubber band gave way and the mill had to be stopped while a string was found to keep the panties up. More laughter for the men and embarrassment for the women.

With that job completed, the match was resumed and in a mix-up, Galvin emerged with the sole of his sneakers loose. He asked for time out so that he could get another pair of sneakers and this granted, there followed another rest period. Then came the wind-up, with Willoughby tossing Jim for the final throw.

It was at that point that I discovered something. I picked up a tack in the rear of the stage and to my surprise, I found it was a rubber tack. It was then that I realized what had taken place.

"Jim," I asked, "what does this mean—this rubber tack?"

"That's nothin'," he replied, "I think the loose tooth and the frothing act was even better, don't you?"

"Loose tooth! What do you mean?"

And before he left, Galvin told me about the trick tooth; the trick waist tape that caused his trunks to fall; the loose sneaker sole that he had attached during the rest period; the fake blood and the phoney frothing.

He explained that he had concealed a capsule in his mouth and when he bit it, the red powder within the pill, mixed with saliva, enabled him to make it appear that he was bleeding and that the frothing was brought about by the use of a mixture of saponacious substance and chewing gum and that the tooth had been palmed until the right spot was reached when he placed it in his mouth and "yanked" it out.

Jim later doubled with Leo Pardello and they made a great pair. They were a hit wherever they went. They travelled about the country with Galvin pulling stunts on the public at all times, especially when he got into hick towns. He did his work so cleverly that even the experts were fooled.

After retiring, Galvin worked as a pressman on the Brooklyn Eagle and later was killed in a brutal assault in South Brooklyn.

I've seen many wrestlers and many actor-wrestlers, but none to equal the ingenuous Irishman.

Letters from Readers

(*Continued from page* 39)

losing battle longer. But sooner or later, most will develop the condition we now term inferiority complex. With an equity in failure, they are strangers to success.

"And so it is with many, like Billy Payne, whose experiences were so entertainingly related in the December issue of The Ring by Wilbur Wood, whose interesting story inspired these remarks. May not some such explanation be needed at times when a contestant, seemingly expert in many branches of his profession, continues to fall short of the expected goal by apparently wilting under pressure?

"In such men of good physique, these efforts, bringing about an early commanding superiority, should quickly beget a confidence that would enable them to sweep forward to victory, were there not some unknown physical explanation for the sudden collapse.

"As our memory flashes back to the little fellows in their childhood days, when with clenched fists, throbbing heart and bursting lungs they lose their first big contest, the picture is unforgettable. Later, with one heart-breaking defeat following another, even the strong-willed give up hope, though they will often keep trying until the inevitable breakdown comes.

"Many of this type among the adults are placed in the list of the faint-hearted, when they should be thought of as willing workers who have been defrauded of their stamina by unfeeling nature. They are always to be pitied, but usually are condemned.

"It may be that you have treated of this condition in some of your past issues that I have missed. I thought, though, that it would be very interesting if from your wide experience you have found any professionals who would perhaps come under this class, or if you believe the competition to be too keen and the training too severe for many of them to last long in professional life."

* * *

AND here is a letter from England. G. A. Graber of Englewood Road, West Hempstead, London, takes issue with the writer of an article on John C. Heenan, and dares us to publish his letter. Well, Mr. Graber, here it is, for The Ring Editor welcomes such messages:

"I usually make it a point of supporting your American magazines, but such ridiculous suggestions are sometimes made that leaves some doubt in the mind of the English sporting public as to their real ability and above all, their fairness.

"Your latest escapade is to say that John C. Heenan easily beat his midget opponent and "leaped out of the ring," while the exhausted Tom Sayers had to be carried away! You make no reference, however, to the fact that Tom Sayers fought and almost beat his giant opponent with one hand, the right arm being broken early in the uneven battle. What happened, will never quite be known, as both sides had their own story ready when the police intervened. I, as an Englishman, admire you Americans but your tactics towards our renowned courage is sometimes exasperating.

"Have you the pluck to publish my letter?"

Yes, Mr. Graber, I have. Why not? Your letter may start a controversy that might increase our circulation abroad by several thousand. Who knows? Perhaps it would be a good idea to start the entire Heenan-Sayers battle all over again. I'll promise to revive it in an early issue and give both sides of the controversy as it appeared in the leading papers of the day.—(*Editor's note.*)

Billy Petrolle, Man of the Iron Fist

(*Continued from page* 15)

Townsend and Ran, fighters whom McLarnin refused to meet, I feel confident I can do the same to Jimmy. One thing I can assure the public—if we meet, and I understand Jimmy Johnston has the bout clinched for an outdoor show in New York, the public will see a battle worth while. There'll be no stalling so far as I'm concerned and it will be either Jimmy or yours truly who'll take the count."

Billy was one of four sons born to the Petrolles. Two others, Pete and Frankie also are boxers. Another brother, Michael, was killed in an accident a year ago. Billy is of Italian parentage, both parents having come here from the other side.

Billy has amassed a fortune of close to $300,000 in the ring and has stored away a considerable amount of that for a rainy day. He is married and has a four year old daughter. In addition to the beautiful home that Billy bought for his family, he recently presented one to his parents at Fargo.

As soon as a fight is over, Billy packs up and catches the first train for Fargo, there to rejoin his wife and family. He is no gay caballero—just a good fellow who likes to do things his own way and dislikes lively parties. The only person whom he regards as his master and from whom he takes instructions is his manager, Jack Hurley in whom Billy has a world of faith.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JOE DOCTOR, tall young heavyweight from the Bert Finch stable, is the lad Buffalo would like to see in there with Dempsey. Joe is a youngster of much promise. His last entry was against Jimmy Mahoney of Ray Alvis' Chicago stable. Doctor flattened Mahoney in less than a round.

Tommy Paul, aggressive local featherweight, keeps on winning most of his matches but seems no nearer the top of his class than he did a year ago. Paul is unfortunate in a way. He is fighting at a time when the best of little fighters cannot command any money. At one period Kid Chocolate and Paul would have drawn an immense gate here. Now the edge is off the thing and while a good house can be depended upon no records would be upset.

Tommy Timlin, quiet spoken, clerical appearing manager of Tony Sciolino sees no reason why Tommy Paul refuses to battle his boy in a ten rounder. Sciolino offers to come in at 130 pounds for Paul and inasmuch as Tommy expressed willingness to box Al Singer at 135 it cannot be a matter of weight that keeps him from entering the ring with Sciolino.

Boxing is having the worst winter here in twenty years. There hasn't been a single winning gate and those who promote shows, haven't the slightest chance to make a dime. Wrestling, on the other hand, is prosperous. Charlie Murray's club has drawn the best gates but Ed Delivuk put in a good house with Jim Londos and another with Leo Penetski. To this writer, the mat game looks good for another six months or possibly a year. By that time new fistic talent will be coming up and perhaps some new promoters to enliven things. Boxing will not see real prosperity until a great punching champion is uncovered but it is sure to see better days than it is now experiencing.

Lou Scozza dropped a verdict to George Nichols at Chicago which surprised the fans but not the experts who figured that Lou might have a hard time with a southpaw. The left-handers are bad medicine for anyone. The unorthodox style gets the average fighter entirely off his stride. Put Scozza in there with the best of the legitimates and he will beat any 175 pounder in the game. . . . But not with southpaws. Lou showed what he could do by winning from Larry Johnson on Feb. 17 at Indianapolis.

There are rumors around town that the old Velodrome club will come to life with Sam Robertson and Eddie Tranter again in control. Tranter was matchmaker before he became sporting editor of the Scripps-Howard Buffalo *Times*. Recently Mr. Tranter left the *Times* and now the talk of his returning to the promoting game is going the rounds. Tranter, a gentlemanly, well-liked fellow, would be welcomed back in this field.

Even if the Velodrome club does not come to again, it is likely that a new club will start here. I know of a sportsman with plenty of capital who is anxious to promote boxing on a big scale. He is not so keen for wrestling and prefers to wait until the boxing horizon clears a bit before throwing his hat in the promotional ring.

Jimmy Slattery, the only Buffalo fighter ever to wear the light-heavyweight crown, has been inactive this season. The Irish lad was one of the cleverest big fellows the prize ring ever saw. He still has a lot of good fights in him.

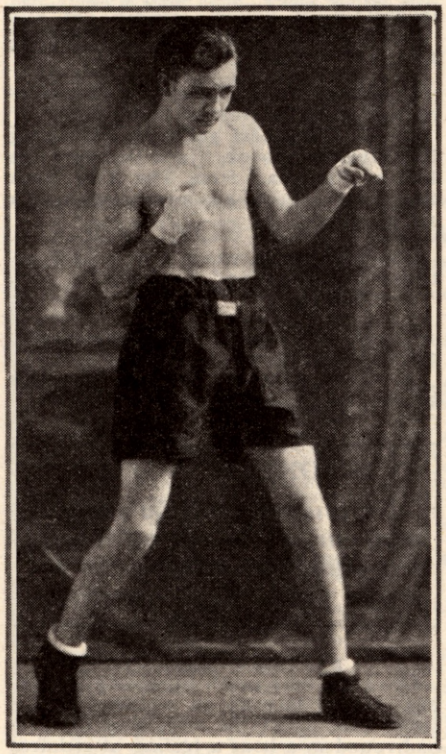
Freddie Mueller's gymnasium at Eagle and Jefferson streets is doing plenty of business with some of the best boxers in town training there. Freddie was a corking good lightweight in his day and he is just as good as a gym proprietor. Mueller, a well mannered gentlemanly lad, deserves success.

With the boom on for the Mueller gym, comes the announcement of another closing its doors. The Crescent gym, at 199 Pearl street, is no longer in operation. The equipment was purchased by Jack Singer, who plans to doll up his Main Street emporium.

Good boxers of all weights will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk ave., Buffalo. Boxers must be free from managerial contracts or ties of any kind. An unusual opportunity awaits good prospects in Buffalo, which is one of the best boxing centers in the country when conditions are right.

Some short stuff—Vince Plunkett says Steve Halaiko wasn't himself when he dropped the verdict to Wesley Ramey at Grand Rapids. Vince declares Steve's mouth was full of cold sores that caused him plenty of annoyance. . . . Hank Schultz, the good Bavarian Baron, has signed two German fighters and is getting them ready at Fred Mueller's gym. . . . Red Murray has renewed his seconds licenses in New York and Pensylvania. . . . Mike Christie is starting a new club at Rochester. . . . Soon there will be enough promoters down there to fill a hall. . . . Ruby Cohen's amateur club, the Monroe A. C., is pulling the gates. . . . The pro game there is in terrible shape. . . . Syracuse is not doing so well since the Arena was licensed. . . . In the amateur days the promoters fared a lot better with big crowds. . . . By the recent decision of the Court of Appeals amateur boxing is taken out of the hands of the commission. . . . The ruling is that admission could be charged for amateur bouts and no license was needed. . . . Bootleg boxing will probably flourish throughout the state again unless the legislature remedies this with an amendment to the Walker law. . . . That's a beautiful Arena over in Toronto. . . . I mean the Maple Leaf arena where the big league hockey team plans. . . . Boxing in this building would probably seat 16,000 or better. . . . Jack Corcornan put in around 16,000 for a wrestling show with Jim Londos topping the bill. . . . Tommy Moore, hustling Jamestown promoter, plans to get going again soon. . . . Moore knows the ropes and when he's ready he'll put the game back on its feet in Jimtown. . . . The outlook for Summer promotion here is not good but no one can tell what will develop later on. . . . One thing of vital importance needed to promote boxing is cold cash. . . . No one can operate very far on a shoestring. . . . Only headaches and trouble for those who try it.

Ross Fields, Jimmie Dunn's promising Cleveland bantam, looks like the goods to this writer, who saw him outpoint the crafty Johnny McCoy at Wheeling, W. Va. Since then Fields has won five bouts by knockout. He is a legitimate bantam, scaling 118 pounds with ease. Under the tutelege of the astute Dunn, Fields is bound to get somewhere.



Scotty Graham, Donora, Pa., bantam

DETROIT AND VICINITY
By RAY POWERS

DETROIT'S first Golden Glove show filled the Olympia with the third largest crowd it's ever had crammed into its corners. More than 17,000 of the following filed past the turnstiles and witnessed the most colorful spectacle in many a year. It was held on Lincoln's birthday.

Jack Dempsey, who happened to be stopping off on his way to Flint where he bowled over two third-raters, made his appearance during the show and need we say he was cheered? He also presented the heavyweight winner of the open division of the tournament, Stan Slater, a lad from the University of Michigan, with a large silver trophy.

The other champions, who also were recognized by the Michigan A. A. U. as Eastern state champs, were Charley Mitchell, flyweight; Sam Seifman, bantamweight; Billy Stewart, featherweight; Thurston McKinney, lightweight; Jakie Swartz, welterweight; Charley House, middleweight, and Johnnie Miler, light-heavy, all in the open class.

In the novice division there were Joe Gigliotti, flyweight; Alfred Nettlow, bantamweight; Jimmy Rankin, featherweight; Edwin Waling, lightweight; Al Jesky, welterweight; Frank Rickert, middleweight; Jimmy Barnes, light-heavyweight, and Harry Nelson, heavyweight.

So much for the amateurs. We'll hear more later on if the New York and Chicago crews furnish a bid for competition.

The professional stock took another boost with the fans pushing and three good cards furnishing the environment. Scotty Monteith and Hector Van Meale were at the helm of both of the programs and although financially the results didn't buy many groceries, the crowds were pleased and that's what takes.

Teddy Yarosz scored his 49th consecutive win when he topped Jimmy Hill in the main go of the early cards. Jack Elverillo stopped Stan Sabin; Peter Mann beat Leo Kramer; Wally Speiles kayoed Val Ramaut; Ray Mitchell stopped Guy Washburn and Jack Wolfe stopped Tommy Wilson.

Tommy Paul took Pete DeGrasse into camp in the headlining bill of the middle show. Battling Gizzy another one of Monteith's specials, took sick the night before the scrap and his party with Eddie Lord had to be called off. Eddie Koppy subbed, but lost.

Freddie Miller and Miki Gelb took the bows in the last show. Freddie won after picking himself out of the resin during the first heat. It was no tea party and the crowd went for it in a big way.

Wesley Ramey and Panama Jack Elverillo were in the semi-final bout with the former displaying his expert knowledge all over the map of Panama. Joe Palazolla lost to Jimmy Vaughn and Chuck Woods won from Eddie Banowski in the others.

The last show was the first round elimination in Scotty Monteith's official N. B. A. featherweight tournament to find a successor to Bat Battalino. Others who have signed for the future bouts here are Johnny Pena, Tommy Paul, Fidel LaBarba, Kid Francis and Eddie Shea. Bouts will be held every two weeks with a world's championship title slated for the first week in April.

Dempsey packed the I. M. A. auditorium in Flint when he showed there on the fifteenth. Detroit fans went up in droves to see the old favorite workout on George Kohler and Pat McLaughlin. The bouts underneath had Prince Saunders beating Ray Collins; Frankie Donnelley beating Ernie Maurer; Don McLeod and Harry Fine drawing and Jim Nichols beating Harold Anthony.

The new boxing commissioner, Al Day, made the new ruling that all boxers must be in town three days before their scheduled fight. And he meant it too. He slapped a $25 fine on DeGrasse and Lord for ignoring the rule.

Billy Bulley and Teddy Maranda featured the best Mt. Clemens show. Bulley won. Juan Cruz, Eddie Trongo, Chuck Woods, Carl Adams, Taft Upshaw, Harry Curtis, Mario Nanni and Jimmy Kregan were the others on the list.

At Saginaw, Morrie Sherman beat Jimmy Hill in the V. F. W. card.

Muskegon and Ypsilanti are taking a lot of bows with good cards and roaring houses.

Johnny Mitchell had manager trouble here and took his gloves to Cleveland where he's been stacking in the crowds with his natural style.

Benny Ray is back from the west coast serving his injunctions again.

AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

RUFUS MILES lost his first bout in several months down in Charleston, S. C., when he dropped the decision to Wilbur Stokes, Lakeland, Ala., welterweight, in ten heats. This put Stokes one up on "Rambling Rufus." They have met three times, with Wilbur copping the decision twice. Jimmy Swinson, stablemate of Miles, punched out a 10-round decision over Bulldog Downs, Savannah lightweight, in the semi-final.

Charlotte's initial "rassling" show did not go over so big. Jumping Joe Savoldi pinned Hardy Kruskamp two out of three falls in the main bout. Les Grimes, of Schenectady, beat Clyde Robinson, of St. Louis.

Dewey Kimrey knocked out Cracker Jack Webb, in one round.

Gastonia . . . Tiny Eller Lenoir, heavy, won on a foul from Lew Carpenter in the eighth round.

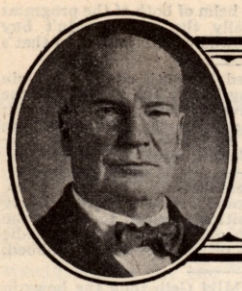
Concord . . . Paul Tate, Concord lightweight, kayoed Carl Dillard in the first round.

Gastonia . . . Lonnie Blackwelder, 151, lost to Ike Clifton, 147, in ten rounds, Tommy McCarver, 140, took a six round decision over Quinn Howe, 145, in the semi-final.

Bob Allison, local welter, is back from a tour of Florida and is throwing challenges at Rufus Miles.

Local promoters would do well to match Jimmy Swinson, Luke Tenner's boy, with Eddie "Kid" Wolfe.

Any promoter who would like to use Mike O'Brien, classy featherweight battler, should get in touch with F. W. Wolfe, care City Dry Cleaning Co., Rock Hill, S. C. The kid is a pleasing scrapper.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Roger Blake, Duluth, Minn.

Q.—I have a son who is sixteen. He is in his last year in high school and is a good athlete. He loves boxing and wrestling. He stands 6 feet 1-2 inch and weighs 191 pounds. He is eager to take up one of the sports and follow it professionally. He is good at both but has made a study of wrestling, both in the gymnasium and from the books that your organization sells. What is your advice?

A.—I think that judging from the other measurements you sent me, he will make good in wrestling. If he has not yet purchased a copy of "Modern Wrestling," let him get it. It is the best on the market. I would also have him study Earle Liederman's fine book, "Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu" and Hackenschmidt's "Complete Science of Wrestling."

Townsend Painn, Norwood, Ohio.

Q.—What books would you recommend for the study of hitting, jabbing and blocking?

A.—There are any number of good books carried by The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, the only place in the country where they can be had. Those that I would recommend are Scientific Boxing by James J. Corbett; The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It, by Jem Driscoll; Hitting and Stopping by Jimmy Wilde and Blocking and Hitting by Elbows McFadden.

Helen McLaughlin, Tampa, Florida.

Q.—Are there more deaths in boxing than in football?

A.—No, Helen, by no means. There were less than fifteen deaths in boxing in 1931, most of them among amateurs while there were 47 deaths in football. And, remember, boxing is an all-year sport.

Harold Jones, Montclair, N. J.

Q.—Which of the two is the greater scientific boxer, Kid Chocolate or Tommy Loughran?

A.—Loughran.

Q.—Could Harry Wills have beaten Max Schmeling when Wills was in his prime?

A.—I think so.

Q.—What was the age of Tunney when he retired from the ring?

A.—29 years.

Q.—Who in your opinion would win the following matches: McLarnin vs. Brouillard; Walker vs. Levinsky; Terry vs. Harry Smith; Canzoneri vs. Ray Miller; Vince Dundee vs. Nekolny?

A.—McLarnin; Walker; Terry; Canzoneri; Dundee.

Q.—Who are the greatest defensive boxers among the modern men?

A.—Loughran and Tunney.

Louis Rohmeyer, Auburndale, Wis.

Q.—Who had more speed in the ring, Tunney or Schmeling?

A.—Tunney.

Q.—Who would be favored to win a fight between Walker and Rosenbloom?

A.—Walker.

Q.—Did Bob Moha ever hold a title?

A.—No.

J. Orr, Halifax, N. S.

Q.—Who held the heavyweight title longest?

A.—John L. Sullivan from 1882 to 1892. (10 years.)

Q.—What were Dempsey's measurements when he was in his prime?

A.—You can best get these by buying Nat Fleischer's book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," from The Ring Book Shop. It contains his measurements for all his fights.

Q.—Who would win a return fight between Loughran and Levinsky?

A.—Toss-up.

Q.—Do you think that Dempsey will get anywhere in his comeback?

A.—That depends on how his legs behave.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

B. F. Adams, Roanoke, Va.

Q.—I am very much interested in boxing. I also box as an amateur, but it seems that about the middle of the second round in a bout a feeling of sickness comes over me and I feel sick to my stomach. This happens many times when I have not even been struck in the stomach. I have been examined by physicians and they find I have a strong heart and I am healthy. Please tell me if possible, what is the matter.

A.—Your constitution won't stand strenuous sports. Perhaps considerable training—that is, over an extended period, would eliminate this, but the work should be exceedingly slow. Train without extended exertion.

Isaac Geller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is bag punching a necessary form of training for a boxer? Should an amateur practice it?

A.—By all means. It is a fine developer of accuracy of eye and also is fine exercise for the development of shoulder and arm muscles.

Mabel Fortescu, Quebec, Canada.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney ever an amateur champion?

A.—No. Read his life story, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," by Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00, The Ring Book Shop.

Harold Frank, Tampa, Florida.

Q.—Are championship fights permitted in Florida?

A.—No.

Thomas McCormick, Birmingham, England.

Q.—Was Young Griffo recognized as a world champion?

A.—No. Read the story of his career, "Young Griffo, the Will o' the Wisp of the Roped Square."

Charles Fortin, Hawaii.

Q.—What is the best way to develop the wrists? How can I build myself into a strong man?

A.—By dumbell and club swinging exercises. See "Training for Boxers." Read Earle Liederman's great book, "Muscle Building."

Sam Austin, Tallahasse, Fla.

Q.—Why isn't Lew Feldman recognized as the world's featherweight champion?

A.—Because the laws of New York State under which he fought states that a championship must be won in the ring but can be lost by failure of the title-holder to make weight. As Feldman did not fight Battalino, Bat lost the crown and Feldman simply became the leading challenger.

Harvey Ingles, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—I am eighteen years old and have gained fourteen pounds in the last two years and two and a half inches in height. In other words I am growing rapidly. My weight at present is 154 pounds. Would you advise me to reduce to 147 pounds to fight as a welterweight?

A.—No. A growing boy should not reduce. Read Nat Fleischer's book, "Training for Boxers."

Mary Arnold, Ogunquit, Maine.

Q.—Are exercises that are taken by boxers for morning calisthenic drills injurious if followed by women?

A.—Yes, they are a little too strenuous but a variation, in which you simply take the breathing, arm and leg exercises would be beneficial.

A Reader, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Could you please tell me the nationality of Sam Stein and also name all the Greek and Jewish wrestlers wrestling today?

A.—Stein is Jewish. Stein, Herbie Freeman, Jack Sherry and Abe Kaplan are the same. Jim Londos, John Maxos, George Kontsonaros, William Demetral are Greeks.

William Al Chuhka, Freeland, Pa.

Q.—Who are the leading wrestlers of Pennsylvania? 2. What are Jim Londos' measurements? 3. Where does Londos reside and address if possible? 4. What ratings must one have before he is classed as a top-notch wrestler?

A.—Shikat, Calza and Dr. Wilson. Biceps 17 inches; forearm, 15 inches; wrist, 8½ inches; chest, 46 inches; waist, 32 inches; thighs, 24½ inches; calves, 16½ inches; ankles, 11 inches. St. Louis, Mo. You can reach him through 1476 Broadway, New York City. He must be able to give a good account of himself against the leaders.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

PLENTY of excitement was on tap for fight fans during February. Aside from the furore caused by the Dempsey - Levinsky tussle in Chicago, February saw the startling rise of Adolph Heuser, German light - heavy - weight, who scored a knockout over George Manley; the progress of Baby Arizmendi, whose victory over Speedy Dado proved a sensation and the rise of Young Tommy, whose victory over Newsboy Brown placed him in the limelight.

The Battalino-Miller bout in Cincinnati brought out some disagreeable points when the referee stopped their bout in three rounds and called it "no contest." Lew Feldman established himself solidly through his victory over Kid Francis; Harry Dublinsky trimmed Johnny Jadick; Billy Wallace performed a splendid feat in flattening Eddie Kid Wolf in one round; Eddie Ran made a remarkable recovery at the expense of Billy Townsend; Jackie Fields won the welterweight title from Lou Brouillard and Baer showed his superiority over King Levinsky and Tom Heeney. These were the outstanding fight features of the month.

Starting off with the leading battles of the heavyweight division, Ernie Schaaf took first honors with his four-round knockout over Salvatore Ruggirello. Primo Carnera flattened Moise Bouquillon in two rounds and Ernest Guhring in five. Max Baer whipped Levinsky and Tom Heeney. Steve Hamas put the finishing touches to Armand Emanuel in two rounds. Charley Retzlaff disposed of Joe Woods in seven. Natie Brown whipped Tony Galento and Marty Gallagher. Hans Birkie stopped Leo Lomski in nine rounds. Joe Sekyra won over Coleman Johns. Paul Cavalier whipped Andy Mitchell and kayoed Jerry Garfield in one heat. Mitchell was kayoed by Wally Fraser in seven rounds on the Coast.

Arthur Huttick won over Eddie Benson and Bob Olin. Maurice Griselle disposed of Van Vliet in four rounds, whipped Walter Heusel, Don McCorkindale and lost on a foul to George Cook in twelve rounds. McCorkindale drew with Larry Gains. Dynamite Jackson whipped Frankie Simms and kayoed Billy Owens in one round. Jack Redman flattened Jack Roper in six rounds and won over Ted Sandwina. Pierre Charles scored over Gypsy Daniels.

Chuck Wiggins outpointed John Schwake. Harold Mays whipped Frankie Cawley. Vincent Parrille disposed of Johnny Rousseau in six heats. Charley Belanger kayoed Flash Ryser in two rounds. Jack McCarthy outpointed Big Boy Rawson. Bob Moody kayoed George La Rocco in four rounds. Ralph Ficucello won from Jeff Carroll. Babe Hunt whipped Pietro Corri. Steve Trojack kayoed Mike Mandell in two rounds and won over Louis Fettig.

Maxey Rosenbloom, head of the light-heavyweight brigade, drew with Bob Godwin and whipped Gordon Fortenberry. George Nichols scored over Billy Jones and Lew Scozza. Dave Maier flattened Mike Mandell in one round. Jones kayoed Battling Bozo in nine rounds and defeated George Pavlick. Scozza scored over Larry Johnson. Adolph Heuser kayoed George Manley in four rounds, Nick Palmer six rounds, Al Rodriquez one round, Pietro Corri three rounds and Tony Ferrente in two.

George Courtney won over Guy Salerno. Baxter Calmes kayoed Paul Pantaleo in seven rounds. Joe Knight disposed of Don Petrin in four sessions. Harry Ebbets won from Leo Mitchell and kayoed Mike Collins in two rounds. Martin Levandowski won from Rosy Rosales. Al Ettore defeated Abie Bain. Owen Phelps scored over Clyde Chastain.

Heading the middleweight division is Dave Shade. Dave continued in the limelight with his victory over Henry Firpo. Marcel Thil kayoed Franz Boja in one round and defeated Jimmy Tarante in Paris. Gorilla Jones kayoed Oddone Piazza for the N. B. A. middleweight title in six rounds. Young Terry scored over Marty Sampson but was beaten by Chick Devlin. Ben Jeby finished Babe Marshall in four rounds. Frank Battaglia whipped Jack Moran and kayoed Vincent Forgione in eight sessions.

Paul Pirrone scored a victory over Tiger Joe West and stopped him in two rounds. My Sullivan scored knockouts over Mel Coleman in nine rounds, Billy Light six rounds and Gary Leach two rounds. Enzo Fiermonte scored over Jack Wilson and Trader Horn. Frankie O'Brien whipped Mannie Davis. Pete Suskey drew with Young Ketchell. Ray Tramblie defeated Clyde Chastain, stopped Johnny Pilc in two rounds and was kayoed by Johnny Roberts in six. Leo Larrivee stopped Mickey Bishop in seven rounds. Angel Civille scored over Jackie Aldare. Len Harvey won from Jack Casey. Tommy Freeman stopped Harry Wallach in four rounds and Harold Henderson won from Hans Mueller.

Jackie Fields is now the welterweight champion following his victory over Lou Brouillard. Eddie Ran disposed of Billy Townsend in two rounds. Franta Nekolny drew with Jackie Brady and defeated Millio Millitti. Brady was beaten by Jack Purvis. Millitti was beaten by Tommy Grogan who also scored over Eddie Anderson. Cerefino Garcia whipped David Velasco and stopped Vearl Whitehead in seven rounds. Jimmy Belmont won over Sylvan Bass. Johnny Indrisano disposed of Bert Tubbs in three heats. Paulie Walker drew with Phil Rafferty. Tommy Murphy lost to Tommy Rios and won over Young Ketchell. Ketchell scored over Jimmy Smith.

Morrie Sherman whipped Jimmy Hill. Andy Di Vodi whipped Gaston Le Cadre and stopped Alfonse Gonzales in seven rounds. Al Rossi stopped Eddie Dempsey in two rounds, Billy Hood in seven rounds and went seven rounds with Harry Kid Wallace which was declared no contest. Jimmy Evans whipped Young Jack Thompson. Eddie Moore scored over Joey Harrison. Joe Glick drew with Vincent Hambright and whipped Paola Villa. Villa kayoed Mike Sarko in five rounds. Emil Rossi whipped Carmen Knapp.

In the junior-welterweight class, Tony Herrera scored two victories over Mickey Cohen. Mickey was also beaten by Pete Nebo, who won from Lou Avery and Jackie Davis. Manuel Quintero kayoed Phil Padda, Joe Rivers and Walk Miller in three rounds each and defeated Art Palmer. Eddie Kid Wolfe drew with Baby Joe Gans and defeated Jimmy McNamara. Jack Portney stopped Phil Raymond. Steve Haliako defeated Jimmy Dean and Babe Herman. Eddie Shapiro scored over Eddie McKenna. Willie Siegel whipped Herman Perlick and Patsy Ferrera.

Tony Canzoneri, lightweight leader, defeated Lew Massey in an overweight match. Billy Wallace disposed of Eddie Kid Wolfe in one round. Wesley Ramey whipped Jack Elverillo, Steve Haliako and drew with Orrie Mosher. Harry Dublinsky defeated Prince Saunders and Johnny Jadick. Saunders whipped Ray Collins. Eddie Cool whipped Buster Brown and drew with Sammy Dorfman. Harry Carlton kayoed Solly Ritz in four rounds and Mike Samuelson in three.

Barney Ross scored over Mickey O'Neill and Billy Gladstone. Sammy Fuller kayoed Ted Kid Drew in nine sessions. Eddie Mack scored over Pete Pacheco. Tod Morgan whipped Baby Sal Sorio.

In the junior-lightweight ranks, Tracy Cox defeated Santiago Zorilla and kayoed Vernon Cormier in two rounds. Joey Costa disposed of Joe Lucas in the second session. Maurice Holtzer won from Paul Looten. Mike Dundee and Manuel Castro went ten rounds in a bout that was declared "no contest." Tony Morgano defeated Midget Fox.

Battling Battalino and Freddy Miller went three rounds in their historic battle in Cincinnati. Miller also whipped Joe Ghnouly and Miki Gelb. Lew Feldman scored over Kid Francis. Eddie Shea kayoed Paul Wangley in eight rounds and Henry Falegano in two. Baby Arizmendi defeated Speedy Dado. Tommy Paul won over Jackie Rodgers, Pete De Grasse and Joey Thomas.

Nel Tarleton kayoed Douglas Parker in seven rounds and won over Young Josephs. Johnny Cuthbert whipped Dom Volante and Norman Dale. Johnny Datto was beaten by Vernon Cormier and Jackie Sharkey. Sharkey won from Wilbur Chevalier. Jose Girones kayoed Paul Noack in four rounds. Max Tarley scored over Benny Gallup. Tony Leto kayoed Joe Lynn seven rounds and won from Jimmy Watts.

In the bantamweight class, Young Tommy captured the limelight. He whipped Newsboy Brown, Tommy Hughes, Canto Robleto and stopped Robleto in nine rounds. Speedy Dado kayoed Gene Jens in one round. Eugene Huat kayoed Lucien Popesco in four rounds. Ross Fields scored knockouts over Young Scotty one round, Joe Dragon one round, Joey Ross two rounds and Pete Mazzeo four rounds. Willie Davies whipped Bobby Leitham and Jimmy Smith. Augie Ruggiere was beaten by K. O. Morgan and stopped by Johnny Brennan in seven heats. Frankie Donnelly whipped Franklyn Young and Charley Von Reeden scored over Mickey Genaro.

Heading the flyweight class is Midget Wolgast. The Midget gained a victory over Tommy Hughes. Young Perez scored over Len Beynon. Jackie Brown kayoed Jean Cuart in eleven rounds and scored over Benny Thackray in England. Valentin Anglemann defeated Mariano Arilla and Cavognoli. Phil Tobias lost to Len Leonard and then stopped him in seven rounds. Babe Triscaro disposed of Jackie Powers in one round. Star Frisco kayoed Tuffy Pierpont in four rounds and drew with Augie Curtis. Izzy Schwartz, in a comeback, defeated Jack Terranova. Ruby Bradley won over Buster Nadeau.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Dave Crowley, England.
Bantamweight—Cliff McWhirter, Toronto, Canada.
Featherweight—Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha, Nebr.
Junior-lightweight—Davey Devlin, New York City.
Lightweight—Stumpy Boyer, Dayton, Ohio.
Junior-welterweight—Charley Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Welterweight—Lou Ordini, Paterson, N. J.
Middleweight—Joe Seta, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Light-heavyweight—Abe Feldman, Schenectady, N. Y.
Heavyweight—Dick Madden, Boston, Mass.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

The following are my ratings for the month ending February 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Dave Maier	Dave Shade	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2—Ernie Schaaf	George Nichols	Marcel Thil	Jimmy McLarnin	Tony Herrera
3—Primo Carnera	Adolph Heuser	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
4—Mickey Walker	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	Lou Brouillard	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Young Stribling	Billy Jones	Chick Devlin	Eddie Ran	Andy Callahan
6—Max Baer	George Courtney	Ben Jeby	King Tut	Jack Portney
7—King Levinsky	Lew Scozza	Young Terry	Baby Joe Gans	Pete Nebo
8—Steve Hamas	Baxter Calmes	Harry Smith	Teddy Yarosz	Mickey Cohen
9—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Frank Battaglia	Franta Nekolny	Steve Haliako
10—Charley Retzlaff	Joe Knight	Paul Pirrone	Cerefino Garcia	Louis Kid Kaplan

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Benny Bass	Lew Feldman	Pete Sanstol	Midget Wolgast
2—Battling Battalino	Al Foreman	Eddie Shea	Young Tommy	Young Perez
3—Billy Wallace	Tracey Cox	Freddy Miller	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
4—Ray Miller	Petey Sarron	Baby Arizmendi	Newsboy Brown	Valentin Anglemann
5—Battling Gizzy	Roger Bernard	Kid Francis	Eugene Huat	Phil Tobias
6—Wesley Ramey	Joey Costa	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Mariano Arilla
7—Harry Dublinsky	Joe Ghnouly	Tommy Paul	Emile Pladner	Young Pancho
8—Johnny Jadick	Maurice Holtzer	Nel Tarleton	Antol Kocsis	Babe Triscaro
9—Sammy Dorfman	Davey Abad	Johnny Pena	Jimmy Thomas	Star Frisco
10—Eddie Cool	Mike Dundee	Frankie Wallace	Ross Fields	Johnny Goodrich

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

MOST of the fistic world had its eyes centered on the efforts of Jack Dempsey in his quest to stage a successful comeback when he fought King Levinsky. The King was credited with winning, unofficially of course, at the end of their four-round battle and the critics were almost unanimous in their opinion that the result spelled failure for Jack.

Dempsey has been on a touring expedition these many months, going from city to city, meeting all sorts of opposition, scoring knockouts in some and going the limit with others. There was nothing in those exhibition tours that could improve his work. It was merely repetition and exceedingly tiring.

If Dempsey had trained faithfully for two or three weeks for the Levinsky match as did the King, instead of engaging in boxing matches two and three times weekly, the result might have been different. Dempsey had boxed Christner in Cleveland and two other opponents in Flint, Mich., one week prior to the Levinsky bout and he went into the two engagements with a cut over his eye. It opened in the Christner bout and also at Flint. It was not a fair test to judge Dempsey under those circumstances.

The match drew a tremendous gate in Chicago. If Nate Lewis possesses the shrewdness that he is credited with, he will rematch Levinsky and Dempsey for a ten-round match within one or two months and prohibit Dempsey from taking on any touring exploits.

If Dempsey wishes to continue his present plans co-operation should be given him in every direction. He is the biggest asset to destroy the depression that has infested the boxing game.

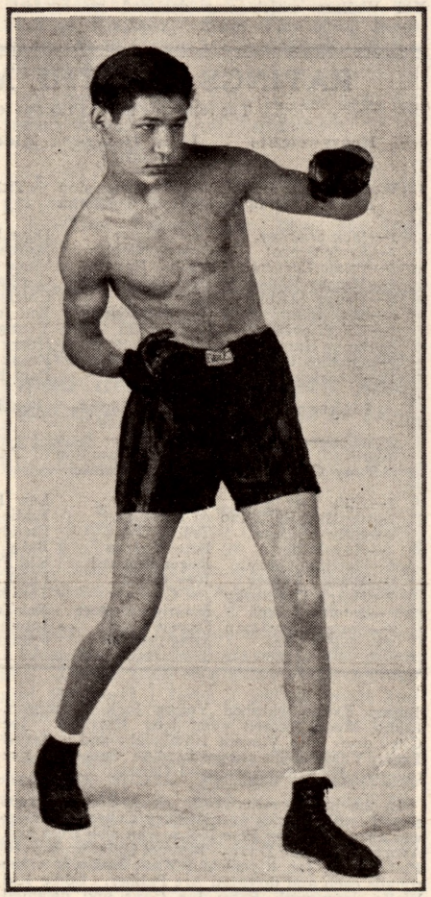
The fate of boxing's future around New York seems to rest in the hands of the Johnston family—Headed by Jimmy, who is in control of the Garden. Son Jimmy, Jr., has the St. Nicholas Club and brother Charley has control of a string of fighters, among them, Chick Devlin, Enzo Fiermonte, Yale Okun, Jack Renault, Pete Latzo, Pete Suskey and the two latest additions, Baby Joe Gans and Morrie Sherman—No other club in greater New York is drawing anything exceptionally well and they are having hard times to exist.

The Laurel Gardens in Newark under the care of Willie Gilzenberg, runs weekly shows. To date he hasn't had more than one or two winning shows but is courageously going through with the task of developing talent that may eventually draw some money—He has developed Al Rossi, a great looking welterweight, Ernie Ratner, rugged lightweight, Jay Macedon, hard hitting welter, and Bud Mangino, lightweight southpaw, but they are not strong enough to stand on their own.

Ralph Gold is handling Charley Bedami, undefeated lightweight, and Joe Mach, hard hitting middleweight, around New York and expects to make some headway with them—Midget Mike Dundee, originally from New York, who fought around Canada, New England, is now fighting in great form down South—Frankie Wallace, Cleveland featherweight, is vainly trying to break in New York—Tony Martello, local manager and matchmaker, staged a ball in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, which actually showed a profit—Duke Barry has deserted Miami for his old stamping grounds, Davenport, Iowa, and can be located at 1023 West 2nd St.

A pair of Frenchmen, Emile Pladner and Henry Balit, accompanied by Manager Louis De Ponthieu are in New York. Pladner made his debut against Antol Kocsis in the Garden and Balit expects to follow him in action—Jim Cullen will aid them in their American tour—Baby Arizmendi, Mexican featherweight, proved he was no flash in the pan by turning in a victory over Speedy Dado—The win that gained him country-wide prominence was that over Fidel La Barba—Fighters of Arizmendi's calibre could be used to good advantage around here—George Nichols, Buffalo southpaw, furnished the Chicago boys a real surprise when he whipped Billy Jones in the semi-final round of the light-heavyweight tourney but in justice to Jones, he entered the ring a very sick man—Abie Israel, Portland, Oregon, featherweight, is due East any day now and will be looked after by Joe Glick and Mack Green.

In February's issue of THE RING, we stated that Lou Brouillard would lose his title to Jimmy McLarnin, Young Corbett or Jackie Fields—Fields is now the world's titleholder following his victory over Brouillard in Chicago—It was also our prediction that Battalino would abdicate the



Murray Brandt, classy New York junior-welterweight

featherweight title because of weight difficulties, but we never dreamt that he would suffer the fate that befell him—Eddie Buckley is running boxing and wrestling shows at Hempstead, Long Island, and reports progress—Jackie Gordon, former crack featherweight, is getting quite a stable of mitt-wielders at his command—He is now handling Al Ciullo, crack featherweight, Joey Ray, Solly Friedman and Solly King—Beezy Thomas, combination fighter and bootblack, is used by Tony Canzoneri as a soothing tonic every time Tony goes into training for a bout.

Young Terry, after whipping Marty Sampson at the St. Nicks, went down to defeat at the hands of Chick Devlin at the Garden. It was a stubbornly fought battle although lacking thrills—Those were furnished by Eddie Ran and Billy Townsend in the semi-final—Townsend dropped Ran for a no count in the first minute of action and won the first round but Ran landed a short right-hand clip that put Townsend down for the full count in the next session—Billy gamely tried to arise before the fatal ten but fell back, paralyzed—Ran made a remarkable recovery after being put away by Billy Petrolle and redeemed himself to such an extent that they are trying to pair him with Jimmy McLarnin—Lew Feldman fought a masterful fight in winning from Kid Francis—Feldman enjoyed a seven-pound weight advantage and turned in the best performance of his career—Eddie Kid Wolfe, recovered from that Wallace kayo, really whipped Baby Joe Gans but the official verdict was a draw.

Billy Wallace landed a perfect short right hand punch when he finished Eddie Kid Wolfe in forty-seven seconds of the first round on the Dempsey-Christner program—Wallace landed the same kind of punch when he flattened Frank Bojorski in four rounds some months ago—Wallace stamped himself a dangerous, sharp-shooting, dynamite-carrying right hander, and placed himself in a position to get a crack at Tony Canzoneri or Billy Petrolle—Adolph Heuser, German importation, kayoed George Manley in four rounds—Heuser belongs to Johnny Buckley and Jack Sharkey and he carries poison in every blow—He is a colorful performer, throws punches from all angles, and stamps himself as a threat for light-heavyweight honors—Money going to money is brought out ably in the fact that Sharkey and Buckley are handling Schaaf and Adolph Heuser, two great money makers and potential champions—Solly King has sent the necessary transportation and expenses to import Isadoro Castanaga, Spanish heavyweight, who holds the South American championship. His record shows thirty-three starts, scoring 29 kayos and four victories—A fighter of that type will be greeted with open arms by promoters.

Salvatore Ruggirello's claim to fame was short-lived—He loomed strongly with his recent kayo victories but stepped into the ring against Ernie Schaaf and his glory was shorn—Schaaf was originally scheduled to meet Paulino but when the Basque suffered an injured rib in training, Ruggirello was taken out of the match with Eddie Benson in the semi-final and placed on top—The misfortune suffered by Ruggirello was shared by Benson who was whipped in decisive fashion by substitute Arthur Huttick—Arthur followed up with another good victory over Bob Olin at the St. Nicks. Olin injured his hand in that bout and will be on the retired list for several months—Huttick worked his way into some lucrative engagements and Jimmy Bronson is another who appears to be headed for a break—Besides managing Huttick, Bronson is handling Vincent Parille and Antol Kocsis.

Friends of boxing will be pleased to know that Ad Thatcher, identified with the promotion of the Dempsey-Willard affair in Toledo, and a boxing promoter of many years, has assumed the office of Mayor of Toledo. Dick Peters, crack lightweight of fifteen years ago, is back at his old stand, in the guise of manager—He has taken over the reins of Cy Schindel, hard-hitting middleweight, and expects to bring him ahead many notches during the year—Charley Harvey chaperoned Steve Hamas to the Pacific where the collegian stiffened Armand Emanuel in two rounds—A week later, Harvey's other fighter, Tom Heeney, lost in 10 rounds to Max Baer. Tex Sullivan, long connected with the publicity offices of the Garden, is now on the outside—The Nordacs Club staged an affair at the Level Club which was attended by the boxing and theatrical profession in profusion—George Courtney is coming along nicely after being on the sidelines for many months and appears to be regaining his old form—Izzy Grove, besides be-

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to the fall in exchange, all orders for books purchased from The Ring Book Shop must be paid for in American currency or an additional 20 percent must be added for orders sent from Canada, Australia or other British possessions, including England.

ing a boxer, is booking bands and radio stars for personal appearances—Harold Farese, former bantam, is handling Jay Macedon, Newark welterweight.

Max Baer removed much of the glamour surrounding the hard hitting of the colorful King Levinsky and banged out a clean cut victory over the Chicagoan at the Garden—Baer kept up a persistent body attack which the King could not avoid and consequently finished a good second—The fight lacked the thrills which such a meeting called for and both lost prestige as a result—Charley Retzlaff got off the floor in the fourth to finish Joe Woods in seven rounds—Vincent Parrille, an Argentenian Bad Man, more familiarly known as "Frankenstein," because of his rough and uncouth tactics, disposed of Johnny Rousseau in the sixth round and Yale Okun repeated a victory over Tony Cancela which started in Chicago on the Paulin-Levinsky bill—Jerk Doran reports that My Sullivan has learned the trick of co-ordinating the use of his right hand with his left and has stopped his last two opponents—Sullivan looked great a few years ago, but his neglect of training retarded his progress.

No column is complete without the mention of Dempsey at least fifty times and we take time out to reflect on his showing against K. O. Christner in Cleveland, which we happened to witness—It was our good fortune to see Dempsey in action against Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, and the most thrilling of all ring epics, that masterpiece with Luis Firpo—Against Christner, the spirit was willing, but the spark was missing—Distance gone, legs unstable and viciousness, a thing of the past—but the power of his punch was still in evidence—the last punch landed, a vicious left hook, ripped the side of Christner's face wide open—Jack's most effective punches are delivered when at close quarters—Can you picture the sulky Dempsey of old, nervous and fidgety, before the start of festivities applauding the introduction of his opponent—That is what happened before Christner was introduced which leads us to believe that Jack has grown kind-hearted with advanced age.

Benny Leonard has resumed his comeback. Benny was coming around nicely about two months, but an attack of pneumonia caused him to cancel several engagements and judging him in his gymnasium workouts recently, the rest has done him a world of good—We go on record now by saying that Benny will startle the world with the extent of his prowess and of all those who ever attempted comebacks, he will have made the most progress—During his career, he never absorbed any punishment to speak about and his legs have the same resiliency and speed as of yore—Harry Blitman is laid up with a fractured collarbone—Jack Allen and Billy Townsend departed westwards to engage in some bouts on the Coast—Al Weill will be back at the Queensboro Stadium this summer as matchmaker—Harry Bloomfield, who promoted shows at the Long Beach Stadium last summer, will move to Island Park, an adjacent town, this coming summer—The featherweight class is still in a mess.

The report that Earl Mastro has retired takes the best featherweight from the ranks—Mastro is to adopt a stage career with his wife as vaudeville partner—Sam Pian and Art Pian are managing the best lightweight prospect in the country—Barney Ross—a funny situation will arise if Sharkey wins the heavyweight title and is forced into competition against the most logical contender, which in all probability will be his own pupil, Ernie Schaaf—Johnny Pena is the best crowd pleaser in the featherweight class and is trying to make himself heard in the featherweight muddle—Freddy Miller lost considerable prestige in engaging in the Battalino mess—Morrie Sherman came to New York with Phil McGraw—Sammy Goldman's latest protege, Joey Costa, seems to be the real goods—Joey is a junior-lightweight from Jersey City.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AND VICINITY

By ADOLPH PIZZI

SID GLASBERG, Newark trainer and former manager of Cowboy Willis, Newark heavyweight, was killed in an automobile accident, while in Florida.

Up until last Christmas, Sid was teamed up with Lew Diamond in operating a boxing club at Coral Gables. A benefit card will be held at Laurel Gardens and all profits will go towards funeral expenses.

Cowboy Willis, Newark heavyweight defeated Okey Burke in six rounds, at Lakewood.

At the American Legion hall, Belmar, Jimmy Phillips, Bernardsville, defeated Harry Wallace, Philadelphia, 8 rounds. Solly Pinella, Jersey City lightweight held Johnny Ferriol, of Newark, to a six round draw.

Before a capacity crowd in Somerville, Ernie Tedesco, Newark lightweight, K.O.ed Al Glasgow, Philadelphia, in the 5th round.

Tony Galento, Orange heavyweight lost a ten round decision to Natie Brown of Philadelphia at Pittsburgh. Galento weighed 227 to 182 pounds for Brown.

At Miami, Ralph Aquino of Newark, K.O.ed Dan Mahoney, Canada. In the semi-final, Benny Levine of Newark, fought a draw with Tod Smith of Canton.

Al Rossi, Silver Lake welterweight, scored a sensational K.O. over Billy Hood, English middleweight, in the seventh round at Laurel Garden. Rossi then followed with a two round K.O. over Eddie Dempsey of Philadelphia.

Steve Hamas, sensational heavyweight of Passaic, scored a K.O. over Armand Emanuel, of San Francisco, in the second round at Los Angeles.

Jackie Shupack, Paterson lightweight drew with Roy Mitchell, in ten rounds at West Palm Beach.

Herman Folins, Newark lightweight, lost a ten round bout to Joey Ferrando of Ashtabula, O., at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City.

At Laurel Garden, Newark, Ted Sandwina, Sioux City, stopped Frank Montagna, Madison heavyweight in the eighth round. Roy Lazer, Paterson, defeated Cowboy Willis, Newark, six rounds. Solly Pinelli, Jersey City, stopped Jim Hall, Newark, in the third round.

Jay Mecadon, South Orange welterweight, defeated Pete Laratonda, New York, ten rounds.

Sid Lampe, Paterson lightweight beat Steve Smith of Bridgeport, 10 rounds. Four days before this bout, Lampe had beaten Mickey Greb, in six rounds, at the Market A. C.

Ernie Ratner, Silver Lake, defeated Lud Abella, Morristown Filipino, six rounds.

Laurel Garden, Newark, Freddie Fiducia, iron-bound middleweight, beat Bert Tubbs of England, in 8 rounds. Bud Mangino, Bound Brook, lightweight, defeated Sid Lampe, Paterson in eight rounds.

Al Diamond, Paterson, beat Freddie Fiduca, East Side High School boy in eight rounds. This was a tough battle.

Market A. C., Newark, Bobby Magnolia, Newark, defeated Kid Norfolk, Newark, in six rounds. Eddie Durano, Montclair, K.O.ed Young Perry in the second round. Sid Silas, New York lightweight beat Al Perretti, Bloomfield, in a hard fought six round bout.

Flainfield, Bud Mangino, Bound Brook, defeated Pete Bernardelli, of Bernardsville, six rounds.

At Orange, Johnnie Costanzo, Peterstown, defeated Long Sing Que of New York, six rounds. Walter Pluckard, Orange, defeated Gene Dundee, Orange welterweight, in six rounds, and followed up with a victory over Johnny O'Brien of Port Reading, in six sessions.

Joe "Twin" Rizzo, Linden, beat Kid Sixt, Bound Brook, in six rounds. Ken Peterson, Linden, T.K.O.ed Joie Masters of Silver Lake in the fourth round. Walter Pluckard, Orange, defeated Andy Teleymondi of Elizabeth, six rounds. Tom "Twin" Rizzo, Linden, fought a six round draw with Gene Dundee of Orange.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

YOUNG PATSY WALLACE, Atlantic City lightweight, surprised a full house in Atlantic City by defeating Harry Blitman at the Northside A. C.

Morris Gross knocked out Joe Hilsie in Atlantic City and later defeated Ray Romney in Wilmington.

Tony Morgano, Max Hoff's southpaw star, defeated Midget Fox in Atlantic City.

Jimmy Mack, Philly's bantam star, defeated Johnny McShea in Vineland and later defeated Jackie Rodgers of Pittsburgh in Philly. Mack is the best bantam prospect in the vicinity.

At Paulsboro, Mickey Blair defeated Puggy Snyder; Johnny Rossi whipped Joe Duca; Johnny Duca knocked out Puggy Snyder.

Johnny McShea defeated Sammy Slato and Baby Face Kramer in Millville.

Pete Tyrell is now matchmaker for the Wilmington Club and is also making matches for the Philadelphia Arena.

Jimmy Rhodes surprised by stopping Billy Ketchell at the Waltz Dream in Atlantic City.

The writer can be located at Max Hoff's Gym 6 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia.

Danny Toomey, All Navy Bantamweight Champion, is now out of the Navy and looking for action in and around Delaware. Danny is a pleasing fighter. He has boxed Ray Ravera, Wildcat Carter, Jimmy Ireland, Johnny Leonard, Andy Tomasky, Bud Taylor, Johnny Traub and many others.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THAT trip out on the west coast must have put new pep into Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton welter. Taking the bout on a day's notice, Murphy journeyed to Wilmington and beat Johnny Ketchell of Chester. Then against Tommy Rios, Murphy gave again plenty of weight away, Rios weighing 154 to Murphy's 145. And Tommy lost the referee's decision after the judges had disagreed.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middle, won decisively over Johnny Peppe of Philadelphia in a return bout of ten rounds. One week later Oakey stopped Jack Palmer of Philly in four rounds.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welter, lost to Eddie (Kid) Wolfe of New Orleans in a ten-round bout at Madison Square Garden. Two weeks later Walker and Phil Rafferty of New York boxed a draw at the St. Nicks in New York.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton bantam, won over Auggie Ruggiere of New York by a technical kayo in the seventh, when referee Danny Savage thought the cut over Ruggiere's eye was too serious to continue. Brennan also beat Allie Podesco in an eight-round bout at Jersey City.

Paul Scalfaro of New York, who substituted for Charlie Miller, lost to Jesse Goss of Trenton in six rounds. Geo. Levy won over Meyer Goss, brother of Jesse in six rounds, both boys are of Trenton. Tony Bilardo of Trenton scored a knock-out over Charlie Stout of Lambertville in the first round. Bilardo looks real good.

When referee Kaplan walked out of the ring on Al Rossi of Newark and Harry (Kid) Wallace of Philly, the fans were of the opinion that both boys were not trying. It was revealed in the papers the next day that Rossi received his money, but Wallace did not, as the referee said he was to blame for the poor bout.

The semi of eight rounds between Jackie Reilly of Burlington and Frankie Turano of Freehold saved the show. What a battle these two put on! The draw decision, was a just one.

Augie Ratner of Newark won over Al Moore of Trenton in a six rounder. Joey Kaufman of Beverly stopped Mickey White of Trenton in two rounds. Kaufman went over big in his Trenton debut.

Frankie Pheiffer of Roebling, stopped Jimmy Steward of Newark in two rounds at the Market A. A. in Newark.

Frankie Turano of Freehold stopped Frankie Fretto of Trenton in two rounds in the semi to the Oakey-Peppe bout at Woodlawn Park in Trenton.

Young Andy won over Al Moore in a six rounder that was full of action thru-out. Both boys are of Trenton. Bushy Brooks won as he pleased over Sid Berkowitz in a four round bout.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton welter, has been receiving plenty of offers to return to the west coast. Murphy made a great hit while out there. If Murphy can get a suitable guarantee, he will return and do battle with Young Corbett.

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

PEOPLE say King Levinsky helped Jack Dempsey draw 23,000 persons, who paid $74,000 to watch them battle four no-decision rounds at the Chicago Stadium. That may be so, but Levinsky probably will never see the day when he can stand alongside the former heavyweight as a showman and drawing card. And the following little story, which took place right after 18 of 24 fight writers awarded King Levinsky an unofficial verdict over Jack, is one of the reasons.

Two north side amateur arenas, Merry Garden and Green Mill, are within a few blocks of each other but were running a show on the same night, the day after the Dempsey-Levinsky encounter. The former champion promised to referee one of eight bouts at the Mill and to compete successfully against its competitor the Garden secured Levinsky's promise to appear. However, King didn't agree to go to the Garden at first, saying he was leaving for Miami, Fla., immediately after the Dempsey bout. But two days before the show, Mrs. Lena Levy, sister-manager of Levinsky, approached the Garden promoter and told him: "King was telling me you wanted him to go to Merry Garden for you Friday. Well, he'll go. If he doesn't do anything else, he'll do this for you."

The promoter said that's marvelous, but how about that Miami trip. "Oh," Mrs. Levy said, "we postponed the trip until later." The Garden promoter advertised the show in a big way, stressing the fact Levinsky would referee a bout. The day of the Garden show, King was at Trafton's gym prancing around like a two-year-old and kidding and joking with Ernie Schaaf and Young Stribling, with whom he took pictures. The Garden promoter reminded him of his promise and he reiterated he would appear. That evening from 8 until 10 o'clock, Levinsky couldn't be located. At 10 o'clock Mrs. Levy was located and she said the King wasn't feeling well and couldn't appear at the Garden.

She continued: "We just got back from a four-hour conference with our lawyers about the King's income tax. And before that, we were getting telephone calls for the King, everybody was running us ragged. He didn't get to bed this morning until 6 o'clock and he's tired. In fact he's in bed now and if you don't believe me, I'll get him out of bed to talk to you."

On the other hand Dempsey made good his promise to appear at Green Mill and 1,800 cheered and screamed his name at the arena. And that audience didn't know Jack had driven in from Hinsdale, Ill., 20 miles away, where he entertained disabled World War veterans at a Government hospital, an hour earlier.

That's one difference, folks, between Dempsey and Levinsky.

Bud Kernes, Chicago featherweight, returned from New York with an almost perfect record of four victories in six combats. He is back under the managerial wing of Eddie Stanton, the south sider who also manages Henry Firpo, middleweight championship tournament semi-finalist. Kernes says New York is a great spot to visit but no city to live in.

Barney Hassen, Rogers Park junior-lightweight, is considering turning to the professional ranks following a string of wins over such good amateur fighters as Harold Dunnington and Steve Dusack. He is 18 years old and has engaged in 48 matches but not since he placed himself under the management of Don Davis has he made such headway.

Freddy Schwartz, one of the best trainers in this city, left for California right after the Golden Gloves tourney and will make his headquarters at Los Angeles for an indefinite period.

Do You Know That—Billy Wallace celebrated his knockout victory over Eddie (Kid) Wolfe by singing "How Long Will It Last" over a radio station? Billy Petrolle's wife is an Italian girl and they have a child four years old? Madison Square Garden of New York, is going into the movies and Jimmy Gleason will play the role of matchmaker, which is filled by James J. Johnston in real life?

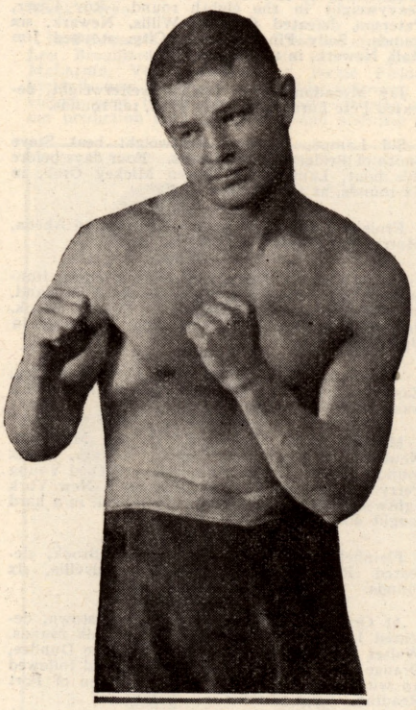
Here's a contribution from a friend in Gary, Ind., Jess Everett, Gary Y. M. C. A. boxing instructor and brother-manager of Buck Everett:

"Dear Sir: I would like you to give Buck Everett a boost in The Ring magazine this month. Buck is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall and weighs 188 pounds. He won four matches in December, beating Tait Littman at Janesville, Wis., knocking out Johnny Saunders in the third round of a bout at Milwaukee, beating Garfield Johnson in a contest at Marion, Ind., and Jack Roper in a fracas at White City of Chicago. He also fought Jack Dempsey a two-round exhibition at Milwaukee in February. Buck was knocked down three times in the second round but was not hurt and he fought three days later South Bend, Ind., where he stopped John Korenza. Buck is going to the top in 1932.—Jess Everett."

After an idleness of some months due to inability to secure suitable ringsters, Barney Abel, veteran fisticuffing man, is pleased to announce the acquisition to his stable of Bud Saltis, north side knockerout. As a starter under Abel's management, Saltis whipped Sammy (Kid) Slaughter at Terre Haute, Ind., for Promoter Bud Taylor.

Mike McNulty was in town eulogizing the fighting of Jackie Sharkey and Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul featherweight and heavyweight. He wants to get both boxers started in this vicinity. A glimpse of the famous Gibbons' fighting—when he technically stopped Bud Doran at the Rainbo Fronton some months ago. Gibbons is 22 years old, weighs 197 pounds. Jackie is an Irishman and his right name is Sharkey. He won a newspaper decision over Hymie Wiseman at Minneapolis.

Henry Lenard, South Chicago featherweight, is taking another chance at the game he was so successful in before his marriage over a year ago. Following his bout with Joey Thomas twelve months



Leon Jendrasiak, rugged Grand Rapids, Mich., lightweight who is making headway

ago, Lenard was forced to undergo an operation which his pilot, Leo Fornaciari, says was due to low punching. Henry came out of retirement to knock out Paddy Sullivan at Buckeye, O. Lenard works at the steel mills in the daytime and trains at night. He has a seven-month-old baby.

Franta Nekolny, European welterweight champion, was making the grade in matches here but few fans learned anything about him because he was always topped by a match between more prominent boxers. Besides being voted the most popular athlete in Czecho-Slovakia in a nation-wide contest, he has lost one pro contest and one amateur match. He lost the pro contest to Eddie Ran, on his second start in this country. Franta started boxing five years ago and his inspiration was Jack Dempsey, whom he saw in action in a movie at Prague five years ago. After winning 58 amateur bouts in 59, he turned professional and earned a match with the European champion, Gustave Roth, whom he dethroned. He is 23 years old and will not marry until his career is over.

Here's some things I just found out but you probably knew all the time—that Paul Pantaleo's pet nickname is Pants. Bat Bozo is called the Birmingham Bimbo. Jackie Brady doesn't like to watch fights. Jackie Davis is a Hebrew. John L. Sullivan was born in Roxbury, Mass., and not Boston, although Roxbury now is annexed to Boston. His favorite sport was rounders, one of the ancestors of baseball, but he liked all sports.

George Marcy, brother-manager of Bud Marcy, had nine pro fights. He quit when Charlie White broke his nose during a gym workout. Frank Klaus, former great middleweight, manages Jimmy Belmont. Dave Maier has been whipped only twice. Young Perez, recognized as flyweight champion by the N. B. A., is a French Jew, and started boxing 18 months ago at Paris, France. He is 20 years of age and a natural 110-pound lad.

Hot Off The Griddle—Lou Brouillard has a system of his own while training. He breakfasts at 8:30 a. m., trains at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and eats dinner at 5:30 in the evening, eating two meals a day. Baxter Calmes, Oklahoma City, Okla., heavyweight, has been battling for two and one half years and his toughest foe was Dave Maier, whom he held to a draw. He has engaged in 35 matches and is only 22 years old. Harry Mueller, Illinois athletic commission referee and a former boxer, says there is no such thing as a right hook.

Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe, manager of Dick Sisk, Young Geno and others, tried to stump me with the question: "Was Terry McGovern champion and how many titles did he hold at one time?" I'm not going to get stumped as long as they print record books. When Jimmy Barry retired in 1899, McGovern claimed the title, and on September 12, 1899, he knocked out Pedlar Palmer. The following year Terry retired, and entered the featherweight class, and the title was in abeyance until 1901. McGovern won the feather title from Dixon in 1901.

Benny Ray and Mrs. Ray are living in the loop where they will make their headquarters indefinitely. Ray's best boxer at the present time is Jackie Brady, Syracuse, N. Y., welterweight. Brady may get a title match with Champion Jackie Fields at St. Louis subsequent to good battles against King Tut and Nekolny.

Fistic chips—Harry Robarts, former middleweight, owns a Berwyn delicatessen store. Dave Shade was given 27½ per cent of the gate and $200 for expenses and Firpo received 15 per cent for their ten-round meeting at White City. Jack Britton and Ted (Kid) Lewis fought 19 times. Andy Bowen and Jack Burke battled in the longest glove tilt, 110 rounds, 7 hours and 19 minutes, 1893. About 1900 a lightweight, Patsy Sweeney was offered $1,200 to fight in Hartford and accepted the offer with the stipulation that he wouldn't receive a cent less than $1,000. Franklin Cheek, Milwaukee Filipino, is managed by a Marquette University professor.

Freddy Caserio, captain of last year's Golden Gloves team, and president of the Seneka A. C., announces the club's annual dance was a huge success. Nick Scialaba is getting ready to leave for New York to join Sammy Goldman's stable, which includes Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion. The minimum fee for referees is $25. When the gate receipts are over $10,000 the fee is fixed by the state athletic commission.

Johnny Baima and Young Stuhley are two of the most promising middleweights developed in Illinois since boxing was legalized in this state in 1926. Baima is a southwest side finger and Stuhley calls Kewanee, Ill., his home. There have been several promising 160-pound boxers here since 1926, the outstanding being Tuffy Griffith, Levinsky, Haakon Hanson and Ray Tramblie. But something happened to each before he was able to reach a position of recognition as a middleweight.

The rumor persists that Max Schmeling, New York's heavyweight champion, will marry Miss Anna Ondra, Czecho-Slovakian movie star. Berlin reports had it that Schmeling continually is seen with Miss Ondra.

IN LAKE COUNTY, FLORIDA

By DOCTOR DEMKO

THE largest attendance so far this season turned out for the boxing show held at Leesburg, under the auspices of the American Legion. Bill Temes, flashy featherweight from Ocala, Fla., won a ten-round decision from Kid Miller, of Cairo, Ga.

In the second show at Leesburg, Eddie Harris won from Red Turner by the K. O. route in the first round.

A number of the Amateur boxers are developing nicely. Johnny Glenn, of Paisley, Fla., should give a good account of himself in the championships in March.

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DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

LEROY KID DUGAN, bantamweight champion of Arkansas, stopped Kid Adams, plucky Mexican from San Antonio in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round fight at Hot Springs. In the semi-final, Little Tuck, 122 pounds, Little Rock, won a decision from Joey Clark, 125 pounds. Kid Jenkins, Little Rock lightweight, beat Lawrence Lee, of North Little Rock, over the six-round route.

"Dutch" Seifert, Stuggart heavyweight, won by a K. O. in the third round from "Red" Dade, Tulsa, Okla., in the main event of a card sponsored by the Stuggart American Legion Post. Kid Bryder, 132 pounds, of Humphrey, Arkansas, kayoed Ray Gardner, 122 pounds of Kentucky, in the second round of the six-round semi-final. "Snookie" House and Woodrow Cobb boxed four rounds to a draw. "Skinny" Woodal refereed all bouts.

Fort Smith fight fans witnessed some great fights on Amateur night at the Elks Club. Wesley Tapp, Fort Smith, and George Roberts, of Poteau, Oklahoma, middleweights, fought a ten-round draw in a great slugging match. Billy Davis, of Fort Smith, 126 pounds, won by a T. K. O. from Elmer Steinger 125 pounds, of Van Buren, Arkansas. Marshall Ingram, Bokoshe middleweight, won on a foul in the first round from Albert Tapp of Fort Smith. Paul Laster and Arthur Hines, Kenneth Cohea versus Johnny Lemaster and Cowboy Wheartley against H. K. Hawey ended in three-round draws.

The American Legion Boxing Tournament opened here with Sidney Scarlett, of Pine Bluff, Ark., 153 pounds, scoring a knockout over Cullen McVey, Stuttgart 147 pounder, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Shuffle Callahan staged a great comeback when he boxed a ten-round draw with Whitey Joe Mellinor, of Tampa at Hot Springs. In a slugging match Wesley Senn, 140 pounds, of Eldorado, boxed a six-round draw with Elmer Crowley, 145, of Morrilton. Little Tuck beat Adam Wallach in six rounds.

The Universities of Arkansas staged a fine Boxing Carnival in Fayettville, featuring some great bouts between the best college boxers in the State. Boxing is becoming popular with the colleges and high schools all over the State. The results of the bouts at the University of Arkansas at Fayettville were: Joe Red, 139 pounds, won over "Hoss" Glory, 137 pounder. Joe Biddle and Kit Cannon, light heavies drew in six-rounds. Paul Ladd, of Fayettville, won by a T. K. O. from Joe Guthrie, Siloam Springs. Max Woods, 148 pounds, of Springdale, beat Farmer Gray, 150 pounder from Fayettville. Tom Gray, 120 pounds, lost a close decision to Johnny Bishop, Fayettville featherweight in four rounds.

"Dutch" Seifert, 195 pounds, of Stuttgart, Arkansas, won by a K. O. from Jack Mooney in the second round at Stuttgart. In the semi-final, "Hammer" McVey beat George Dewey in six rounds. "Mutt" Shook and Kid Wells boxed a four-round draw.

Leroy Kid Dugan won a ten-round decision over Scrip O'Olive at the Blytheville Armory. Nolan Lambert, won in six rounds from Young Scott, Kid Pritchard K. O.'ed Young Griffin.

Jackie Kid Berg, whirlwind English battler, is vacationing at Hot Springs. He expects to enter a busy campaign.

Tony Leto, 129, won easily from Jimmy Watts over the ten-round route. Elmer Crowley, 138 pounder, won the decision over Wesley Senn, 135, in the six-round semi-final. Johnny Moran beat Elmer Reed in the four-round event. Tiger Chenault and Peyton Fleming boxed a four-round draw.

Dutch Seifert, Stuttgart heavyweight, kayoed Peck Martin, of Oklahoma City, in three rounds at the American Legion Arena, of Stuttgart. Hammer McVey, 152 pounds, kayoed Gilbert McCullom, 158 pounds, in the first round of the six-round semi-final. Henry Jones, of Stuttgart, won over Kid Bryder, of Humphrey, in the four-rounder.

Send all your notes to this writer at 1923 Locust St., Texarkana, Ark., before the tenth of each month.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY, PA., DOPE
By MICKEY TODD

WILLIE DAVIES, local bantamweight contender, journeyed to Toronto, Canada, where he took an unanimous decision over Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantamweight champion. Leitham's title was not at stake. Several days later Davies went to Fairmont, West Virginia and defeated Jimmy "Kid" Smith.

Battling Gizzy, the Donora whirlwind, who defeated Sammy Dorfman and Roger Bernard at Motor Square Garden recently, came back to defeat the highly-touted Cowboy Eddie Anderson in the ten-round main event at Flint, Mich.

Scotty Monteith, Detroit promoter, saw Gizzy in action with Anderson and signed the local battler for a ten-rounder against Eddie Lord at his Olympia club but Gizzy was stricken ill with the flu and Eddie Koppy was substituted.

Buddy McArthur, McKeesport, Pa. light-heavy, scored a kayo over Ray Fay, brother of Al Fay. "Honey Boy" Bradford, formerly Georgie Boychan, of Newark, Ohio is making good down in Florida rings. Bradford informs the writer through the mail that he fought some good boys in the south. Al Mason, Young Simpson, and Baby Manuel are a few of Bradford's opponents. He is a featherweight.

Willie Davies of Charleroi, Pa., is after a return match with Mose Butch.

Lee Sala, rugged Donora, Pa., middleweight, is training daily in the Todd A. C. in Donora. Lee is a brother of the Western Pennsylvania light-heavy king, Bruno Sala. Lee is anxious to box Amos "Bearcat" Jones or any other middleweight.

Ray Trimblie, Rockford, Ill., middleweight. A good prospect

Donora Dope—Dave Innes, well-known boxing instructor, is guiding the boys in the Todd A. C.—No one knows more about the game than Dave—Jerry Wunderleich, basketball coach, is an ardent booster of the manly art of self-defense—Mickey Fedor, Donora Bulldog and former sparring partner for Mickey Walker went to Canton, Ohio where he intends to make his home—He is a great drawing card in Ohio—William Pikor thinks Battling Gizzy is the next lightweight champion of the world—Dave Innes interviewed Gizzy recently—The famous Donora lightweight is anxious to take on weight just to get a crack at the undefeated mauler, Teddy Yarosz—He knows he can put an end to Teddy's winning streak.

The ratings for the month in this section follow:

Heavyweight—George Panka, Homestead; Al Fay, Charleroi.

Light-heavyweight—Bruno Sala, Donora; Buddy McArthur, McKeesport.

Middleweight—Lee Sala, Donora; Buck McTiernan, Swissvale.

Welterweight—Jimmy Belmont, Braddock; Tiger Joe Randall, Elizabeth.

Lightweight—Battling Gizzy, Donora; Charley Baxter.

Featherweights—Steve Senich, Homestead; Petey Johns, McKeesport.

Bantamweight—Willie Davies; Tony Marino, McKeesport.

Flyweight—Scotty Graham, Donora; Jimmy Gilligan.

Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion of the world, has a good middleweight in Billy Flannigan, tough colored boy.

For any information about the game in this section write to Mickey (Ray) Todd, 232 Castner Avenue, Donora, Pa. For prompt reply enclose stamped envelope. Mail your dope and photos to me for publication in THE RING before the 16th of each month. Thank you!

Davey Grove defeated Frankie Bauer of Cleveland in the ten-round main main bout at the Palisades Rink in McKeesport. Johnny Chiodo of Johnstown outpointed K. O. Terry from Ohio in the semi-final.

Tony Marino, McKeesport, trimmed Franklyn Young, Michigan Negro, in another main go at McKeesport. They are bantams. In previous headliners at Jim McGirr's Palisades club Marino bested Marty Gold and Frisco Grande. The writer predicts a brilliant future for Marino. Reed Brown, Tony's manager, is after Mose Butch, Willie Davies, Jimmy Thomas, and Ross Fields.

MICHIGAN MITTS
By BILL PERRY

ALBERT A. DAY, well-known business man and referee, has been appointed a member of the state boxing commission. Mr. Day is philanthropic. He has always turned his earnings as referee over to the worthy charities, chiefly the newsboys club of Detroit as he was once a newsboy himself.

Flash Ryser of Detroit who defeated Pettit Ferrarer for the state championship in the heavy and light-heavy division, recently was flattened in the second round by Charley Belanger, Canadian light heavy weight champion at the Lansing show. Stanley Sabin, light weight from Detroit, outpointed Bobby Rendeley of Lansing in six rounds.

The 4,000 fight fans who witnessed the ten-round bout between Battling Gizzy, the Donora, Pa. windmill, and Eddie "Cowboy" Anderson, of Chicago, voiced their disapproval when referee, Slim McCelland, raised the right hand of Gizzy in token of victory.

At Kalamazoo, Leon Jasinski, Grand Rapids, light-heavyweight boxer, K. O.'d Pete LaCrosse of Ft. Wayne in the eighth. As usual, Jasinski was on the floor several times in the early rounds but came back in that typical fashion that has made him the drawing card that he is in these parts.

Frankie Misko, eighteen year old Saginaw youth who started boxing less than three years ago as a lightweight, is now the state middleweight champion. Misko decisively defeated Joe Rugguzoni in ten rounds at Saginaw to take the belt.

Wesley Ramey, Michigan's lightweight title hope, jabbed and crossed his way to a one-sided triumph over Steve Halaiko, Auburn, New York, boxer at the show staged by Bill Morrissey at Grand Rapids. Two weeks later, Ramey tackled Orrie Mosher, Muskegon Southpaw and what a surprise Ramey got. At the tap of the gong Mosher went after Ramey and the fight was half over before Ramey could solve Mosher's freakish style. At the end of the ten rounds, Referee Sam Hennessey, called the affair a draw.

Tim Quealy, an inspector of the Michigan boxing commission and a familiar figure in Western Michigan fight circles, has passed away. He had been with the boxing commission since it was first organized. In his youth, Mr. Quealy was an outstanding boxer. He fought in the days of bare knuckles.

Morrie Sherman, Michigan welterweight champion, reaped revenge for a knockout punch administered two months ago in Indianapolis by giving a thorough lacing to Jimmy Hill, Filipino, puncher. The bout was held at Saginaw.

Seven thousand fight fans, including Gov. Wilbur M. Brucker, and a party of twenty, saw Jack Dempsey exhibit his wares at Flint against two opponents, both of whom went out in less than a round. Prince Saunders, Chicago, outpointed Ray Collins, Erie, Pa., in a ten round go of the regular card.

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News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

THE problem of a new boxing commissioner for Massachusetts as the successor to Eugene Buckley, retired, has been settled. Edward L. Casey, the Harvard football coach, was offered the job and refused it. Next, Governor Ely nominated Daniel J. Kelly, of Cambridge, another football man, at the time employed as deputy state auditor, and he accepted. The nomination was confirmed by the Governor's Council and D. J. K. is now Commissioner Kelly. Kelly may prove himself the right man in the right pew. He has a wide-open mind, has no entangling alliances with anybody, and is keen to make good. He is a young man and a likeable, friendly chap. It is the prediction that affairs in the office of the Bay State Commission as concerns clubs, promoters, managers and boxers will go along much more smoothly than they have for years. That's something.

The former feather and lightweight boxer, Willie Corbett, of Somerville, who went into the ring that he might earn enough money to win an education, and made good, is now a solon in the Massachusetts Legislature. Naturally, he is very partial to the best interests of boxing. He has recently introduced a bill whereby the present law relative to draw decisions in the Bay State shall be made plainer. Under the law, a referee now can give such a decision, but the face of the Boxing Commission has always been against such. It has contended for eleven years that there is no such thing as a dead heat or any even boxing contest, and no official referee has dared to dispute the contention. If Representative Corbett's bill finds favor, after a lapse of eleven years, draw decisions will again come into vogue in Massachusetts.

Another bill now under debate, would reduce the license fee of preliminary boxers from $25 to $5. When Carnera, a non-citizen, lost here to Jim Maloney in 1930, he received about $20,000. Maloney got about $12,000. Each paid $25 for his license, or the club paid it for them. On the same card were prelim boys, paying exactly the same sum, but out of their own pockets, that they might earn but $50 or thereabouts. Hardly equitable.

After long weeks of quiet, the same disturbed only by talkfests between Ernie Schaaf and Jack Dorval concerning a bout which they have yet to fight, the Boston Garden swung back into action on February 5. Charley Retzlaff was to have met Jack McCarthy, of Roxbury, the Buckley-Sharkey light-heavy, in the feature, but after several days of ballyhoo, C. R. decided that he had a lame hand. So, Big Boy Rawson, of the Dan Carroll outfit, took his place and lost a 10-round decision to McCarthy.

The bright and shining light on the card was Adolf Heuser, Johnny Buckley's new German light-heavy. He was opposed to Al Roderiguez, of Portugal, a new prize dug out by Bobby Goldman and a good one. Heuser simply smothered Roderiguez with a barrage of blows, and dropped him after 1 minute and 30 seconds, for the full count and "out." That ended that. In another bout, Joe Zelinsky, of Winthrop, Jersey Jones' fine, pleasing light-heavy, who has been boxing for several years all over the country, won a kayo decision over Billy Gonyea, of Worcester, a good performer. The bout was stopped in the third.

While boxing affairs have been dull at the Garden, Eddie Mack, of the Argonne A. A., the lone active club in Boston much of the time, has been keeping busy and the public entertained. He is putting on dollar shows every Monday at the Boston Arena, the dollar entitling the cash customer to a reserved seat on the first come, first served, principle. At each show a 1932 automobile is given away to the holder of the lucky seat check, thus for one buck a fan sees from 40 to 50 rounds of boxing, also may ride back to his home in his own new auto.

Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge, a junior-welter, was the winner of a rip-tear fight with George Salvator, of Oak Bluffs, in one of Promoter Mack's one-buck-auto tourneys at the Arena on February 1. They clashed in the 10-round feature and it was a fighting fight for the entire journey. The winner's margin was not large. Under it was a long string of fours and sixes, every one a real scrap. Notables in these affairs were Georgie Ostrow, of Revere, claimant of the N. E. fly and bantam titles, who defeated Young Nadeau, of Cambridge, also Joe Ferrente, a former amateur bantam champion, now boxing under the name of Honey Mellody, who mastered Gordon Faulkner, of Somerville, another ex-amateur star.

Eddie Callahan, the Nashua, N. H., heavyweight, game as a pebble but whose ring style is decidedly crude, also showed on the card. He scored a big surprise when he defeated Henry Surrette, of Leominster, a former state amateur heavy champion. In another contest, Al Grayson, of Charlestown, the heavyweight artist-boxer, who was forced out of the amateurs because no one would fight him, won his third "pro" start by defeating "Dynamite" Dan Martin, of Dover, N. H., heavyweight champion of the Granite State.

Joe Delmont, welter from Roxbury, another graduate from the amateur ranks in which division he won several championships, stopped Tuffy Taylor, of Medford, in three rounds. Delmont is looking more and more like the real article.

Mickey Bishop, of Stoughton, a 19-year-old bricklayer by occupation and a ringster through choice, who for months had been a consistent winner both as a "pure" and a "pro," made a bad match for himself when he tied up to meet Leo Larivee, of Waterbury, Conn., at the Arena. Though Rudy Marshall, of Stamford, Conn., is now generally recognized as the holder of the N. E. middleweight title, the Bishop-Larivee bout was advertised as for that honor. A fine emblem belt was put up by the promoter, while the distance was to have been twelve rounds, a sectional championship route. Bishop put up a game, willing fight—certainly tried very hard. He was badly outclassed by the Nutmeger. Early in the seventh canto a right smash to the midriff dropped Bishop for the down and "out."

In bouts under the feature fray, Eddie Callahan, mentioned in another paragraph, scored a second win over Henry Surrette, of Leominster; Paris Apice, of Providence, lost by a slight margin to Gordon Faulkner, of Somerville; Terry Mitchell, a willing Somerville heavy, defeated Frank Carlo, of Everett, an ex-star heavy from the amateur ranks, and "Panama" Roy Brooks, of New Bedford, nosed out Joe Pacino, of Roxbury. There were several other frays.

Much as we would avoid the appearance of playing the role of Dr. Watson to Promoter Mack and his Argonne A. A., we are forced into that position. Other promoters are not promoting. So, here goes again. On his regular Monday, February 15th, card at the Arena, Mack gave Baby Jack Renault the chance to show his paces in the top bout of ten rounds with Pancho Villa, of New Bedford. The latter, who came into the ring at 137, and can easily make the lightweight limit and fight at it, is the chap who a few months ago surprised the fraternity by defeating Sammy Fuller, the Boston lightweight hope. The Villa-Renault melee was a good one. Both were full of fight. In the ninth, when Villa was well out in front, it was stopped by the referee because of a bad cut under Renault's left eye.

Since this fight, Villa has issued a challenge to Andy Callahan, claimant of the N. E. lightweight title, also Sammy Fuller, without any response from either as yet.

In the semi-windup, another 10-rounder, Bobby Mays, of New Bedford, won a thin decision over Nap Proulx, of Taunton, the first scored over the latter since he turned "pro" months ago. Though Mays is another claimant of the N. E. lightweight title, he came in at 142, and Proulx at 146.

Joe Delmont, previously mentioned, came to the front over Johnny Walker, of East Boston; Tony Aquario, of Lynn, defeated Chris DeRosa, of East Boston; Eino Nyholm, the Maynard ex-amateur star middleweight, fighting his second "pro" bout, stopped Andrew Chapdelaine, Jack Delaney's kinsman, in three rounds, and "Irish" Joe Sullivan, of Boston, whipped Hunter Welch of Lowell, both very willing performers.

The fistic "dope" got a bad toss at Salem when Oddone Piazza, of Italy and Boston, was defeated in a 10-rounder by Norman Conrad, of Wilton, N. H.

Joe Uzdavinis, the winner of the state heavyweight title, is as interesting as he is big. He was born in Middleboro, Mass., of Lithuanian parents. At present he is a student of engineering in Northeastern University, Boston, and frequently at night works as a fireman in a Haverhill factory. He has been boxing as an amateur for about a year and out of 15 starts, has lost but two decisions. Usually, he knocks out his man. The second defeat in the big fellow's career came on the night of February 12, at the Boston Garden. Joe went along fine in an amateur tourney staged by the University Club, but every one of his bouts was a tough one. Coming into the heavyweight final, he was weary and Chester Lanier of Medford beat him to the three round decision. Uzdavinis' upset was a big surprise as in the ranks of the Bay State "pures" he had been regarded as invincible.

Sammy Fuller, now under the wing of Dan Carroll, scored a cleancut win at Portland, Me. in the ninth round when he stopped Ted Kid Drew of Biddeford, a former Maine lightweight champion. In the semi-final, Henry Surrette, twice the victim of Eddie Callahan in Boston rings, knocked out Jack Dwyer of Athol in the fifth round. The show drew close to $3000, big money for a Pine Tree State ring.

Joe Beston, a Scotsman, conducts a fine gym in Quincy, Mass., where many of the ringsters do their training. Beston has long been a resident of that city and is well known. Also, he is very well liked. On occasions he referees wrestling matches in Boston.

Rudy Sansterre of Suncook, N. H., claimant of the Granite State welterweight title and a pretty fair fighter, recently had a run-in with the Boxing Commission of that state, and came off second best. He was to have made 147 pounds for an advertised championship bout at Claremont, N. H., with one Bobby Suber of that place. Sansterre showed up weighing 149 1-2, while Suber was at weight. Rudy was given two hours in which to come to 147. He failed to do so, however, or even attempt it. The Commission then declared the bout a non-championship affair, vacated Sansterre's title and handed him 30 days vacation. The fight, a 10-rounder, resulted in a draw. As Sansterre had a prior agreement to box Val Nadeau of Somersworth, N. H., at Claremont, a few nights ago he was allowed to go through with it. He stopped Nadeau, a tough subject, in two rounds.

Within easy reach of Boston, two of the smaller clubs are keeping fairly busy. These are the Salem A. A. of that city, and the Highland A. A. of Brockton. Neither is making very much money but both are having lots of fun. At the Brockton club, Harry Allen of that city, who has recently returned to the wars following a defeat at the hands of Jack McCarthy of Boston, won a 10-round decision over Buster Price of Lynn.

In the main bout of a show at Salem, Nap Proulx of Taunton, registered a 10-round win over Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., the latter the chap who recently defeated Oddone Piazza.

Phil Schlossberg, former manager of Ernie Schaaf, now residing in New York, is bombarding the local promoters in behalf of Arthur DeKuh, his big Italian heavyweight.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

ANOTHER month has passed and still wrestling dominates the local indoor sport situation. Professional boxing remained inactive while Maestro Jack McGrath's "bonecrushers" performed before two capacity houses.

Jim Browning, Missouri's scissor king, won a long drawn out affair with Billy Bartush, youthful Chicagoan. One fall which went close to one and a half hours, decided the issue. On the undercard Casey Kazanjian flopped Bob Wilkie with his spectacular hammer throw.

In the other magnet attraction, Ed George, former champion, won two out of three from Lee Wycoff of St. Louis. The first fall was in George's favor in 21 minutes and 20 seconds on a toe hold. George was the victim of a headlock in the second fall in 1 minute 47 seconds. The third fall was short with George winning as he did the first. In the semi-final Charlie Hansen and Charlie Strack drew in 30 minutes. Lennert Anderson and Casey Kazanjian drew in 30 minutes.

Tony Celli, Leominster's promising middleweight boxer, made his first start under Al Lippe when he stopped Tommy Mason of Camden in the second at Elizabeth, New Jersey. In his next bout he put the skids to Sailor Kent of the U. S. S. Dobbin in three heats at Philadelphia. Celli is a fine prospect.

Having been shorn of his newly acquired welterweight title, Lou Brouillard returned to Worcester where he is now tuning up for a new campaign.

Art Bergeron, a lightweight, a lad who has been praised rather frequently in this column seems destined to become a champion. He has placed himself under the most competent direction of Maurice Lemoine, who has received much praise for having brought along Lou Brouillard. Bergeron has speed, cleverness, punch and can take it. He is a sure bet. Watch that combination.

Tex Belanger breaks into the limelight again with two amateur lads who participated in their first amateur tournament and "cleaned up." They are Jimmy Carroll, lightweight and Gunnar Fryberg, welterweight. Tex still knows quite a bit about tutoring pugs.

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SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

RUGHCUTTERS BAY added a unique entry to its record recently. For the first time in its 23 years' existence, the Stadium was not opened for its weekly show. Talk about "signs of the times."

A few years back two shows a week were the order. And look back a few years more to the time when Darcy consistently tested the elastic limit of the famous arena. . . . Today the crowds are so small that a few weeks back, the management couldn't see its way clear to open the doors at all.

There's logic, no doubt, in the complaint that some of the best boys are in New Zealand; but Carroll and Henneberry, not to mention Critcher, are still here. A match between any two of these would draw well. Then there is the oft-postponed argument between Mr. Blay and Mr. Edwards still waiting to be settled.

Rus Critcher's return to form is something to feel pleased about, provided his win over Alby Roberts was not just a flash in the pan. Perhaps it was, as he dropped a decision to Young Heeney later in the month. Rus is an inconsistent young man, in the matter of form. Roberts lost on points to Billy Richards, in Brisbane.

Boxing is booming in Broken Hill. A match between Bobby Blay and Billy Grime at the Barrier drew down about £190; which is not at all a bad effort, in view of the times, and the comparatively small population. There was nothing sensational about the fight, but it was entertaining. Grime showed cleverness above the average, but he was a little behind the aggressive Blay at the end of the fifteen rounds. Grime later outpointed Jack Paul at Parramatta.

Jack O'Brien, of Victoria, hied himself off to Western Australia on a business trip. His first contest resulted in his getting a point's decision (fifteen rounds) over Cyril Pluto. Fight Number 2 on O'Brien's schedule was against Sydneysider Jimmy Ward. This time the O'Brien boy won by a knockout in the eleventh.

Fred Henneberry won two successive bouts at Leichhardt. In the first, he knocked out Al Bourke in nine rounds, and in the second, he completely overshadowed ex-champ Merv Williams.

In his New Zealand campaign, Ambrose Palmer chalked up wins over Jack O'Malley and Bob Thornton.

For many moons, Tasmania's Pat Appleton chased the top-notchers of the country, unheeded. They just wouldn't listen to his challenges. But he got his chance not so long ago when Fred Henneberry was looking for something to do. Appleton held him to a draw. Latest news is that Mr. Appleton from the Apple Isle is to meet both Henneberry and Palmer in the near future.

Port Pirie (S. A.) staged a fifteen-round bout between Charley (Red) Mitchell and Bruce Dawe; and what old Charles did to his comparatively youthful opponent was a shame. Dawe was practically out on his feet at the end.

Young Gildo was heard from after a long layoff when he outpointed Togo Robinson in twelve rounds at Leichhardt. A week later he had a narrow win from George Hyland.

Bobby Blay and Harold Costello gave Broken Hill fans a thrilling treat before Costello went under in the third. This Blay hombre can fight.

For the first time in my young life I've heard of a boxing match in the Northern Territory. It probably would have passed unnoticed had it not ended fatally. Len Killenback and Oscar Mears met at Katherine (N. T.) and Killenback had the bad luck to fall and fracture the base of his skull. He died two days later without regaining consciousness.

I'd like to hear all there is to hear about boxing up in the Territory, if any fan has the required knowledge (and the time and the inclination) to pass it on to me.

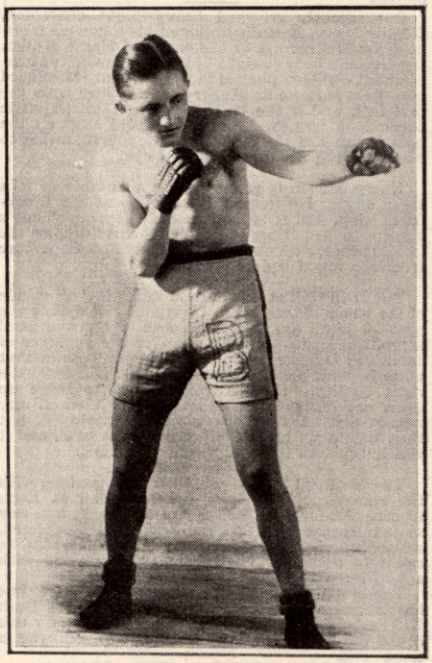
Jimmy Hill, one-time featherweight champion of Australia, but now 40 years old, and weighing 9.5, outpointed Harold Costello over their 15-round journey at Brisbane. But a week later he was knocked out by Roy Burns in nine.

Phil Sullivan outpointed Bobby Stone in a close fight. But he could not rake up the necessary points to prevent his losing to Bert Malcolm in an uninteresting affair.

I've no time for wrestling as an entertainment or a sport; but I think I can judge the worth of a book fairly accurately. And that's why I'd advise every wresting enthusiast to buy, read, and inwardly digest "Modern Wrestling," by Nat Fleischer and Jack Curley. Even if, like me, you take no interest in the mat game, you can get a maximum of pleasure out of reading this book; and I doubt very much if wrestling has a more valuable contribution to offer in the way of text books.

Police stopped the bout between Kid LaBelle and Leo Winch in the second round, when Winch was in a bad way. The following week LaBelle met Winch's fate himself in a scrap with Frank O'Connor.

Small Fry—Wally Hancock drew with Dealer Wells in 10 (at Wollongong, N. S. W.) . . . Leo Winch won from Dick O'Connor in eight . . . Hal Roach passed away after taking a K. O. from Wal Toovey—his head hit the floor . . . Ernie Myers and Ted Wilson drew . . . Roy Stanley outpointed Les Carter . . . Pablo Dano, Tommy Fielding and Kid Connell have landed here looking for fights . . . Doug Nicholls lost on foul to Roy Stanley . . . Sam Barron outpointed Bill Godfrey . . . Jack Dunleavy, seems to have something unusually promising in Johnny Bourke . . . his latest win was over Frank Richardson . . .Bullant Sims beat Mike O'Connor . . . I still want photos for "THE RING" . . . Address me: 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia.



Frankie Nour, Roumanian flyweight champion, under the management of Tom O'Rourke

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART.

BOBBY BLAY, Australia's best lightweight, knocked out Jimmy Kelso for the second time in four rounds. Blay will soon fight Delaney for the title.

Bert Malcolm and Keith Lawson fought a fifteen round draw; Bobby Blay knocked out Billy Jones in the seventh round; Young Gildo won on a foul from Bobby Gray in the fifth round; Alby Roberts knocked out Wally Maher in eleven rounds, and Johnny Burke outpointed Billy Woods in six rounds. Burke looks very promising.

Fred Hanneberry, contender for the middleweight title, knocked out Al Burke in the eleventh round; Herb Bishop outpointed Al Singleton in a great ten rounder; Tiny Wayne knocked out Jimmy McKenzie in the sixth round; Billy Madden won from Tiger Perrin in ten rounds; Billy Stevens stopped Tom Mix in three; Bob McDonald won from Bob Madden; Max Rayner got the nod over Nick Collins, and Art Hudson knocked out Ted Hamilton.

Roy Underwood outclassed Tom Lachlan; Tom Craig won from Tom Verco; Bobby Rivers knocked out Jack Clancy; Nick Machris and Paddy Griffiths fought a draw, and Kid Jackson lost in two to Ron Martin.

Allen Edgecock won on a foul in seven rounds from Kid Rooney; Pat Coates stopped Ron Grant in five; Bullant Sims won from Les Winch in ten; Ted Wilson knocked out Tommy Sutcliffe in seven; Harry Colbrain won on a foul from Freddy Welsh in the twelfth round; Jim Jeffries outpointed Frank Green in twelve rounds, and Pat Craig got the nod over Dave Finney in six rounds.

Billy McAllister and Young Gildo fought their seventh battle with Gildo, winning a twelve round decision; Mickey Rodgers knocked out Stan Brown in the first session.

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Johnny Burke outpointed Art Hoare in a six-round bout. It looks as if Burke will take the place of Jack Haines; Joe Poland got a ten-round decision over Jack Weston, and Pat Craig won from Joe Hall in six rounds.

Art Redmond knocked out Jim Pearce; Bobby Stone outpointed Reub Brown in ten; Jimmy Pearce stopped Maurice O'Brien in three rounds; Fred Hanneberry knocked out former middleweight champion, Merv Williams, in eleven rounds; Johnny Burke looked good in outpointing Frank Richardson in his first ten rounder. He is handled by Jack Dunleavy.

Pat Appleton caused a big surprise when he boxed a fifteen-round draw with Fred Hanneberry; Joe Poland won from Tommy Gibbs in ten rounds. The Newsboy Champion, Dolph Latta, outpointed Freddy Harris in ten rounds; Billy Kelly got the nod over Chinese boxer, Kid Rooney, in ten rounds.

Palmer outpointed O'Malley in fifteen rounds. Reg Trown outpointed Bobby Delaney, but in a return bout Delaney turned the tables; Archie Hughes, another Australian, in New Zealand, is doing well. His latest wins were over Harry Johns and Johnny Leckie.

The flyweight championship of Australia changed hands in the first round, when Ron Leonard won on a foul from Vic White; Harry Colbrain outpointed Stan Love in ten rounds.

NEW ZEALAND BOXING AND WRESTLING NOTES
By G. R. PHILLIPS.

IN Wellington, recently, Stanley Pinto, of Nebraska, clowned his way to the heavyweight title of New Zealand. His opponent Tom Alley wrestled well below his form and lost the match in two straight falls.

The wrestling season has finished and almost all the men from the States have departed.

Blackie Miller has arrived from Australia and is looking for fights. Miller should prove a good drawing card. He has trained such men as Uzcudun and Firpo and fought many prominent heavies including Heeney, Squires, Martin Burke, and Dr. Haymann.

The Dominion wrestling is on the lookout for first class heavies, and although the returns may not be up to those of other countries of the world, there are good pickings for good men.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JEFF DICKSON'S Albert Hall promotion is proving a huge success. The top-liner last month was enough to draw all London for the fifteen-round clash between Larry Gains and Don McCorkindale carried with it the heavyweight championship of the British Empire, and the meeting of these two colonials captured the imagination of the "fans." Gains started a hot favorite, and there were many who fancied him to win in a canter; true, he went into the lead up to the half-way stage, but then the South African realized that he must be up and doing and thereafter he did sufficient to make up the ground lost which enabled him to earn the referee's just decision of a draw. The fight was good and clean throughout, and it was the best in many a year for heavyweights here. McCorkindale's left-hand work puzzled Larry no end, and it probably showed us the weak spot in the Canadian's armour. The pair will have to meet again, that is certain.

In one of the chief supporting bouts, we had that brilliant Manchester Negro, Len Johnson, opposed by a German named Adolf Pott, and although the latter was nearly twenty-eight pounds the heavier, Len forced a comfortable win by his brilliant work. In another supporter, Young Perez who recently K. O.'d Frankie Genaro, just managed to get a points decision over that gallant little Welsh flyweight Len Beynon.

Len Johnson is on the eve of a busy season. He is probably the most respected Negro since Peter Jackson, and I have hopes of fixing him up to meet Len Harvey for the middles title. In the meantime, Johnson wants them at any weight. George Cook, Reggie Meen or any other heavy in the business will do.

It will be remembered that Johnson crossed to America upon two occasions. On his first visit he only boxed in the gym with Mike McTigue and came away without a fight. On his second trip, he did not even get a gym show and Jimmy Johnson, despite all his eloquence, couldn't persuade any middle or cruiser, to climb in with this master of his craft. Although Len has been in the fight game some time, he will yet set many towns "alight."

Dick Corbett, British bantam champion, is hard on the trail of both Huet and Pladner for a European title bout. Jackie Brown, the British flyweight titleholder, has expressed a wish to "have" Dick at 119 pounds. If the bout does get fixed up, Manchester will be the scene of hostilities, so Mancunians will have the opportunity of seeing Jackie attempt to wreak revenge for his stablemate, Johnny King's defeat at the hands of Corbett, when the latter won the bantam title bout from King.

Leo Phillips is back home from France after a few weeks' stay. The country did not suit him at all. His case is on a parallel with that of Johnny Sullivan who was "wooed" by Francois Descamps. La belle, France, to Johnny, was not Covent Garden, and no doubt Phillips prefers Brummagem as a health resort. Besides it is in this country where the beef steaks grow.

Nel Tarleton, who has had a brief stay in "dry dock" for necessary repairs, is evidently A 1 at Lloyds again, for within seven days the bold, bad Nelson stopped Tommy Dexter in ten rounds, and easily outpointed Young Josephs over a dozen rounds. The more one sees of Tarleton, the more convinced you become that we have never seen his like, since peerless Jim Driscoll, so "that's that."

Watch Benny Thackery of Leeds. He can do 112-pounds, and if and when he knocks at Jackie Brown's door, Jackie may say goodbye to his belt and title. Leeds at present is housing some likely boys, and it is not long odds against them finding a champion that will fill the shoes of brilliant Joe Fox.

That eminent Leeds sportsman, Dave Goodman, is just now negotiating with Jeff Dickson to co-operate with him in staging some mammoth tournaments in the open-air at Leeds this summer.

Boxing is booming in the Yorkshire colliery town of Barnsley. Several promotions there are gathering in the coin of the realm. Not since the days when their fellow townsman, Charlie Hardcastle, held the featherweight title, have the Barnsley "fans" showed so much enthusiasm for the noble sport as they are doing today.

Johnny Peters is a busy boy these days.

Tommy Milligan, who is blossoming out as a promoter in Glasgow, had arranged a peach of a bill for his first venture, but for some reason or other, the local authorities placed their ban on the enterprise. It is rumored that the premises did not meet with their approval.

George Anderson, who styles himself the flyweight champion of South Africa, has had one or two outings here and so far, he has created a favorable impression. It is just on the cards that this young Springbock has been "holding his hand," and he may open out when there is bigger fish to fry.

George Cook has been eating the bread of idleness since he returned to England. Many promoters subscribed to the belief that George had shot his "bolt." However, the promoter at the Boulevard Rink, Leicester, took a chance and matched Cook up with Maurice Griselle, and Cook won on a foul in the twelfth. Cook's showing clearly showed that there still is life in the old dog.

The two South Africans, George (Panther) Purchase and Barney Keiswetter, are finding South Wales a happy hunting ground. It is very rare for a few days to pass without one or t' other are "at it" within the hempen square around the Welsh valleys.

Our recently crowned heavyweight champion, Reggie Meen, soon disillusioned his followers when he suffered a reverse at the hands of Heine Muller, the German heavyweight Meen had an advantage of about eighteen pounds in weight, but this served him little purpose as Muller took the lead from the first bell, and if the truth must be told, he made Meen look foolish. Jack Bloomfield stopped the bout in favor of the German in the fourth, owing to Meen having a badly damaged eye.

Harry Mason is getting quite a number of jobs these days. He frequently bobs up at the Blackfriars Ring, and it is here that the "spoiler's" day's work as done. Harry is a big favorite despite the ironical cheers which sometimes greet his departure from the roped square.

The Drill Hall at Birkenhead which is t' other side of the River Mersey from Liverpool and during the past 30 years has been the scene of many a good scrap, has again opened out under the guidance of Mr. C. F. Davies. His two first ventures show that there is yet a public for the noble art if it be of the right quality. Dan Whelligan used to serve up some hot dishes here, and Dan didn't stand any nonsense from the boys whom he employed, but then Whelligan knew the game from A to Z, and it was his custom to call a spade a SPADE.

The National Sporting Club is getting along with the reconstruction of the Empress Hall at Earls Court. An army of men is working night and day so as to ensure an early opening. When completed, we are promised an eye-opener, and I think that we can rely upon Mr. Bettinson to supply us with appetising fare.

The ever popular Alf Mancini, who for some time has staged a show in aid of the Shepherd's Bush Kiddies' Outing Fund, ran another one for this cause and the program which Alf arranged was a good one.

Jack Madden staged strongs bills at Manchester.

Jeff Dickson has announced that he is considering a scheme to build a Sports Palace in London, where boxing, ice hockey and other sports will be presented.

The match that everybody waited for, that at the Leeds Town Hall between Dom Volante and Johnny Cuthbert, the final lightweight eliminator, was won by Cuthbert. The defeat of Volante proved a big surprise. Since Dick Corbett and Nel Tarleton won titles, Volante has been itching for the opportunity to complete the treble for the Broadribb stable, but now that will have to wait.

ENGLISH BOXING RESULTS

London and Provincial

The Ring—Johnny Stanton and Boy Walley boxed a 12-round draw. Tommy Hyams outpointed Selwyn Davies over 15 rounds. Len Beyon defeated Tom Cowley in a 15-rounder. Archie Sexton beat Jerry Daley the middleweight champion of Wales. Boy Edge outpointed Bud Walley in 15 rounds. Eddie Steele and Ted Mason boxed a 15-round draw. Dave Crowley K. O.'ed Dick Inkles in round 3. Harry Mason defeated Pat McQuire over 15 rounds. Kid Socks outpointed Tom Cowley. Seaman Watson easily beat Battling (Hank) Sandjack (Egypt).

At Edmonton—Lauri Raiteri K. O.'ed Smudger Smith in the 5th. Ernie Higley outpointed Bob Sibley. Billy Reynolds defeated George (Kid) Nicholson. Harry Vaughan won over Haydn Williams, the latter being disqualified in the 14th.

Stadium Club—Jack Peterson, the Cardiff heavyweight hope, K. O.ed Jack Newitt in the first round. Eddie Phillips stopped Jack Marshall in the 8th, and Jack Middleton stopped Johnny Hatch in the 8th. Rene Morris stopped George Holmes in the 2nd. Len Nicholson K. O.'ed Alf Harris in five.

At Croydon—Billy Reynolds stopped George Swinbourne in round six. Al Foreman K. O.ed Tommy McMillan in the 2nd. George Anderson, South African flyweight, stopped Billy Taylor in the 8th. Eddie Steele outpointed Lauri Raiteri over 15 rounds. Billy Adair K. O.ed Wal Disney.

At the Crystal Palace—Charlie Hickman, recent winner of the heavyweight competition held, K. O.ed Seaman Tim Foley in the 2nd. Jack Garland, Irish feathers' champion, outpointed Peter Cuthbertson in 12.

At Plumstead—Jerry O'Neill outpointed Dod Oldfield over the 15-round journey. Gunner Moran defeated Billy Adair in 12. Bob King got a points decision over Dave Danahar after 12 hard rounds.

At Paddington Baths—Billy Reynolds stopped Steve Merritt in the 10th. Tom Davey K. O.ed Albert Danahar in the 4th. Tommy Little narrowly outpointed Francois Machtens (Belgium). Selwyn Davies and Francois Machtens boxed a very entertaining 15-round draw. Alf Harris stopped Wyndham Richards in 4 rounds.

At Bloomsbury—Billy Jackson well outpointed Bobby Lyons in a 12-rounder. Pat Cassidy scored a points victory over Newsboy Kirk in easy fashion.

At Leeds—Danny Veitch outpointed Vic Maudesley in a 12-round contest. Seaman Harvey easily beat Charlie McDonald in 12. Ex-Guardsman Gater scored a points win over Tom Tucker. Jim Learoyd stopped Dave Sykes in the 11th. Eric Jones stopped Johnny McGurn in the 3rd. Johnny King outpointed Stan Jehu in a dozen-rounder.

At Newcastle-on Tyne—Benny Sharkey beat Douglas Parker by a narrow margin in 15 rounds. Jack Morris K. O.ed Len Dickson in the 1st. Billy Watson K. O.ed George Dicko in the 3rd. Jack Wharton outpointed Andy McLaughlin over 10.

At Barnsley—Nel Tarleton, British feathers' champion, easily outpointed Young Josephs. Benny Thackery defeated Johnny Regan on points. Dom Volante K. O.ed Nipper Cooper in thirty seconds. Young Josephs stopped Albert Bartlett in the 4th. Arley Hollingsworth and Bob Watson boxed a 12-round draw.

At Preston—Joe Rostron K. O.ed Billy Delahaye in the 4th. Arthur Evitt outpointed Jimmy Ross. Kid McCabe stopped Freddy Berresford in the 8th.

At Sheffield—Benny Kemp outpointed Nipper Brown in 10 rounds. Darkey Jenkins defeated Tubby Hall in a 12-round bout.

At Birmingham—Tiger Smith stopped Jack Davies in the 3rd. Jerry Delaney beat Jim Savage in the 1st round. Dick Titley stopped Albert Kingdon in the 7th. Tommy Marren outpointed Jack Moody in 15 rounds. Harold Ratchford defeated Bert Taylor by a narrow points margin.

At Nottingham—George (Panther) Purchase, (South Africa), narrowly outpointed Billy Granelli in 12. George Adams got a points decision over Dino Guselli (Italy), in 10.

At Plymouth—Tommy O'Niel easily outpointed Al Clark in a 15 rounder. Dick Burt stopped Jack Delaney in the 13th. Jack Ellis K. O.ed Jack Harris in the 8th.

At Smethwick—Jack Kirby and Charlie Turnock boxed a 12-round draw. Boy Edge K. O.ed Kid Brooks in the first. George Reynolds beat Bill Reader. Archie Woodbine easily outpointed Tommy Kirk. Len Wickwar defeated Johnny Copson by a good margin.

At Hull—Bob Carvill scored an easy points win over Arthur Meurant (Belgium).

SCOTCH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow—Jim Boyle outpointed Bob Reid in a thrilling 10-rounder. Paddy Docherty stopped Bob McTaggart in the 3rd round. Frank Markey easily outpointed Fred Flynn in a 10-round bout. Fred Smith and Billy McGann boxed a sultry 10-round draw. Freddy Hughes defeated Alf Craster on points in 10 rounds.

At Edinburgh—Jim O'Neil boxed a 15-round draw with Terrence Morgan. Charlie Donnely outpointed Dan McGarry over 10 rounds.

At Aberdeen—Fred Tennant repeated a former victory by outpointing Peter Townsley in a 12-rounder.

IRISH BOXING RESULTS

At Belfast—Billy Gilmore, the Irish welter 'king," easily outpointed George Kelly in 10. Alex Tennant and Willie McDermott boxed an exciting 10-round draw. Harry Crossley defeated Tommy Toner. Fred Bebbington outpointed Jackie Quinn, the Irish flyweight champion, in 10 rounds.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Merthyr—Cuthbert Taylor outpointed Johnny Croxon over 15 rounds. Tom Thomas defeated Tommy Price on points. Billy Thomas beat Dixie Cullen on points, the decision did not please everybody. Panther Purchase outpointed Billy Evans in a 15-rounder at Bargoed. Terrence Morgan, the Welsh bantamweight champion, was outpointed in a 12-round contest at Wrexham, by the local boy Jim Crawford. Dick Power, Welsh heavyweight champion, outpointed George Smith in a good 12-rounder.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

IT took Primo Carnera exactly 5 minutes 43 seconds of actual fighting to finish the French heavyweight, Moise Bouquillon, at the Palais des Sports, Paris. It was the first fight Carnera had in Europe since he returned from America. In the second round, shortly after the bell, Carnera sent the French boxer down with a right hander to the ribs for a nine count. On getting to his feet, Moise again was sent down with a wallop to the jaw for a count of eight, then again for seven and eight. When Bouquillon arose he received a couple of hard blows to the head, and some stiff rib punches. The Frenchman was in a bad way and the referee wisely stopped further proceedings.

Carnera had about eighty pounds the best of the weights and many inches in height. One of the supporting bouts between heavyweights Gardebois of France and the Italian Baggiani, after ten rounds of fair battling the judges decided upon Gardebois as the winner.

The Carnera-Bouquillon bout attracted 21,000 paid admissions to the Palais des Sports. It was held on a Monday night. On the Saturday night previous a hockey match between the Canadiens and the all-France attracted 16,000 and on Sunday, a Russian athletic gala attracted 12,000. Making a total of over 40,000 paid admissions in the three successive days, not so bad for poor Jeff Dickson.

The boxing game continues to go over strong in France. One of the recent headline bouts held in Paris at Salle Wagram was between the Spanish champion flyweight M. Arilla and Valentin Angelmann, the young French boxer who gave Frankie Genaro a close shave in a fifteen-round bout in Paris last year. Angelmann and Arilla were matched at catch weights. The French boy received a well deserved decision. He was entitled to seven out of the ten sessions. Angelmann will bear watching in the flyweight division. Ask Frankie Genaro. He knows.

At the above entertainment two really good German boxers showed up, in a featherweight, Riethdorf and a heavyweight, Neusel. Both were up against tough propositions. Riethdorf knocked out Adornis during the third round, and Neusel, after a desperate contest against Rovida, an Italian, for almost five rounds, compelled the later to quit.

Neusel last fall gave Griselle, French heavyweight crack, a very close call in a ten-round bout which was held in Hamburg, Germany. The verdict which went to Griselle was a very close fit. Neusel stands about 6 feet 1 inch and scales around 200 pounds.

The Italian flyweight, Cavagnoli, defeated the French "fly," Murat, in a hard fought ten-round bout in the Paris Salle Wagram. The bout was a hummer from start to finish.

Guy Bonaugure, the Italian-French bantamweight, was defeated in a ten-round bout at the Paris Ring by Biemans of Belgium. The Belgian boy is an exceedingly clever bantam.

Maurice Griselle, heavyweight champion of France, lost to George Cook, who claims the heavyweight championship of Australia when he was disqualified in the 12-round bout for landing a low blow.

Jack Garland, Irish featherweight champion, stopped the French featherweight, Marcel Delobelle, in the second.

Jean Cuat, a French flyweight, although outclassed by the English fighter, Jackie Brown for most of the eleven rounds refused to quit and the referee intervened and ended the bout.

Marcel Thil, French middleweight champion, had no trouble knocking out the German, Frantz Boja in the first round at Salle Wagram, Paris. There were only twelve blows struck in the short time the two were mixing it. Thil delivered ten of same and the German two.

At the same entertainment Young Phillips, the 17-year-old youngster whom Jeff Dickson imported from across the Channel to have developed and coached in France, met a French boxer named Preys, and while he made a fair showing, he has lots to learn. He received a draw.

Welterweights Candel and Besneux were also on at the entertainment and they put up a fine ten-round bout which went to Candel on points.

Alex Sandor of Hungary, and Cloquel of North Africa, lightweights, had a sizzling ten-round bout at the Paris Ring. The decision was called a draw.

The American Negro, Tarante, has made good in France this season.

Nick Bensa, French champion featherweight, defeated Desnoulet on points in a ten-round bout at the Central Sporting Club, Paris. At the same entertainment, Gyde Jeune of France defeated Ottavi Gori of Italy on points over ten rounds.

Maurice Griselle, French heavyweight champion, knocked out the Hollander, Van Vliet, in the fourth.

Pierre Charles, Belgian heavyweight, defeated Gypsy Daniels in a ten-round bout in Brussels. Gypsy had a narrow escape from being knocked out. He was overwhelmingly defeated on a point basis. Desmet was awarded a decision over welterweight Haydn Williams of England.

Marcel Nilles, former French heavyweight champion, is now a professor of boxing at Rio de Janeiro. The last fight of any importance Nilles had in Paris was against Frank Moran some years ago. He defeated Moran quite easily.

Primo Ubaldo, Italian light-heavyweight, defeated by a knockout Alf Noble of England. The end for Noble came in the second round.

Louis Kessler, the former welterweight champion of France and Borbotteux, fought a ten-round no-decision bout at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Locatelli, clever Italian lightweight, defeated Dewancker of France in a bout held at Geneva. Locatelli's services are in great demand. He has had several offers to box in America but the going is pretty good for him in Europe.

Eugene Huat, clever French bantamweight, knocked out the European champion, Popesco in a bout in the Paris Palace before a crowd of 18,000 persons. Popesco was unable to respond to the bell call for the fifth round. In the fourth round Popesco was sent down from some hard punches to the head and body. He was saved by the bell by just two seconds.

Huat is improving with each fight. It is going to take a good one to defeat him from now on. The French lad is anxious to get another crack at Al. Brown.

The supporting bout to the Huat-Popesco contest was a ten-rounder between the much touted South African, Don McCorkindale and Maurice Griselle of France. Griselle was awarded the decision.

The two German fighters, bantamweight Riethdorf and Neusel, had second engagements in Paris at the Huat-Popesco fight night. Riethdorf, who is a rare little fighter, won easily over the tough French boxer, Martinet and Neusel knocked out the Italian heavyweight, Siciliano, within two rounds.

Walter Neusel has taken part in twenty fights and he has yet to be even knocked down. Out of the twenty fights he has won seven by knockouts. One of his opponents last year was Gipsy Daniels whom he beat in Hamburg. Neusel will shortly be used in a headline bout in Paris.

During March at the Palais de Sports a heavyweight tournament will be given which will attract 70 competitors. At the present writing 65 big fellows have entered the competition. The winner and the runner-up in the tournament will be trained for a few months before being sent out to meet headliners.

Maurice Holtzer defeated Paul Looten, challenger for the French featherweight title in a ten-round contest at the Paris Ring. Holtzer was the winner by considerable of a margin. A couple of heavyweight fights rounded out the card. In one of the bouts Colonello defeated Rolleri on points and the Italian Teramini was awarded the decision over Cantel.

Jeff Dickson ran off the annual stable lads boxing tournament which in former years was handled by the National Sporting Club of London. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, presented the prizes. The following night Dickson promoted the International Police Boxing championships. Both features were held in the Royal Albert Hall, London and drew capacity attendances.

Boxing in Germany has revived with a bang since the announcement by Max Schmeling that he will defend his title against Jack Sharkey next June for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund. All of which proves that it only requires a good, live-wire heavyweight to keep the pot boiling in boxing. If the heavyweight king is active, all other classes become active.

Berlin is a haven for Germany's greatest boxers. Hamburg, which was the best boxing center last year, has had practically nothing so far this year and the fight fans are beginning to wonder what has happened.

Erick Tobeck, the Breslau boxer, who recently won from an American Negro, Jack Beasley, is another pretty good fighter. One of Germany's most savage fighters is Seifreid, who recently stopped a lad named Weiser. Two light-heavyweights, Eggert and Vogel, have shown considerable improvement in Germany. They recently fought a draw.

Amateur boxing is going over with a bang in Germany. It is the biggest developer of pro talent. Almost every champion amateur has made good in the pro ranks here.

Here's a tip—within another year, Germany will have at least two other champions, should Herr Schmeling retain his crown. The Germans are going into the sportlight like a house afire. There is no stopping them. The Germans will soon take the place of the English and the Americans as leaders in things pugilistic.

With Schmeling, Hein Muller, Adolf Heuser, Walter Neusel a fine heavyweight, and a good featherweight, Riethdorf, are occupying the limelight in Germany.

CHINA NEWS

By JOHN J. DAVIS

MARINE WESTON, of England, koed Jimmy Mack, U. S. M. C., in the second round of a six-round bout. This was Mack's first fight, and he looked well for a novice.

Young Uaga, 130 lbs., from Italy, fought a draw with Max Brilka, 135 lbs., from Germany in six rounds.

Young Prothos, 130 lbs., from France, fought hard to get a decision over Young Spettique, 130 lbs., from England.

Sam Curtiss, England, fought a draw with Wop Standell, U. S. M. C. This was a great fight for six rounds.

Cunas Paul, 130 lbs., French heavy champ, lost a decision to Fred Zavelitch, 130 lbs., U. S. M. C.

K. O. Palmonella, from Italy, lost to Kid Andrew, of Russia, when he failed to come out for the fourth round. Both boys used rough tactics continually.

Jack Bigbie, England, won over Kid Jennings in ten rounds. Seaman Elkey, British All Navy Champion, drew with Bebe Russ, of Russia, in ten rounds.

Jimmy Brant, crack middleweight, who had been fighting in the Philippines for the past four years, losing only one decision in that time, is now a resident of Shanghai.

BOXING RESULTS IN PANAMA CITY

By ANTHONY CHARLES

AT the Bull Ring, Panama City, Panama, Eddie Frisco of New York, took the decision over Young Joe Walcott in twelve rounds. Kid Juancito defeated David Duran by a narrow margin in eight. Phil Tobias of New York lost a hard fought battle to Len Leonard of Colon in six thrilling rounds. The worst Tobias should have had was a draw. Young Lombardo and Battling Urena battled four rounds to a draw.

At the National Gymnasium, Panama City, Kid Slammer, featherweight champion of the Isthmus, easily defeated Enrique Mendoza, of Panama, in ten rounds. Kid Juancito, "The Colon Flash," defeated Speedy Mendoza in six rounds. San Blas Baby outpointed Young Benny Bass in four fast rounds. Young Hererra defeated Charlie Romero in four rounds. K. O. Rivera defeated K. O. Lucero four rounds. Battling Nelson defeated Baby Slammer four rounds.

At the National Gymnasium, Panama City, Phil Tobias, 117, of New York, won by a T. K. O. over Len Leonard, 120, of Colon in the seventh round. Baby San Blas defeated Tonin Troncoso in six sensational rounds. Kid Charol II, of Ecuador and brother of Kid Lombardo defeated Battling Urena in four rounds. Kid Triana defeated David Lombardo four rounds. Young Alfaro defeated Young McGovern in four heats.

Johnny Casper, welterweight of Boston, has arrived here for bouts. Davey Abad, of Panama, one of the leading junior-lightweights in the world, also is here. Rafael "Kid" Hurtado, bantamweight champion of the Isthmus returned from Spain a full fledged featherweight. Luis Ramos, Colon featherweight is here from California.

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

ENTERING the ring with a slightly damaged left eye, Ernie Caesar, of South Philadelphia, was the victim of a technical knockout in his bout with Tony Morgano in the third round of their bout at the Broadway. Caesar sustained his eye injury in a previous bout with Jack Portney. Morgano handled by Max Hoff, was making his first start since Thanksgiving.

Bobby Dechter, who has been doing most of his battling in New York and the west, returned here and defeated Joey Pierce in a six rounder at the Broadway.

Henry Taylor made his debut in professional ranks by scoring a knockout over Bert Keolo, when the latter's seconds threw a towel in the ring during one of the preliminaries at the Broadway club.

Davey Siddons, of Philly, was awarded a six-round decision over Joe Terry, also of the Quaker City, in the six round semi-windup at Paulsboro. On the same bill, Johnny Rossi, of Atlantic City, gained an eight-round verdict over Joe Duca, of Paulsboro.

Making his first start in a Philadelphia ring, Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh colored featherweight, lost a close decision to Jimmy Mack, of Kensington, in the windup at the Cambria.

For the second time in the new year, Matty White, of Kensington, demonstrated his superiority over Johnny Canzoneri, of Allentown, by winning an eight round semi-final at the Cambria club.

"Izzy" Miller, of South Philadelphia, repeated his previous victory over Yonder McLaughlin, of Kensington, in six rounds; Ted Borman of Camden, gained a technical knockout over Ray Victor, of South Phillie, in the fifth round and Mark Gladulich, of Nativity C. C. outpointed Tony De Marco, St. Anne's, in six rounds on a Cambria card.

Close to 8000 persons saw Jim Londos defeat George Kotsonaros for the second time in several weeks at the Arena. Londos pinned his Greek opponent down in 37 minutes, 51 seconds, with a series of body slams.

Ray Jeffries, former amateur star in the Phillie district, has been on the sidelines with a swollen leg.

Phillie fans learned with interest that Billy Wallace is staging a real comeback in Cleveland. The lightweight who boxed under Phil Glassman for a long time, recently knocked out Frank Bojorski and Eddie (Kid) Wolfe.

Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight champion, swung back into action at the Arena by beating Lew Massey, of South Philadelphia in ten rounds. The windup failed to do the business expected and not more than 4000 were in the Arena when Tony tatooed Massey with jabs and hooks.

Young Johnny Ketchell, of Chester, put over a surprise victory when he gained the ten-round decision over Jimmy Smith, of Kensington. The "wise boys" had picked Smith to hammer out a verdict. The winner was promised a shot at Vince Dundee or Jackie Fields. Ketchell weighed 151 pounds and spotted Smith three and a half pounds.

Johnny Lucas, of Camden, made his Arena debut by going down under a left to the jaw from Joey Costa, of New York, in the second round. As he arose to take a count of nine while on one knee, referee Bryan Hayes disqualified Lucas for going down without being hit.

Nick Venore's crushing left stopped Bert Tubbs, an Englishman, in the third round at the Arena.

Solly Blair, of Millville, N. J., won the referee's eight-round decision over Tibby Boyd, of Atlantic City, in the windup at the shore. On the same bill Joe Foggelletti and Billy Williams, both of Phillie, defeated Baby Face Cramer, Millville, and Billy Pridgeon, Atlantic City, respectively.

Eddie Cool, Tacony's rising young lightweight, gained his second straight victory over Buster Brown, of Baltimore, at the Cambria. Their first meeting was at the Arena.

Benny Schwartz, of South Philadelphia, clouted his way to an eight-round decision over Tommy Conway, of Olney, at the Cambria.

Johnny Craven, of Conshohocken, scored a technical knockout over Al Monahan, veteran Kensington lad in the first round. Referee Tommy Reilly, who officiated in the Dempsey-Tunney battle at the Sesqui Stadium ring, halted the bout to save Monahan.

Harold Kutzer, Port Richmond lad, suffered his first defeat since turning professional, when Milt Jacobs, of Strawberry Mansion, gained the six round "nod" over him at the Cambria.

The veteran Billy Angelo, of Leiperville, knocked out Connie Joseino, of New York, in the sixth round at the Wilmington auditorium. Angelo weighed 158½ pounds, and his opponent 153¼.

For the sixth straight year amateur boxers of Canada defeated Philadelphia boys in the international bouts at the Penn Athletic Club.

Eddie Revoire, a ranking middleweight in Phillie fifteen years ago, is now a crane operator in New York. Revoire fought all the best boys in his class.

Aided by a knockdown in the last round, Nick Venore, hard-hitting South Philadelphia Italian, was awarded the eight-round decision over Gene Buffalo, of West Philadelphia at the Broadway A. C. Venore also held Jimmy Smith and Young Ketchel to recent draws. These showings helped Nick's stock.

Mickey Grandinetti, Middle Atlantic A. A. U. lightweight champion, was honored by his clubmates at the Germantown Boys Club, when he was awarded the President's Cup, a perpetual trophy presented each year to the boy accomplishing the most for the club in athletics.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
BY WILLIAM PIKOR

JULES D. BECK, one of the foremost matchmakers in the country, encountered stiff opposition when "Apples" Meyers returned to the Moose Temple Auditorium and Eddie Kapphan opened a club. In addition, Jim McGirr keeps up his shows at McKeesport. All four clubs operate weekly. Beck gives his patrons plenty of action at Motor Square Garden—the largest indoor arena in Pittsburgh.

Battling Gizzy, "The Donora Windmill," won his last fifty-four bouts. He is a real menace in the lightweight division. The battler earned distinction as a title contender through victories over Sammy Dorfman, Roger Bernard and Cowboy Eddie Anderson.

District Dope—Jimmy Belmont, the Braddock slugger, recovered whatever prestige he lost in the Teddy Yarosz encounter. Belmont captured a 10-round triumph at Motor Square Garden over Sylvan Bass of Baltimore—There are two local fighters using the same ring name, Jackie Wilson, middleweight and Jackie Wilson, Negro bantam. The middleweight boxed Enzo Fiermonte on the Schaaf-Ruggirello card in Madison Square Garden recently—Bill Dummer was appointed matchmaker for the new Eddie Kapphan arena. Dummer officiated in a similar capacity last summer at Hickey Park Arena in Millvale—Wee Willie Davies came through with brilliant wins over Bobby Leitham and Jimmy (Kid) Smith—I. D. "Apples" Meyers secured Paul Pirrone and Indian Tiger West, middleweights, for his re-opening show at the Moose Club—These boys fought to a slam-bang draw in a main event at Meyers Bowl last summer—Teddy Yarosz remains undefeated in fifty professional bouts—Battling Gizzy is a possessor of the unorthodox style of boxing. He resembles the late Harry Greb in this respect—The latest find hereabouts is Jerry Hart, a 20-year-old heavyweight.

Natie Brown, Philadelphia 182-pounder, outboxed and outclouted "One Punch" Tony Galento in a 10-round bout at Motor Square Garden. Galento was made to order for Natie's style.

For his inaugural show, Eddie Kapphan had Billy Jones and George Pavlick in the main event—Tiger Joe Randall conquered Joey Raymond of Baltimore in the semi-final eight-rounder to Belmont and Bass—Jimmy Dunn sends newspaper clippings from Cleveland which indicates that Ross Fields scored four kayos in one week. K. O. Scott, Joey Dragon, Joey Ross and Pete Mazzeo were the victims—A few of the better-known performers Jules D. Beck brought to the Pittsburgh district are Battling Battalino, King Levinsky, Jack Kid Berg, Vince Dundee, Jackie Fields, Ben Jeby, Tuffy Griffiths, Maxey Rosenbloom, Midget Wolgast, Tony Herrera, Johnny Jadick and Sammy Dorfman.

Billy Jones, colored Philadelphia light-heavyweight, handed George Pavlick, of Johnstown, a neat shellacking at the Kapphan arena in 10 rounds.

Mitt Mumbles—Guy Salerno made a big hit in a Moose Temple headliner when he battered the sensational Joe Walters to get a technical knockout victory in the sixth round. Jack Perry, former local welterweight star is handling Salerno, who, incidentally hails from Los Angeles, California—Jimmy Belmont lost to Teddy Yarosz on Christmas Day but had fun anyway. He purchased a new car—Billy Jones, the light-heavyweight star, is a Pittsburgh boxer but he made his mark in pugilism at Philadelphia—Joey Raymond who fought Tiger Randall here is a nephew to the Dundee brothers, Joe and Vince—Butch Kestner has Indian Tiger West.

Tommy Paul, featherweight, beat Joey Thomas, of Chicago, in a 10-round main attraction at Eddie Kapphan's arena.

Prospective bouts for Motor Square: Teddy Yarosz vs. Franta Nekolny; Battling Gizzy vs. Ray Miller; Tommy Paul vs. Mose Butch; Tiger Joe Randall vs. Tommy Freeman; Tony Marino vs. Babe Triscaro; Mose Butch vs. Al Brown; Jimmy Thomas vs. Pete Sanstol; Ben Jeby vs. Tiger Joe West; Teddy Yarosz vs. Eddie Ran; King Tut vs. Jimmy Belmont; Battling Gizzy vs. Battling Battalino; Mose Butch vs. Vidal Gregario; Tony Herrara vs. Battling Gizzy; Johnny Jadick vs. Eddie Anderson; and Bruno Sala vs. Adoph Heuser.

Willie Davies, Charleroi, Pa., bantamweight, who is again mowing down opponents, has been offered a bout with Emile Pladner, ex-flyweight champion of Europe, who is now in New York. George Engel, former manager of ex-world champion Frank Klaus, has made Jim Buchanan, manager of Davies, an offer to go to Paris for a bout with Eugene Huat who is back there at present and is a big card there. Davies has beaten Huat in this country and has also beaten Ernie Jarvis, former European champion and Frankie Genaro.

Hooks and Jabs—Jules Beck is arranging several good cards at Motor Square . . . Freddie Lattanzio, Eastern flyweight, handled by Joe J. Swartz, wants to break into this territory . . . Lattanzio boasts victories over Antol Kocsis, Bud Walley, Augie Ruggiere, Georgie Keen, Walter Hill and draws with Pete De Grasse, Peter Jackson and Harry Liebowitz . . . Freddie hails from Yonkers, N. Y.—Mose Butch, star southpaw, canceled his bout with the tough Lew Farber due to an attack of influenza . . . Jimmy Belmont passed up a date to box King Tut at Motor Square Garden because he was having too much fun with his new car . . . Jack London received an offer for Mose Butch from Natie Lewis to box at the Chicago Stadium.

Reed Brown, one-time local bantamweight star, appears to have a real prospect in Tony Marino, Duquesne and McKeesport bantamweight. Marino's record is one that assures a brilliant future. He has been boxing a little more than three years and in that time, Tony has engaged in 80 amateur encounters. While in the simon-pure ranks, Marino mingled with the best of the local 118-pounders. He boxed Mose Butch, Sammy Paris and Jackie Wilson three times apiece and faced Johnny Warner five times, winning his share of the bouts. He is undefeated at this writing. His victims include Franklyn Young, Tony Shea, Frisco Grande, Young Ketchel, Mickey Farr, Johnny Edwards, Cleo McNeil, Georgie Tomosky and Marty Gold. Tony is a big favorite in McKeesport.

Natie Brown, the Philadelphia heavyweight under McCarney and Jacobs, staged a masterful exhibition in lacing the corrulent Tony Galento. Brown tore in savagely at Galento's tummy. He ducked, led, weaved and otherwise abused the "Fat Boy From New Jersey."—Tom Biglin, of Akron, Ohio, has Buddy Scrutch, lanky 131-pound colored boy who seeks action with the best in the country. Tom claims Buddy won the colored lightweight crown of Ohio at the age of 16. He was forced to layoff due to his early age. He is now 19 years old and is roaring to go.—Notice to Tiger Jack Thomas, 154-158 lbs.: A friend of yours, Henry Dietz, 1204 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky., wants to hear from you.—Howard Mayberry, former bantam star who fought Frankie Genaro and all the other stars, is now a manager.

For information in regards to boxing in this vicinity kindly get in touch with the writer, Bill Pikor, Donora, Pennsylvania, and enclose stamp for prompt reply.

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WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

THE Armory A. C. staged its initial show for 1932 with Harold Mays, Newark heavy, pounding out a decision over Frankie Cawley, Pittston. Cawley took the bout on a few days' notice after Walter Cobb, Baltimore gladiator was forced to cancel his engagement here, due to boils. In the semi-final Wildcat O'Connor, promising Carbondale lightweight, scored a two-round kayo over the veteran, Joey Hatfield, Philadelphia.

Tommy Britton, Pringle feather, lost to Johnny Attardo, Pittston, 4; Adam Gayeski, Glen Lyon featherweight, won over Joey Piazza, Luzerne, 4, and Tommy Logan outslugged Mickey Greb, Hillsdale lightweight, in 6.

According to reports from New York, Joe Kaminski, Nanticoke middleweight, now located in the metropolis, is fighting in top form.

Kaminski is anxious to secure a match here in order to give the local fans an opportunity to witness him in action.

Staging a great comeback in the last four rounds, Pete Suskey, Scranton's leading middleweight, earned a draw with Young Ketchel, Chester, Pa.

Tony Rock, Mayfield welter, continued his winning streak by putting the haymaker on Andy Sackowitz in three rounds. Rock has been displaying wonderful form and will soon be back among the leaders.

The Sacred Heart Athletic Club of Luzerne, popular amateur club of the west side, staged its opening show, and judging by the interest shown, amateur boxing is in for a big year.

There has been some talk of the local post of the American Legion entering the amateur field.

Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale kayo artist, added another victim to his long list by trouncing Tony Liberto, rugged York lightweight, in the main ten-round feature at Scranton Town Hall.

The new Arena A. C. under the promotion of Jimmy Henehan, who will also act as matchmaker, opened during the month with a capacity crowd. Shortly before the first preliminary got under way, the arena was taxed to its capacity. Matchmaker Henehan, true to his promise, staged an all-star bill of local and out-of-town boys who filled every minute with action. In the main go of six rounds, Tony Stetz, local welterweight star, won over Johnny Kelly, also of Wilkes-Barre.

In the preliminaries Wiener Wilch, German middleweight, won over Dorey Shimar, Williamsport in 6; Joe Mellet, Newtown, drew with Young Nealon, Scranton lightweight, 6; Tommy Logan, Vermont lightweight, won by a technical kayo from Frankie Erne, Williamsport. In the opener, Billy Swilp, Warrior Run heavyweight, kayoed Harry Albert, Scranton, in 3 rounds.

In the opening wrestling show at the Armory A. C., Dick Shikat, former champion, threw Don DeLonge, Arizona, in 26 minutes in the feature bout. In the other wrestling bouts George Konsonaros, Colorado, threw Benny Ginsburg, Chicago, 27.30. George Hagen, New York, drew with Nazzarin Pogi, Italy, 30.00. Vanka Zelesniak, Russia, threw Dick Stahl, Germany, 16.42.

NOTES FROM ERIE
By LEW KROHN

THE Keystone A. C. resumed promoting boxing shows last month, and had the misfortune of putting in a substitute for Sammy Dorfman of New York City, who hurt his hand in a bout with Eddie Cool at Philadelphia. The original match, Maxie Strub, against Sammy Dorfman, would have been a sell-out; but Don McLeod of Detroit, Michigan, who substituted for Dorfman, was not so well known, and therefore only a small house turned out.

Francis "Red" Duffy has opened a new gymnasium on West Fifth Street right in the heart of the city, only a stone's throw from the Ford Hotel, and most of Erie's boxers are training at this well-equipped gymnasium. Duke Denning has closed up his gym and all of his boys are now training at Duffy's.

Harry Devine of Worcester, Mass., returned to Erie and was the first to defeat Frankie Bojorski in an Erie ring. Two weeks later a return match brought out a big turn-out, and Bojorski was the winner by a close margin.

The Keystone A. C. with the writer as promoter and matchmaker, now shows at the Public Auditorium instead of the Arena. Both the Auditorium A. C. with Lou Norman as promoter, and the Keystone A. C. use the Auditorium exclusively.

Frankie Bojorski, although winning a bout from Santiago Zorilla, got a bad ear and was compelled to cancel his tilt with Benny Bass at the Motor Square Garden in Pittsburgh.

Maxie Strub recently took on Ray Miller at Detroit, Michigan, after an absence of eight months from the ring. He put up a great battle, but lost the decision. The Erie string-bean would like to meet any of the top-notchers in the lightweight division.

Leo Mozdy returned to the roped ring after an absence of two years. He defeated Mickey Farr, a brother of the well-known Johnny, in his first bout, and was immediately matched with Matty Mathewson of Buffalo. Leo quit at a time when it appeared that he was going to the top of the fly-weight class. But his handlers believe he will resume right where he left off.

Jimmy Dean, now under the management of Jack Barry, has shown to great advantage. He fought Steve Halaiko of Auburn, N. Y., in a main bout on February 19th. Since Dean was K. O.'d by Frankie Bojorski last summer, he has lost but one bout, that to Danny Delmont of Chicago. Dean always wins when in a semi-final bout, but does not seem to get over when he is in the main bout.

The writer has not been sending any notes to THE RING for about six months, owing to the fact that he had a position that required a lot of his time, but in the future hopes to have notes from Erie every month.

Young Rudy of Charleroi, Pa., is a great crowd pleaser. His last two bouts in Erie were all that could be desired. He fought a draw with Eddie Latko of Cleveland, and more recently defeated Roger Shea, also of Cleveland, in a great bout. Rudy would like to meet some of the top-notch welterweights.

Pete Herman, a great Italian featherweight of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to make Erie his home, and more than likely will be matched up by the time this is read. Pete has defeated such well-known fighters as Jose Diaz and Tony Pellegrino, and a host of others, and should be fighting main go's in Erie soon.

NEWS FROM HUDSON, N. J. COUNTY
By BABE ORLANDO

HUDSON County boys that are making rapid strikes in local rings are: Don Rizzo, 147; Paul Nieman, 143; Sammy Rello, 145; Jimmy Wilson, 147; Bobby McGuire, 148; Johnny Benzonne, 185; Benny Reggo, 130; Freddie Grasso, 128; Al Kennedy, 130; and Lou Pallarino, 120 pounds. All of the above are comers and bear watching.

Results of the amateur show ran by the K. of C. follows:

112 lb. class—Tommy Berke defeated Johnny Deprosino.

118 lb. class—Izzy Allison kayoed by Roland Ferguson.

126 lb. class—Billy Deheny lost by T. K. O. to Sedwick Harvey.

135 lb. class—Al Lewis stopped Pete Minogue.

In the two special bouts, Emanuel Rosa decisoned Jimmy Maresca at 112 lbs. and Lee Kowalyck lost in the final to Al Trivissoni at 118 lbs.

Frankie Carlton outpointed Jerry Emard in 10 rounds at Holyoke.

"Kayo" Morgan stopped Joe Lawson in four heats at the Oakland then hopped over to Stamford, Conn., where he outpointed Augie Ruggiere in a ten-rounder.

Results of other fights hereabouts were as follows:

Joie Ferrando beat Herman Follins in 10; Nickey Williams beat Mickey Thomas in 8; Benny Reggo K. O.'ed Marty Marino in 2; Sammy Russo drew with Morrie Roth in 4; Kid Duco K. O.'ed Young Coco in 1; and Joie Tagg did likewise to Tony Cal in 2.

Johnny Toye and Mike Sarko drew in 10; Carmen Roman drew with Johnny Rompey in 8; Joie Tagg beat Kid Duco in 4; Adam Ramskey K. O.'ed Steve Cheloc in 2; and Lew Murray did the same to Nick Natalie in 1.

Johnny Brennan beat Allie Tedesco in 8; Kayo Morgan stopped Joe Lawson in 4; Billy Gerber stopped Jimmy Jones in 1; Phil Lombardi beat Jimmy Lombardi in 4; Morris Fagnano drew with Johnny Buff in 4; and Joe Simonetti beat Micky Troy in a 6.

Pat Creedon won by a T. K. O. over Billy White in 6; Lew Lombardi beat Jerry White in 8; Benny Reggo beat Danny Okeefe in 4; Johnny Curtin beat Larry Norcia in a 4, and Joie Tagg beat Al Kenny in another 4.

After being on the side lines for over two months, Paulie Nieman will return to the wars against the tough Ray Napolitano in a six-rounder at the 106th Armory in Brooklyn on February 19th.

Harry Carlton scored a T. K. O. over Solly Ritz in the fourth round of a 10-round star bout at the Oakland. Young Paulino beat Billy Gerber in four rounds; Clyde Markey K. O.'ed Stanley Kaza in one round; George Hoffman finished Billy Rapp in 2; Young Farley beat Frankie Albano in a 6; and Silent McBride stopped Sammy Maxim in 2 rounds.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

JOE SMALLWOOD, who has been going like a house on fire since joining the Ralph Faris stable, is clamoring for a crack at Young Ketchell or Billy Angelo. Joe has asked Ralph not to pick any of his opponents. Recently he signed six contracts with Jimmy Toppi, promoter of the Broadway club in Philly, leaving the opponents open for the promoter to select. Tommy Murphy surprised Young Ketchell by winning in classy style after taking the fight at the last minute. Ray Romney and Billy Ritchie drew. Young Goldie pinch hitted for Johnny Roach and stopped Georgie Mullins in the second. Ralph Tribiani drew with Freddie Marino, a beginner, in the second bout and Martin Lachwar halted Al Williams in two rounds of the opener.

Billy Angelo stopped Connie Josenio of New York, in the sixth after taking a lot of abuse. Josenio substituted for Matt Rice, who was substituting for Paulie Walker. These substitutions are doing a lot toward hurting the game in Delaware.

Joe Smallwood, who hasn't lost a fight in the past eighteen months, continued his climb when he gave Earl Dunlap an artistic lacing for six rounds. Duke Devise won over Frankie Wells in the third number. Jimmy McGoldrick, making his first professional appearance, easily defeated Benny Roberts and Joe O'Neal stopped Henry Kress.

Tommy Rios won popularity when he won over Tommy Kid Murphy in a well fought battle. Billy Richie was lucky to get a technical knockout over Charley Purri when he hammered on Purri's eye in the clinches until Joe Denny was forced to halt the fray. Purri had Ritchie in a bad way in the opening round when he floored him for the count of four. A near riot was caused by the poor decision handed out in the main prelim between Frankie Wells and Bob Gadsby. For some unknown reason they gave the fight to Gadsby after Frankie had hammered him from pillar to post. Billy Hansen took a severe lacing at the hands of Freddie Marino, and Young Thompson stopped Jack Francis in the third round of the opener.

Joe Smallwood, fighting the first of his six fights for Jimmy Toppi, stiffened Johnny Meehan in two rounds with a terrific right hand smash to the jaw.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ALTHOUGH the Bat Battalino-Freddie Miller "fiasco" at Music Hall in Cincinnati featured the month's activity in the boxing game, the Milford American Legion Club came through with two of the best fights of the month. Jack Stanley, junior welter, defeated his foremost rival, Frankie Meiners, in one eight-round bout, while Teddy Graham, the New Richmond colored heavyweight, trounced Johnny Mack, roly poly Cincinnati Italian, in the other headliner. Over in Covington, Ky., Young Hebe announced his real challenge for the world's flyweight crown when he slapped Jimmy Buckerl, Louisville bantam out of the photo in five rounds.

Speaking of the Bat-Freddie shindy, it was one of the worst matches we have ever seen any one try to stage. Battalino showed enough last summer in trouncing the Cincinnatian, that the latter was not even a good match for the ex-featherweight boss, yet Pete Reilly moved the match into Cincinnati in hopes of "cashing in" on the Bat's final throw with the 126-lb. championship. From the start things were looking "queer" and this helped a great deal in keeping the receipts down to around the five "G" mark. Their previous tussle at the ball park went around $31,000. What a contrast to the Hall go!

All tickets were refunded by Jimmy Shevlin, promoter of the fight, and when all was clear, the results showed that Shevlin was taken to the "cleaners" for about $250 more in refund than the sale. Miller whipped Joe Ghnouly in St. Louis two weeks later.

In the preliminary bouts to the Battalino-Miller affair, Maxie Koshover, Cincinnati, knocked out K. O. Crawford of Peru, Ill., in four rounds and Teddy Graham, New Richmond Negro heavyweight, knocked Speedy Webb of Indianapolis kicking in 42 seconds of the first round. Hawk Carter, Madison, Ind., was stopped by Ray Tucker of Covington, Ky., in the third round, in which both boys hit the floor a half dozen times. Lee Norton beat Joe Lapell in 4 and Jess Calhoun won from Homer Norton in a four. Willie Purcell of Cincinnati was the referee in the prelims.

Young Ace Hebe, Cincinnati flyweight and recognized champion of southern Ohio, knocked out Jimmy Buckler of Louisville, Ky., in the fifth round at the Blue Grass Club in Covington, Ky., in one of Joe Anderson's headline matches. Buckler was dishing out a terrific lacing to Hebe up to the sleep producer and the result was a sort of a surprise to all. This Hebe is a corking good boy and he is far underated in all of the world systems. Right now he is ripe for any of the leaders in his division and, with proper handling, might win the world's title in a few years. In the supporting bouts, Phil Scrogham knocked out Ray Tucker in four rounds. Dick Clark beat Howard Mitchell in 6; Jess Freeman shaded Pete Bat Leno in 6; Young Helms beat Art Worley; Dick Nyland bested Art Federle and George Hughes beat Richard McQuillan in the three-round bouts. Buddy Okrent was the referee.

Dayton, O.—Joe Sekyra, Dayton, outpointed Coleman Johns, Dayton, in ten rounds. Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill., and Manuel Castro, Mexico City, fought a "no contest" bout. These bouts were staged at the Memorial Hall in the Gem City. Max Yinger was the promoter and a large crowd was in attendance.

In the two best shows which were staged at the Milford American Legion Arena, Ted Graham beat Johnny Mack and Jack Stanley won over Frankie Meiners. Both bouts were hard-fought affairs and drew the largest crowds of the indoor season. The preliminary results follow: Violet Bezenah and Artie Federle; girl boxers: fought to a draw in 4; Jackie Raymond and Stonewall Jackson, drew in 6; Red Harding beat Bat Leno in 4; Charley Court won from Eddy Fitzsimmons in 4; Cowboy Guery beat Cricket Ellig in 3; Stanley Prewitt beat Jim Finley in 3; Red Harding beat Bat Leno in 6; Young Tiger Flowers trounced Wildcat Carter in 4; Cowboy Guery beat Joe Kizer and Young Palmo beat Kid Skeeters in 3, with Buzz Martin winning over Art Poland in 3.

Southern Ohio ratings in the different divisions, according to the writer, are as follows: Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; Light-Heavyweight—Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; Middleweight—Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati; Welterweight—Dick Clark, Cincinnati; Jr. Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Milford; Lightweight—Maxie Koshover, Cincinnati; Jr. Lightweight—Mutt Schwarz, Newark; Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight—Cliff McWhirter, Cincinnati; Flyweight—Young Ace Hebe, Cincinnati. Prospects—Frankie Zinn, 122; Lee Cox, 138; Art Schultz, 130; Young Helms, 130.

Dayton, O.—Dick Clark, Cincinnati, outpointed Pete Petroskey, Muskegon, Mich., in 10; Tony Petruzzi won over Jimmie Kelly in 10; Mike Kelly knocked out Claude Waldron in 3; Tony Usas beat Dick Leis; Bat Leno and Tony Held, draw in 4. The following week, Clark came back and handed Dick Joyce of Newcastle, Pa., a real lacing in eight rounds. Kid Whitey beat Steve Jonda in 8; Jaggers McClance shaded Young Bundy in 6; Tony Usas and Dick Leis, draw in 4, while Bat Leno knocked out Honey Melody in one round. Jim Dowling was the promoter and the bouts were held at the Eagles Arena in the Gem City.

Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati's Italian middleweight, made two starts in Louisville, Ky., in successive weekly shows and was returned victorious in both bouts. He handed Young Eiler of Louisville, Ky., a thorough trouncing in the first start and then gave Hughie Gray of Evansville, Ind., a boxing lesson the following week. Palmo is now fighting in the 165-pound class and is going like a whirlwind.

In another one of matchmaker Blythe Jones's all-star inter-city matches, Red Harding, the tough Newport, Ky., featherweight, received a great surprise in the form of a one-round knockout by Jack Hoster of Columbus, O. Harding went out like a light and was out fully five minutes. In the semi-final, Lee Cox, after taking a nine count in the first round of his bout with Johnny Ballerino, came back and handed the latter a real lacing in the remaining five rounds to win the decision. James Brown won from Carl Tunrer in 6; Simon Nebloski beat Billy Dugan in 4; Mickey Glass shaded Eddy Fitzsimmons in 4; Joe Kizer defeated Johnny Brinker in three and Russ McCollough was even with Frankie Detlaff in three sessions. Ballerino, Turner and Hoster hail from Columbus, O. A pretty fair crowd was in attendance.

The O. N. G. Armory is getting some bad breaks in an attempt to get going again at the popular west side arena. The 147 Infantry Club appointed Tex Blankenship as its matchmaker and when the show scheduled between Franky Palmo and Charley Arthurs was postponed no less than three times, the Army Club tossed in the sponge with a slight deficit without running one show.

Over in Muncie, Indiana, Danny Davis's two battlers, James Brown, a Negro middleweight and Danny O'Keefe, a lightweight, were returned winners in their bouts via the knockout route. Brown knocked out Tony Lombardo of Toledo in one round and O'Keefe did likewise to Jackie Reynolds in three rounds. Muncie promoters are after both of these boys' services, but Davis is too busy with Cincinnati offers to consider out of city showings with the two. O'Keefe is one of the greatest lightweights developed in Cincinnati since the halycon days of Knockout Mars and much is expected of him in the next year. He is a comer.

If Cincinnati hopes to keep Jack Stanley, sensational western junior welterweight, busy during the coming outdoor season, promoters here will have to reach out and bring in the best of the 140-pounders for the clever Stanley. Jack won a three-round technical knockout over the veteran Charlie Court at the Milford club on February 8. Court fractured his left arm and was unable to continue the fight. Lou Bauman of Cincinnati, who is the official referee of the suburban Legion Club, announced that Court was willing to continue but Dr. Christopher of the boxing commission would not allow Court to go on. In the semi-final, James Brown stopped Chink George in two rounds after George had gone down for the eighth time. Young Tiger Flowers beat Bearcat Smith in 6. Smith and George are from Chillicothe, Ohio. Red Federle knocked out Jack Sparks in 3; Cowboy Guery drew with Buzz Martin and Stanley Prewitt outpointed Prince Taylor in three-round bouts.

Watch these two—Lee Cox, a lightweight, and Art Worley, a 126-pounder. Both are coming along fast and I predict a bright future for both of them. Cox has won 36, draw 2 and lost 2 in forty starts; is 19 years of age, while Worley has only dropped two decisions in 11 starts and is only 16. The latter is a southpaw and a terrific puncher. Cox is a clever boxer.

Information in this locality can be had by addressing the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Self-stamped envelope will get a quick reply. Two good fighters of any weights, without any managerial string attached, who would like to work in this section under reliable management, should get in touch with me. Send record and photo when writing, as only good boys with good records will be answered.

Newark, O.—Mutt Schwarz, Newark junior lightweight, won undisputed recognition of the Southern Ohio title here when he won a decisive victory over Babe Auskins of Mount Vernon in ten rounds. Bob Roberts, Mount Vernon lightweight, knocked out Kid Sanderson, Newark in the fifth round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Will Gray, former Middletown, O., promoter and manager, has taken over the reins of the Lebanon, O., boxing club and is running the match-making job with every other week bouts. In the opening show, Gray staged a bout between Jimmy Gordon of Middletown and Al Proctor of Meadowlawn, with Proctor winning on a knockout in the fifth round. Several other good bouts were staged.

Loveland, O.—Al Proctor, Middletown, O., won a six-round decision over Rocky Dolan, Dayton, O., in the main event. It was the fourth straight win for the Middletown veteran, who is making a strong comeback after a three-year layoff. Kirk Whited, Mason, O., held Jack Stallsmith, of Middletown, O., to a draw in the four-round semi-final.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . the comeback trail . . . Freddy Murphy, Vic Ross, Jimmy Cox, and Georgie Annarino . . . H. B. "Red" Ferguson of Louisville one of the most popular managers in the ring game today . . . has three good mittmen in Jimmy Buckler, a bantam, and Bill Grigsby and Hughie Gray, middleweights. . . . Tate Langford is his trainer and doing a good job of it. . . . Red figures to cop two titles with his boys in a few more years and if fighters want a reliable manager in Louisville get in touch with him on Lucia Avenue in that Kentucky city . . . he'll give every young fighter a break. . . .

Lou Smith of the *Enquirer* disagrees with Nat Fleischer, the head man of THE RING. . . . Lou says Dempsey floored Tunney in the Chicago bout for the "14 count" with a series of lefts and right, no less than eight in number, while Nat writes in that great reading book of Tunney's life that Gene went down under two blows by the Manassa Mauler . . . here is a great book . . . The Enigma of the Ring . . . only a solo buck . . . report reaches the scribe that Memorial Hall in Cincinnati will stage a couple of boxing shows before the indoor season is complete . . . a good spot for a live wire . . . no other need apply . . . did you know? . . . that Jake Frong is a cousin of Abe Menachoff, Cinci featherweight boxer . . . Frong is sport editor of a Dayton newspaper and a good one . . . that Eddy Johnson is an A-1 doorman but certain local promoters thought different . . . their favorites . . . Nix Denton, fishing . . . Bob Saxton, race horses . . . Cliff Millward, and Ralph Peck, dancing . . . Benny Dahlman, Albas de Berings . . . Tom Swope, hunting . . . Fred Batsche, sardines and the other mixture . . . Danny Davis, a good fight . . . G. C. Williams, a good steak and . . . we will run out for the others. . . .

Harry Hartman is now at the Sinton-St. Nicholas with W. F. B. E. . . . while Wally Forste's sports program over W K R C is receiving considerable applause around here . . . if Tommy Berter, Jack Scahill, and Midge Guery were relations what would that make the Fenwick athletic department? . . . we'll guess . . . Herman Katz plans to make a comeback in the promotorial activities in Cincinnati . . . we do miss that Stetson, Herman . . . but what about the corn popper . . . remember when? . . . Jack Johnson, the old Negro heavy champ, came to Cinci and was given orders to walk the Fifth street chalk mark by a copper? . . . and the old Chester Park arena was the scene of the Sullivan-McCaffery go and others . . . when Peoples was running and the Ryan-Welsch bout drew more than Weber and Fields? . . . oh! for those good old days! . . . so long but far from forever. . . . see you next month, station Southern Ohio Jabs (S. O. J.)

The Fenwick Club staged its annual Greater Cincinnati amateur championship bouts and some of the best simon pure bouts ever staged around here were witnessed by capacity crowds on both nights. Much credit goes to Jack Scahill, director; Midget Guery, Fenwick boxing coach and Tommy Berter, Athletic Director, for the success of the tourney, which was staged in great surroundings.

The City champions crowned at the end of the meet are: Flyweight: Bobby Doherty (Fenwick)—Bantamweight: Cliff McWhirter (Ideal Club)—Special: Fred Kessler (Newsboy)—Featherweight; Ralph Hoeb (Fenwick)—Lightweight; Al Schwarz (L. B. Harrison)—Welterweight; Dan Millilo (L. B. Harrison)—Middleweight; Joe Seta (Fenwick)—Light-Heavyweight; Joe Muchrowski (Fenwick) and Heavyweight; Bill Thomas (Friars).

The results of the entire tourney follow:

Special: Schalbach (Fe) k Gibbons (N); Scheyer (LB) w Buch (Fe); Ketzler (N) w Mistler (Fe); Sceyer (LB) w Ketzler (N); decision reversed.

118 lbs.: McWhirter (I) w Wander (BG); Stephens (LB) w Anderson (D); Napier (BG) w Brandt (N); Stephens (LB) w Napier (BG); McWhirter (I) w Stephens (LB).

105 lbs.: Doherty (Fe) w Connely (BG).

126 lbs.: Hoeh (Fe) w Lee (D); Collins (Fe) w Robb (Fr); Hoeb (Fe) w Dillon (LB); Hoeb (Fe) w Collins (Fe).

135 lbs.: Herzog (LB) w Lewee (N); Tracey (D) w Burrows (UC); Schwarz (LB) k Brown (D); Spaeth (Fe) w Jackson (Fr); Rath (Fr) w Sharp (WH); Herzog (LB) w Rath (Fr); Schwarz (LB) w Spaeth (Fe); Schwarz (LB) w Herzog (LB).

147 lbs.: Millilo (LB) w Terrel (Fe) Lewis (Fe) w Beckman (LB); Millilo (LB) w Lewis (Fe).

160 lbs.: Seta (Fe) k Smith (UC); Kampe (Fe) w Cohen (N); Seta (Fe) k Kampe (Fe).

175 lbs.: Muchrowski (Fe) k Kammerle (UC); Scroghan (D) w Brocker (Fe); Muchrowski (Fe) w Scroghan (D).

Heavy: Thomas (Fr) w Shea (Fe).

Notations for representations: w—won over; k—knocked out.

Club representations: LB—L. B. Harrison; N—Newsboy A. C.; D—Davis-Taver Club; UC—University of Cincinnati; Fe—Fenwick Club; I—Ideal Club; BG—Blue Grass Club; Fr—Friars Club; WH—Western Hills.

Cliff McWhirter, the little Canadian sensation who is the bantamweight champion of the Dominion simon pures, and who captured the Greater Cincinnati title by handing the two favorites, Max Wander and Earl Stephens, real lacings, made his professional bow about three weeks later and won an easy decision over Cricket Ellig of Cincinnati.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS

By J. MALDONADO

YOUNG CORBETT III was to have a crack at the welterweight title, but due to a badly hurt arm, the bout was called off. Twice, also, was his fight with David Velasco, called off, one fight was to have taken place at Hollywood, the second, at Dreamland Auditorium.

Tiny McCumber, big lumberjack from the North, in his first start here, won over Clyde Fairchild in a bout that had the entire house in an uproar. In a return match, Clyde Fairchild was given the fight on a tec K. O. in the first round. The fight was stopped by Willie Ritchie, and it was a very bad move on Richie's part, to stop the affair there.

The third fight proved different, Clyde from the first gong to the time the bout was stopped, was giving "Tiny" a neat licking. The referee was right to stop the mill.

Joe Conde (El Dandy) won a ten round decision over Charley Miller, winning eight of the ten rounds with one round going to Miller and one even.

Paddy Ryan was offered a fight for Joe Conde with Fidel La Barba at Hollywood, but was unable to take it as he had already agreed to fight Charley Miller for Al. Young. The southern fight fans sure have a surprise in store for them. Wait until Joe Conde (El Dandy) appears down there.

Joe Dutro, manager, made the biggest blunder in the history of the fight game to-date. He took a fight with Jimmy Evans for Yg. Jack Thompson, when he could have had a bout with Jackie Fields. Of course, Thompson lost the decision.

Rudy Gabani, lightweight, is a promising lad, Charley Hendricks, is another lad who bears watching.

Vincent Morris, colored 122 pounder, got off to a flying start, and scored a clean K. O. over Sandy Wessland in his first pro fight. Keep your eye on this Morris boy. He has T. N. T. in either mitt.

Lew Savin, sensational middleweight, scored a clean K. O. over Madison Dix in four rounds of a schedule 8 round bout. A right to the chin did the trick.

Gabriel Lavaysse koed Jack McCarty, "Tiny" McCumber lost by a tec K. O. to Clyde Fairchild, Ray Actis koed Al Schnitzer; Angelo Fuste stopped Eco Estera; Gene Oliver was stopped by Bobby Mission and Vincent Morris knocked Sandy Wessland stiff in the first. All bouts ended in Ko's and the fans went home at 9.30 P.M. Some show, Al Young.

Tommy Cello is now handling Louie Gallop, Ray Ravani is laying off. Billy Wells is coaching Charley Hendricks, "Moose" Taussig announces the fighters who are boxing in the rings from his office through a "Mike". Frankie Stetson is in the North. He is under suspension in California,

Stanley Gard, heavyweight, is a good prospect but does not fight often enough. Stanley steps into the gym, works for three weeks, fights, one fight, wins of course, then lays off three or four months.

Jack Conmel, on his comeback, under the management of John Burdick, has had two fights, winning both by K. O.'s. Looks a lot better than before and is punching as hard as ever. John has his good boy Ralph Manfredo in good shape again. Keep your eyes peeled on this baby. Lost but one fight out of 22.

In the best fight in the last decade, here in San Francisco, Yg. Tommy, Filipino bantam, scored a tec K. O. over T. N. T. Robleto in the ninth round. The entire bout was crammed with action, Robleto had Tommy on the verge of a knockout time and again, with Tommy throwing leatner every second. Thrills, boy! San Francisco fans will wait a long time before they will witness another fight like this one. The bout was stopped by Referee Burns, who saw that Robleto was fighting a grand battle but—with one hand. Besides that, Robleto was handicapped by a bad cut above the left eye. Robleto, a flashy little Mexican, showed as much gameness as was ever in man. In the semi-final, Referee Burns pulled a boner. He gave Terris Hill a decision over Tom Patrick who by all means was entitled to the nod.

Jack Daveadough and Charley Williams are in San Francisco from Los Angeles. Frankie Klick will go east. Dan Drew has quite a few good boys coming from the East. "Moose" Taussig has two new fighters from Oklahoma—Baby Tiger Flowers, who ko'ed Ritchie Mack and Tommy Corbett. Both are featherweights.

Joe Rondon, winner of the P. A. A. amateur lightweight class, in his first pro fight, went to a draw with Charley Hendricks.

"Battling" Raymond Dozier won over Al Alcante, Filipino welter at Watsonville. Steve Irland is now promoting the fights at Watsonville. The way he talks, looks like boxing will go over with a bang this coming season. . . .

"Speedy" Clayton and Max Tarley would make a good match, and would draw big at Watsonville. How about it Mr. Sampson.

Al Manfreda stopped Louie Rodgers at Dreamland Auditorium in his first bout after a month's layoff.

Midget Wolgast won a ten round decision over Tommy Hughes in L. A. Wolgast took eight rounds.

Dynamite Murphy, featherweight who ko'ed Frankie Klick, is making a comeback. So is Joe Montes, of John (Silent) Burdick's stable. At one time, Joe Montes was one of the most promising feathers in Northern California. Al Robinson, flyweight, is making his comeback. Looks like we'll have all the old timers back with us. Now whats become of Joe Roche.

"Battling" Dozier, colored welterweight, defeated Tommy King in a ten round bout at Dreamland.

LeRoy Haynes won four fights straight at Dreamland, and now is looking for better bouts among the heavyweights. Haynes is the best colored heavyweight seen in San Francisco in a decade.

Johnny Toran, colored flyweight from Oakland, is back in shape and would like to get started soon.

Charley Miller won a ten round decision over Goldie Hess at Sacramento.

Pinto DeSa won a ten round decision over Raymond Montoya at the Golden Gate Arena, before a fair house.

Johnny Freeman ko'ed young Mickey Walker in the first round of a main event at San Jose.

Tuffy Pierpoint, Oakland flyweight, is going like a house afire in and around Los Angeles. In his last fight, he boxed a draw with General Padilla that tough little Filipino battler.

Young Tommy won a decision over Newsboy Brown at Sacramento in ten rounds. Brown is the bantam champion of the state of California.

Young Tommy won a ten round decision over Tommy Hughes at Stockton. In the semi-final, Joe Calder stopped Rosy Caballero in the second.

Andy Blahut won a decision over Cowboy Brooks in a main event at San Jose. In the semi-final, Billy Boggs of Honolulu stopped Joe Meyers of San Francisco in the second. Meyers visited the canvas four times before the bout was stopped.

Eddie Murdock won an easy ten round decision from Wild Man Macias at Hollywood.

Tony Paloni is now light-heavyweight champion of California. The title changed hands when he defeated Oscar Rankins, tough Los Angeles Negro.

Babe Anderson, San Jose welterweight, hit his old time stride and won a ten round decision over Johnny Kunich at San Jose. Little Benny Marquez, former amateur has turned pro, and in his first pro fight, at San Jose, won from Young Freddie. (Listen Benny, Buy yourself a copy of "Training for Boxers" from the Ring Magazine, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City). It will help you out throughout your career as a fighter and follow this—you're a cinch, it's the best book of its kind on the market.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM COLORADO

By T. W. McNIEL

BENNY CHAVEZ, one of the greatest featherweights ever developed in this region, died in a Trinidad hospital from injuries sustained when he attempted to commit suicide by diving under a passenger bus, Chavez fought Kilbane for the title in 1914 but was knocked out in a couple of rounds; he was 38 years old.

To say Colorado fight fans were dumfounded when George Manley was stopped by Adolph Heuser, would be putting it mildly. However, in the writer's humble estimation, Manley is fast approaching the end of his pugilistic rope.

Feb. 12th was a bad night for Denver boxers for in addition to Manley's K. O., Mickey Cohen was soundly trounced by Tony Herrera at Kansas City in a 10-rounder.

What a few of the old timers of this region are doing: Jim Flynn, "The Pueblo Fireman," in the Taxi-cab business at Phoenix, Ariz. "Mexican Pete" Everett, at present in a Pueblo hospital recovering from two broken legs. "Dago Mike" Mongone, a sports promoter in Denver. Abe Spitz, a successful Denver business man. Howard Baker, running a restaurant at Boulder, Colo. Carl Macke, salesman for a Denver creamery.

Frank Lande, young Denver heavy, has joined the Frank Bachman stable and will show his wares in the Sunny South.

"Ham" Jenkins, colored five points beauty, has returned to action after a long layoff, boxing a 10-round draw with Alex Knaubb at Billings, Mont.

Eddie Mack of Alamosa, lightweight champion of this region, returned to the wars at Denver after a long layoff, winning a 6-round decision from Pete Pacheco.

Dick O'Brien and George Hart boxed 4 rounds with honors even. Joe Grim kayoed Buck Midnight in the second. Jimmy Dennis of St. Louis beat Johnny McCauley in a 4-round tussle.

Morris Rust, brilliant young welter stopped Harry Klein in the third canto.

The show, the first in Denver for some time, was the opening one of popular priced shows that will be staged at the Gem Theater. Denver is one of the best fight towns in the country when the promoters give the customers bouts that promise plenty of action.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

JACK DEMPSEY came here to knock out K. O. Christner, of Akron, Ohio, in the fourth round, and looked very good. Old Jack looked great, and the boys were shocked to see him lose the duke to King Levinsky, at Chicago.

Eddie Lord scored over Eddie Koppy in a ten-round fight at the Olympia.

Tommy Freeman is fighting as a middleweight around Florida and getting back in his old stride; Bob Sangster also has Chico Cisneros fighting in good form and expects to bring both boys North very soon; Tommy McGinty, Freeman's manager hopes to close a title match for Freeman with Gorilla Jones.

Bryan Downey has two new fighters from Chicago he is bringing into Cleveland.

Ed McDaniel wants to use Mickey Walker at Toledo, and is looking for some worthy opponent for the toy Bull Dog. McDaniels may take a chance with Chuck Wiggins.

Wrestling shows are still outdrawing boxing shows here in Cleveland, and it surely looked like olden times to see the immense gathering that flocked to see Dempsey and Christner.

Dan Hassett, of Oak Lane, outpointed Johnny Dixon, of Frankford, in a lively eight-round bout at the Cambria. Hassett's superior boxing offset Dixon's harder punching.

Bob Shilling, always a favorite with Kensington fight fans, filled in for Billy Ketchell against Grover Hayes, of Nicetown, but took the bout at short notice and could not do himself justice. Hayes gained the eight-round decision.

Tommy Loftus, of Manayunk, weighing 139½ pounds, was defeated by Ernie Ratner, of Newark, in the eight-round windup at Wilmington. Tony Palmer, of Camden, lost a six rounder to Jimmy Stewart, the former going through with the last two rounds although suffering a broken jaw in two places.

Al Ettore, rising West Philadelphia light-heavyweight, turned in his twenty-fourth straight professional victory, by trouncing Abie Bain, of Newark, at the Broadway A. C.

Martel Turns Author

Gus Martel, famous physical culturist, boxing expert and former world's amateur boxing champion, who retired undefeated many years ago, has turned author. Gus has published a book on boxing in which he describes his own methods, those that enabled him to make such headway in his profession years ago.

SUNNY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
By BILL MILLER

STEVE HAMAS, Charley Harvey's pride and joy, got off to a ripping start on his western tour by knocking out Armand Emanuel at the Olympic, Los Angeles, on February 16th, in two rounds. They drew a $10,000 house, and would have drawn much more but for inclement weather.

Star Frisco, newest importee of the Churchill Enterprises from the Philippines, stopped Tuffy Pierpont, of Oakland, in four rounds, in the semi-final to Hamas-Emanuel. It was a great scrap.

The mighty Dempsey drew a $9,400 house in Stockton, recently, establishing a new record for gate receipts in that city. The former record was held by Speedy Dado, Filipino idol. Jimmy Murray, live-wire Stockton promoter, induced Dempsey to show his stuff in that city. Incidentally, Murray proved his initiative by grabbing a juicy "natural" re-match—Speedy Dado vs. Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican, for his club. Los Angeles and San Francisco were both after the match, but Murray cinched it by putting up stiff guarantees.

Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican who defeated Fidel La Barba at Mexico City on New Year's Day, provided a pugilistic upset by defeating Speedy Dado at Los Angeles, but the flashy little Filipino's sensational and aggressive fight won for him the glory of the contest. It was one of the best fights seen here in years. Star Frisco, stablemate of Dado, making his American debut, boxed a draw with Augie Curtis, former national amateur champion.

Young Tommy, Filipino bantamweight, defeated Newsboy Brown at Sacramento, reversing a previous decision which Brown had gained over him at Los Angeles. They drew a $6,700 house.

The best welterweight attraction on the Coast continues to be Ceferino Garcia, Filipino, who startled the customers by knocking out Alfredo Gaona, Mexican champion, in four rounds, and followed it a week later by taking ten out of ten from David Velasco, rugged Mexican welter.

Lee Moore flashed an up-and-coming youngster in the person of Johnny Jones, dusky bantamweight, at a recent show. The little colored boy scored an impressive one-round knockout over Frankie Van, Cleveland veteran.

Charley MacDonald, matchmaker at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, is giving the local fans something to talk about. He has booked, in rapid succession, four of the greatest local attractions for his club. On February 12, he drew a near-capacity house with Midget Wolgast against Tommy Hughes, which Wolgast won. On the 19th, with Ceferino Garcia, crack Filipino, against Vearl Whitehead, MacDonald did even better. On the 26, he had Fidel La Barba meeting Varias Milling, Filipino feather, on March 4th, Speedy Dado vs Ernie Peters, and on March 11, Ceferino Garcia played a re-engagement at Hollywood. Some shows!

Hollywood Legion reduced its balcony prices from $1.00 to 50 cents, and the change in policy was significantly successful, as the highly augmented balcony attendance proved on the Wolgast-Hughes fight. Looks like Hollywood's bookkeeping in future will be in black ink, instead of red.

Rumor hath it that Joe Levy, former majordomo at the Los Angeles Olmypic Auditorium, will take over the matchmaking at the San Francisco Dreamland Rink, which has fallen upon dark days in its recent shows. Properly conducted, the Dreamland should be one of the best fight clubs in the country.

Armando Santiago, crack Cuban lightweight, who knocked out Cyclone Frakes at the Olympic on January 19, has had plenty of trouble in securing opponents. The boys no like to play with Armando—he punches too hard. Matches were offered Cecil Payne, Bobby Pacho and Peter Jackson, the California lightweight champion, and all declined with thanks. Santiago, about 18 months ago, drew an $18,000 house in Los Angeles against Billy Townsend.

The hustling matchmaker of Wilmington, Bill Yeager, booked Armando Santiago with Joe Noto for his show on February 24.

Doc Moffett, formerly of Wilmington, has taken over the Orange Belt A. C. at San Bernardino, with the clever Fane Norton as his publicity man. Their opening show, Tod Morgan vs Sal Sorio, drew a capacity house. Moffett is anxious to stage a fight between Star Frisco, the newest Filipino sensation, and Pepi Sanches, little Mexican flyweight from San Bernardino.

Frank G. Menke's new All-Sports Record Book got a glorious "how d'ye do" from Los Angeles papers. It is a decided improvement over preceding years, and has firmly established itself as THE sports manual and sports encyclopedia of the day. Get your copy from The Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City. Price $1.00.

Wirt Ross, pilot of the two Jacksons, Dynamite and Peter, heavy and lightweight, respectively, continues to sport the largest headlight in California in his necktie, running a locomotive's glim to a frazzle.

The immaculate and popular Tom Gallery, former general manager of the Hollywood Legion Stadium, returned from an Eastern trip full of ideas for summer shows and outdoor promotion. Gallery drew a gate of $46,000 with Tony Canzoneri against Cecil Payne, although the Tommy Herman vs Billy Townsend semi-final had a good deal to do with drawing the sugar through the turnstiles.

Joe Waterman, promoting shows at Portland, has the astonishing record of making every show a winning show since he took over the reins there, a months ago. This, in these days of depression, is a startling feat. Waterman rates the title of the "Miracle Man of Boxing."

Jimmy Murray, Stockton promoter, despite his polished knob, is only 30 years of age. His record of achievement at Stockton won a splendid tribute from Sid Ziff, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Herald and Express*. Apparently James' bald dome is positive proof of the assertion that grass doesn't grow on a busy street.

Incidentally, Murray may crash into Sacramento. His great record at Stockton induced Sacramento promoters to make him an offer to break into California's capitol city.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—Before a packed house for Joe "Ballyhoo" Waterman, Johnny Hansen, Portland welter, defeated Tony Portillo, Seattle, in a six-round humdinger. Their two previous engagements were draws. Neil Kilbane, 156, Tacoma, and Ray McQuillan, 153¾, Portland Negro, drew in six in a rematch. Johnny Spencer, 143, Seattle, beat Lee "Cyclone" Page, 145½, New York Negro, in six. Ah Wing Lee, Portland Chinese southpaw, kayoed Johnny Garvey, 134, Los Angeles Mexican, in four.

Georgie Dixon, 167, Portland Negro, drew in six with Norman Wilson, Vancouver, B. C. Paddy Sullivan, 123, Los Angeles, and Young Nationalista, 125, Manila, had a no-contest to their records. Referee Stopps stopped the bout in the fifth with Paddy leading. Benny Pelz, 135¼, Portland, and Teddy Fox, 137½, Salem, in six. Pat "Popeye," "Wildman," "What-have-you" O'Hannigan, 165, Santa Ana, lost to Pete Cerkan, 177½, Pe Ell, Wn., in six, but in so doing stole the show.

For Waterman, Don Fraser, 146, Spokane wily Scot, defeated Johnny Hansen in six. Hansen broke his right hand in the second round. Pat O'Hannigan and Norman Wilson drew in six.

Young Firpo, 172, Burke, Idaho, outslugged Georgie Dixon in six. Dixon was dropped for the first time in a local ring. Pat O'Hannigan and Red Barber, 159¼, Seattle, drew in six. Ah Wing "Jimmy" Lee stopped Eddie Kid Foster, 140¼, Dallas, Texas, in one. Johnny Spencer halted Mickey Corcoran, 143¼, Portland, in two.

On a "Ballyhoo" Waterman card, Don Fraser outboxed Sammy Santos, 139, Seattle Filipino, in six. Ah Wing Lee nosed out clever Kim Albertson, 137, Sacramento, in six. Dave Humes, 158, Port Angeles, Wn., and Fred Gallas, 166½, Vancouver, Wn., drew in six. Roy Ockley beat game Eddie Santry, lightweight, in four. A special bout was given between "Tusko" Turner, 211½, ice hockey star of the Waterfront Hockey Club, and "Bull" Brander, 205, of the East Side Hockey Club. It was a comical bout, and $100 given to Chief of Police Jenkins, referee, went to the Sunshine Charity Division of the Portland Police.

Jumbled Gems—At last Leo Lomski has been stopped on the coast; Hans Birkie did it at Oakland. . . . Joe Waterman practices his belief that no preliminary boy should receive less that $25. . . . Tom Louttit, noted sports authority, retired as referree, sorry to miss you, Tom. . . . At Grants Pass recently Bob Quick, promoter, started something new. At his cards no one is required to pay admission. The fans give silver showers to the fighters who fight. This proved very satisfactory in this small town where 1,000 fans turned out. . . . Johnny Hansen quit his old manager, Tex Salkeld, who led him to the main events. Such action seems quite unwise. . . . Fred Lenhart recently won the synthetic light-heavyweight title of the northwest from Wesley Ketchell at Seattle. . . . Ah Wing Lee, the sensational Chinaman, is fighting much better than his countrymen at Shanghai are doing. . . . Good luck to our new titleholders Jadick, Fields and Jones. . . . Don Fraser once cleaned up on Bing Crosbie over a girl in Seattle according to reports.

At Grants Pass Mickey Fagan, Wenatchee, and Red Handsaker, Eugene, drew in six. At Klamath Falls Young Nationalista and Young Doc Snell, bantams, drew in six.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA boxing programs have been a real treat to the thousands of American tourists, and before the racing season is over, they will be served with some real hot chocolate. The Keed will defend his junior-lightweight title against a worthy American opponent.

Divino Rueda, one of Cuba's good bantams, whipped out a decision over Fillo Echevarria the little San Sebastian Spaniard. A terrific left hook almost spilled the beans for Fillo in the first, but he pulled through and lost a close decision. Prudencio Arce and Jack Santiago drew in four, while Humbert Casals outpointed Joaquin Jorge in six. Joaquin Torregrosa and Juan Perez drew in six, and Martin Perez was deprived of a decision when he fought Antony Hevia.

Joe Manno, American jockey from New Kensington, Penn., made his initial debut in local rings and defeated Young Manolo. Manno displayed a corking right hand punch, and made a hit with the crowd. Benny Garcia, alias Malpica won on a foul from Kid Mussolini, and Joaquin Jorge drew with Alfredo Perez in six rounds.

Chino Alvarez from Tampa, outpointed Henry Santos in a hot ten-round contest. Tommy Lenahan is hard training for some important bouts.

Baby Chocolate, is what Joaquin Torres calls himself. And what a nifty scrapper he is. Within the month he scored over Joe Coego, the sterling southpaw featherweight, and then in a return bout, knocked Coego out in the first, and then came through with another knockout over Kid Aguiar. Julian Vazquez beat Pauly Dieguez in six, and Young Gallard beat Sonny Boy of Panama.

Tommy Barredo is coming along like a house on fire. He scored decisively over Manuel Leon, and over Jose Sarabia. Barredo is in line for a New York invasion.

Julio Recio and Mario Labrada put up one of those real "Dempsey-Firpo" battles, and Recio won by an eyelash. Both scored knockdowns and drew blood, Ramon Alvarez beat Jockey Bardales in four, and Kid Calixto beat Antonio Herrera in six.

Joe Gandon, the lightweight known as "Mudito" (deaf-mute), drew in six steaming rounds with Ramon Martinez, one of Cuba's good lightweights. Alejandro Gordo, a newcomer in the bantamweight division, won over Kid Ramoncito. Gordo looked great, and should make good if properly guided.

Fillo Echevarria, the sterling bantamweight managed by Manolo Brana, will soon be bound for Sunny Spain where the Fillo will take a much needed rest. Manolo Brana will accompany him, and take with them also Manolo Alvarez, a promising featherweight with a knockout left hook. Fillo will meet Antonio Santana before he leaves Cuba.

Antonio Santana, without a doubt Cuba's best bantamweight, is hard training for his return bout with Fillo Echevarria of Spain. Fillo beat Santana a year ago, and Santana has been hankering for this big chance. Santana is a mighty fine performer, and intends invading Panama or the U. S. A. before long.

Baby Manuel, southpaw featherweight lost a close decision to Frankie Cruz. Manuel went down in the first and second rounds and took nine counts in each, not knowing that decisions are given by points in Cuba instead of rounds. He won the last four rounds of the six-round bout, but the two knockdowns lost the decision for him. Manuel then battled with Joaquin Torregrosa and after a poor start made a whirlwind finish and earned a good draw. Manuel made a big hit with the spectators.

Felix de la Cruz and Julio Recio had a hard battle in which both scored knockdowns. The bout was called a draw. Roberto Bonet outpointed Raul Quintana of Marianao, and Gilbert Rojas, the Caibarien Sheik outpointed Sandy O'Farrill.

Luis Parga is making good at the New Fronton. His weekly programs are something worth while seeing. Parga is planning big things for the future and hopes to get back into the stride he was durirg 1925.

Castor Fernandez, Jose Garcia, Higinio Ruiz, Kid Montana, Ramon Peres, Martin Perez, Young Berlenbach, are hard training for future bouts.

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HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

FRANKIE CARLTON of Jersey City, N. J. outpointed Jerry Emard of Holyoke, Mass. in a torrid fight at the Holyoke Arena. Carlton put Emard flat on his back in the first round. A banner crowd applauded them at the end of every round.

Joey Smith of Philadelphia and Brownie Tucker of Hartford, Conn., negroes, tried to give the fans a treat in a little scientific boxing but were soon forced to give the fans the action they crave, by throwing science to the wind and sailing in, swinging with both hands. After three rounds of slugging, Tucker landed a long right swing to the pit of Smith's stomach and he went down in a heap to be counted out. A pity that more fans do not appreciate boxing as an art of science, as well as a slugfest.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow, Mass. gained an easy decision over Al Celantano of Hartford, Conn. in a four-round bout.

Homer Thibeault of Easthampton, Mass. won a four-round bout from Chris Delevo by a technical K. O. in the third round. Referee Jack Dekkers of Springfield, stopped the bout owing to a bad cut that Delevo received in that round. Until that time Delevo had the better of the fight.

Eddie Jessup of Torrington, Conn. won his second straight fight from Jack Keller of Holyoke, Mass. Jessup had Keller on the floor no less than six times in four rounds.

George "Duffy" Clark, amateur boxing promoter, is certainly putting on some fine cards. In matching Joe Symanski and Johnny Kreiger, he not only staged the Amateur middleweight championship bout of the city of Westfield, but he gave the fans a real treat.

Frankie Carlton of Jersey City, N. J. came back to the Arena and gave the fans another eyeful of real fighting by giving Sammy Offerman of California a lacing in all but two rounds of a ten-round main bout.

Jerry Emard of Holyoke, Mass. won a decision over Ruby Greenberg of New York, N. Y. in the semi-final bout of eight rounds, Greenburg had Emard on the canvas in the seventh round.

Ruby Bradley, the Dark Cloud of Holyoke, Mass. won the decision from his rival, Buster Nadeau of Willimansett, Mass. in a good bout which put Ruby in a place where his challenge to Art Chapdelaine looks as though it will have to be given notice. Ruby has been winning his bouts with regularity.

Ray Trueheart of Easthampton, Mass. won over Billy McCorkindale of Holyoke, Mass. in another four-rounder. Trueheart with his lion heart and love of fighting is coming right along in his bouts at the Arena. With a little more experience Trueheart will be dangerous for any welterweight.

It is reported that Homer Rainault of Holyoke, Mass., present president of the Valley Arena, is likely to promote boxing in Troy, N. Y. this coming summer.

There are some likely looking Amateur boxers in this vicinity including Roger Kenny of Springfield, Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton and Raymond Rowe in the welterweight class. Gus Ryll of Southwick, Mass. and Stanley Buda in the heavyweight class.

Billy Herman of Springfield is looking for bouts.

FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

TED KID DREW of Biddeford was knocked out by Sammy Fuller of Boston in the ninth round at Portland. Henry Surretti of Leominster, Mass., is a big favorite with the local fans, winning over Johnny Dwyer and Dynamite Dan Martin at Portland. Norman Preo, former writer of this column, is now in Chicago, where he is a physical instructor and athletic coach. He is also handling Eddie Mireck, Chicago welter.

Paul Junior, Maine's lightweight boss, is fast gaining recognition as one of the best in New England. He easily beat Jackie Pilkington at Holyoke, Mass.

Jerry Dupree of Bangor, considered the best middleweight in the state, is having a hard time securing opponents.

Pecker Martin of Portland and Tommy Lemieux of Biddeford fought a six-round draw at Biddeford and the crowd was in such an uproar during this bout that the boys were rematched for the following show. Tommy Fleurant made a good comeback after two years' absence from the ring by drawing with the highly-rated featherweight, Jackie Ledger, of Dover, N. H. Young Perkins of Biddeford beat Al Welch of Kennebunk.

Ted "Kid" Drew of Biddeford pounded out a win over Pete Herman of Boston in six. K. O. Langford of Portsmouth won a technical knockout over Battling Therrien of Sanford in two. Another bout showed Nugget Russell of Biddeford taking the "Duke" away from Danny York of Berwick, in six. Freddy Lepage of Somerville put the "skids" under Johnny Riddle in two. These bouts were fought at the Pepperell Club at Biddeford.

The first big show of 1932 at Bangor was staged by Charley Miller, the well-known conditioner of the Pine Tree State, and was a big success. The opening bout saw Sailor White of Bangor win over Jack Shumway of Oldtown. Little Pat Cormier of the Fleming Stable of Oldtown and Al Bouchard of Waterville, two junior-lightweights, kept the fans in an uproar as they battled to a wild draw. Young King of Bangor had a hard time earning a draw with the sturdy little featherweight from Eddie Polo's stable, known to the fans as Young Audett, the jumping Frenchman. The main event showed Leo Salvas of Dover, N. H., now of Bangor punch it out with the clever Italian middleweight from Boston, Joe Venuti. This bout resulted in a draw. The old-time featherweight, Johnny Comer, was the third man in the ring.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey have vacationed in this good old Pine Tree State and Sharkey caught more fish than the two former "champs." . . . Dempsey can cast a fly like a skilled angler, but Tunney says he can cast further. . . . The writer would like to see a battle between the two at bait casting . . . not boxing . . . with "Bill" Geagan as the referee . . . as he would like to challenge the winner. . . . Bangor Frankie Mullens has taken himself a bride . . and she will manager him from now on. . . . Jerry Duprey hits too hard for the middleweights up in these parts . . . and he finds it tough to get bouts. . . . Would like to see Leonard in the ring with him. . . . Yes, I mean Benny from New York . . . also a fight here between Mike Payan and Harry Wallach, both of New York. . . . Liked "Tex" Austin's stories in THE RING. . . . Portland sees the best boxers in the country . . . as Frankie Derice knows his fighters. . . . A great promoter. . . . Pa Kearns and Tex Wiseman of Lewiston going great. . . . Another Great Battle if they could be matched . . . how would it end . . . in a riot? . . . Also Eddie Polo in with a finish with Frank Pellitier of Waterville. . . . What a bout! . . . And the best of all would be "Bill" Geagan in the squared hemp with "Rabbit" Talbeth. . . . Oh, boy, what a house it would draw with . . . "Cliff" Gove to wrestle the winner . . . good night.

"Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring, by Nat Fleischer, is sure a knockout," said Bill Geagan, sports writer of *The Bangor Commercial* and a leading authority on boxing in this state. If you want to read the real inside story of Tunney's life and his two great fights with Jack Dempsey, don't miss reading this book. Get a copy at THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. Price $1.00.

Managers and fighters wishing to get a connection up in these parts should get in touch with the writer at the Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Maine.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

YOUNG Louie Rochette, Westerly's most promising featherweight, gained revenge for a defeat he suffered at the hands of Rocco Muolo of New Haven, when he reversed the tables in a second meeting at the Thames Arena in New London. Rochette, fighting the best bout of his career, outboxed, outslugged, and outsmarted the New Haven boy.

Big Boy Burlap, Westerly heavyweight, is down South. Burlap and his manager, Thomas Salimeno are in Florida. Burlap has been fighting as a professional for three years, and at one time held the Rhode Island amateur heavyweight championship.

Willie Irk inaugurated a successful comeback when he won from Johnny Stanley of Wakefield, R. I. in two rounds. The Westerly boxer won the fight in the second frame, when Stanley's seconds threw the towel into the ring.

Steve Smith of Norwich defeated Chief Wild Bull of Westerly in the first round of a three-round amateur bout at Norwich. Smith dropped the local heavyweight three times.

Albert Austin was defeated in the semi-finals of the Rhode Island Amateur Boxing Tournament, losing a close decision to Eddie Nelson of Pawtucket. Many were of the opinion that the Westerly boy should have received the verdict.

The following amateurs were successful in recent bouts: Baby Face Jackson whipped Kid Moussie, Tarzan Brown stopped Young Martelle in one, Farmer Mackin defeated Ken Powers, and Bullett Collins shaded Palmy Days Williams.

Joe Russo, Rhode Island middleweight champion who has been laid up with an injured hand for the past two months is expected to return to the ring within a few weeks.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

AT Stamford, a novice, advertised as Frankie Nichols, the Syracuse Belting Middleweight, was put into the ring against Rudy Marshall, New England middleweight champion, and was flattened in three rounds. The fans showed their dissatisfaction by a very poor attendance at the next boxing show.

Frankie O'Brien, Hartford middle, whipped Manny Davis of Schenectady, at Hartford. Irish Jimmy Quinn of Norwich beat Joie Izzo of Hartford.

Romeo Du Bois, New Haven lightweight, kayoed Al Gauthier of Springfield, Mass. Al Boros, Bridgeport heavy, stopped Johnny De Stephano in four heats.

Tony Travers, New Haven veteran, won by technical kayo over Tony Laviero of Bristol. Gus Holmes, Bridgeport's hard-hitting heavy put Low Napolitana away in five rounds.

Jack Bogart, of New Haven, put the kayo over on Red Snee of Bridgeport in the first. Johnny Bellus, New Haven, put Irish Jackie Brady of Danbury away in the first round.

Jack Delaney boxed three rounds with Ed. Keeley and they gave a good exhibition.

Quite a few heavyweights are bobbing up in Connecticut. The tallest are Big Kid Chocolate, 6 ft. 7 in. tall, 205 lbs.; and Dave Knost, 6 ft. 5 in., 205 lbs.

Another good boy now making a tour of New England is Al Stillman, who fights middles, light-heavies and heavies. Stillman would make a great match with Al Gainor and methinks Dave Knost could take over any heavy in Connecticut.

Mike Esposito, Stamford feather, fought a hectic draw with Bobby Dechter of Philadelphia.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport's hard-hitting welter, beat Joey Harrison at Paterson, N. J.

After kayoing Kid Brooks, Lawson, and then whipping Augie Ruggiero, Kayo Morgan, Stamford's eccentric bantam was suspended.

Willie Angelo, Stamford middle is still idle.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute lightweight, whipped Sammy Kraft of Bridgeport in a semi-final at Norwalk.

Gene Bryant, Norwalk light-heavy, stopped Battling Bennett and won from Art O'Day of Springfield. Sandow Harris won a wrestling match from Young Nick.

Billy Bridges lost to Billy Ledeau, when Ledeau butted Bridges over the eye, inflicting a severe cut, which caused the fight to be stopped.

Mickey Donato, 143 lbs., of Harrison, kayoed Kid Cement in two rounds.

Charlie Middleton, Norwalk junior-lightweight, lost twice to Walter Daniels and Daniels stopped Sammy Kraft in one round.

Billy Bridges, one of the best junior-welters in New England, is recovering from an injury received in a battle and will soon be back to the wars again.

George Glover, former Bridgeport heavy, writes in to say he is meeting with great success in Maine. Good luck George.

Punching the bag around: Rudy Marshall is on his way to the N. Y. National Guard middleweight title. Willie Lewis has hung up his gloves for a while. Ray Bliss loves to talk fight, while making hot cakes. Even Andy Marzik can change his mind.

Dick Gray and Al Weill have opened up at New London. Wrestling and Motor Polo has taken the place of boxing at New Haven Arena. Joe Pickel's stable of amateurs are training now for the outdoor season. Commodore Eddie Mack was at the Firemen's Ball, dancing with the writer's best girl.

Irish Jimmy O'Brien goes on winning, this time beating Billy Ledeau of Springfield. Jules Sombothy lost a close fight to Willie Kitrell of Mt. Vernon. Eddie Moore, Bridgeport welter, holds a decision over Lou Brouillard, former world champion.

Suds Bridge, the *Sentinal* Sports Editor, made a wonderful job of announcing at the Norwalk fights.

Captain Pat Lyden of Norwalk Armory, is getting ready to put on professional boxing shows.

Address all communications to Steve Kelly, 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn.

(THE RING, world's greatest boxing magazine, is now on sale in both Norwalk and South Norwalk. Heretofore, fight fans had to go to Stamford or Danbury for their copy, but yours truly has arranged to have the book on sale in the Norwalk districts.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

A FEW amateur boxers and some of their reputed handlers have gotten in "dutch" with the State's Athletic Commission on charges of accepting money. At Mobile and in Birmingham, the amateur game is prospering.

Billy Mobley, Gorgas junior lightweight, recently received from the General Gorgas Post No. 115, in Birmingham, a prize cup for being the most popular boy fighting here. He won it by popular approval.

Jack Ausborne, the Bessemer free swinging and fast rising lightweight, was given a top bout here, by Promoter Curtis Sanford, of Post No. 115, with Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn. But Genaro failed to appear and the show was called off.

Tom Blanton, a local preliminary light heavyweight boy, has compiled a very good record. Of twelve professional bouts he has won eight by knockouts.

Jimmy Musso, the Bessemer southpaw, is in training. He will fight opponents from 145 to 155 pounds.

Pete Sarron, Birmingham featherweight, has Harry Durant as his manager. Sarron trounced Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn., at Jacksonville, recently, in a 10-round bout and he followed that up by stopping Charles Von Reeden, of Australia, in the first round at Miami, Fla.

Promoter Curtis Sanford for Post No. 115, in Birmingham, featured Billy Mobley and Jack Ausborne in a 10-round bout at the Auditorium. These two vicinity junior lightweights fought themselves out in the bout for a draw newspaper decision.

In the semi-final, Jack Tunney stopped Bob Stone, Chicago light heavyweight, in the 6th round. Stone's eye was cut and it was in a bad way when the referee intervened.

Tom Blanton and Ed Kaiser, two 170 pounders, fought a bloody battle for five rounds, which was won by Blanton, on a close margin. Lee Brand, 148, beat Whitey Sailors, 150, in 5-round bout. Ivy Johnson, 133, outboxed Horace Hooper, 129, in another 5-round bout. Practically every contestant on this card suffered a serious wound or injury.

Fairfield and Birmingham are the best places for wrestling shows. They outdraw any other city in the state.

Sam Siegel promotes heavyweights in Birmingham and Chris Jordan, a wrestler of note and promoter in Fairfield, promotes middle to heavyweights. Both are meeting with success. Incidentally, each also promote wrestling elsewhere. Siegel occasionally puts on a show in Montgomery, and Jordan promotes weekly in Jasper.

Big George Zaharias, the wild Greek, wrestled brothers on two occassion in Birmingham. The two matches drew record crowds. Zaharias bested Ernie Dusek, Nebraskan, in a three-fall match, in the Auditorium; but two weeks later, big brother Rudy Dusek came to town and what a match and what a crowd! Rudy let the wild Greek have only the first fall. He took the other two himself.

Battling Bozo will fight heavyweights exclusively, from now on. He now weighs 185 pounds.

Jack Ausborne, Billy Mobley, Jimmy Musso, Jimmy Box, Porky Saab are the outstanding youngsters coming into their own in the vicinity. These boys are destined to replace the Sarron, Bozo, Wilson, Kelly and "Bogy" Saab in time to come, of course.

The writer can be reached at 506 Fifteenth Street, Ensley, Alabama.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By HUD HUDSON

FAIRMONT . . . Buddy McArthur, 174, knocked out Ray Fay, of Charleroi, Pa. Frankie Reilly, 137, decisioned Tony Vecchio, of Morgantown, and Kid Polisky hung a technical knockout on Kid Gilbert, (2).

Huntington . . . Lonnie Bowden drew with Gerald Fitzgerald, of Youngstown, O., (10); Lewis Kid Cook outpointed Roughhouse Dean (6), and Dick McDonie, making a good comeback, won over Kid Lewis via decision.

Fairmont . . . Wee Willie Davis, of the Keystone state, came down here to outpoint Kid Smith, (10); Jimmy Reilly decisioned Bat Murphy, of Arden (6); Tony Vecchio knocked out K.O. McCale, of Fairmont, in the second spasm.

Huntington . . . Billy Miles won an unpopular verdict over Jack Kearns, (10); Dick McDonie won over Gene Ballard in (6); Tony Legore repeated again by knocking out Rough House Dean in the second canto.

Charleston . . . Jack Kearns clambered out from the heavyweight pile to rate number one in the state by defeating Big John Parker, of Huntington, in one of the best fights ever held here. Harry Devore, socking marine from down river. kayoed Jimmy Fenton, (1); Tony Legore scored his fifth straight kayo by slipping the poison to Eddie Dombroski with a left to the jaw in the second; Dick McDonie outpointed Gene Ballard (6).

Clarksburg . . . Dick Powell, Akron heavy, decisioned Gene Stanton, of Cleveland, (10); Frankie Reilly, Fairmont, won over Young Auskings in (6).

Fairmont . . . Paul Oger, 145, stepped ten fast heats to win over K.O. Curry, of Wheeling; Freddie Heinze, 158, scored a technical knockout over K.O. Powers, of Huntington (2).

LISTEN TO THIS . . . "Dutch" Affolter seriousy means to lead the way back to the rosin with a Kearns fight . . . Del Campbell and Raplh Bumpus will be a bother to the boys when and if they turn pro . . . Two boys who are finding it hard to get fights are Sam Payne and Speed Price, colored fighters . . . These boys are anxious to meet out-of-town battlers . . . Fairmont boys bar none at their weights, and have shown that they can produce the goods for an A-1 card . . . Kid Hoff, the rambling redhead, made a splendid start here . . . The Kid deserves a crack at the best in the state . . . Billy Williams, Floyd Forbes, Johnny Devlin, Speed Price, and several others, are signed with Charlie Bibb . . . Out-of-town promoters seeking boys with no red tape attached to the deal get in touch with Charlie at address below . . . Biddy Beers is getting somewhere with the amateurs after all . . . The wise ones thought it couldn't be done . . . Fairmont leads the state in the brand of entertainment produced lately . . . With Parkersburg and Clarksburg coming in right after Fairmont . . . Billy Manley, lightheavy, of Charleston, has had a long rest, but will crawl out of the shell for anyone anywhere . . . The writer has good connections with the best string of boys in the state . . . Matchmakers seeking dates write me first for info on the best shots around here . . . THE RING was sold out at nearly all stands in this town the first day it appeared with the last month's issue . . . Boost for your own magazine, gang, and increase the circulation of this great paper. It is the only paper that has backed our game to the limit. For news from this section get in touch with Hud Hudson, 711 Fife Street, Charleston, for West Virginia news.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

BILLY HAACK, the veteran promoter, has opened with a new club. The new location is at Jefferson Avenue and Second Street, the old Lyceum Theater building. The club seats about 1,500 and at reduced prices, Haack is packing them in. In his first show, Joe Patterson, of California, lost to Luther Smith of Mississippi. In another ten, Tiger Burns carried too many guns for Billy Hyde, stopping him in the fourth round. Scrip D'Olive Koed Jimmy Hyde in three. D. B. Poor lost his first professional fight to Spunky Gill in five.

In the second show, also featuring middleweights, Luther Orr, the Hollywood Sheik, received a T. K. O. over Buddy McDonald of Arkansas. McDonald received a broken jaw in the sixth round. Tiger Burns of Sardiss, Mississippi, received the nod over Scar Face Watkins of Jackson, Tenn. Jack Holder of Memphis, outpointed Bobby Powell in eight fast rounds. Spunky Gill Koed Joe Blanchard in two rounds. George Robinson Koed Kid Carpenter in two rounds.

Scrip De Olive drew with Buddy Baker in ten fast and hard fought rounds. Jack Holder turned in his second win by defeating Joe Patterson in ten rounds of slugging. Frankie Saia beat Jack Vick in five rounds. Jimmy Anderson lost a decision to Eddie Steward in four rounds.

Luther Orr, the Holly Sheik, stopped Zack Blanchard, a light heavy from Blytheville Arkansas, in the sixth. Luther Smith of Sardis, Mississippi, stopped Don Burton of Blytheville, Arkansas, in the eighth. Heenie Wolf, brother to Eddie Kid Wolf, lost a close decision to Del Pritchard, of Mark Tree, Arkansas, in five rounds. Earl Everett, fighting his first professional fight, stopped Rossie King in three rounds. Joe Aschliman won from Earl Scott in five fast rounds.

Promoter Haack is using local boys and boys that fight all the way. No stalling and every card a good one. The fans are showing their appreciation. Haack is putting Memphis back in the boxing limelight.

Little clubs from out of town should get your fights to me before the fifteenth of each month if you want to get the in print. The writer is back again after a vacation and would like to have all the fight news from the small towns.

The new law allowing ten-round fights in Tennessee, will help the game here considerably.

EAST FLORIDA NOTES
By WILLIAM J. GALLICK

FLORIDA boxing clubs have staged better shows this season than ever before. There were more good boys available owing to the so-called depression. Also, the matchmakers realized that the public would pay only when two good boys were matched and acted accordingly.

Maxie Rosenbloom came into the state and drew good houses at West Palm Beach when he won from Gordon Fortenberry and at Daytona Beach where he faced Young Bob Godwin.

Pete Nebo, the Seminole Indian is back at Key West. He drew some good houses at Miami, defeating Denver Mickey Cohen and Lou Avery. Pete seems to have as much fire as in days of old when he fought on the East Coast of Florida as "Kid Indian."

Ray Tramblie of Chicago and Clyde Chastain of Dallas, Texas, had the honor of staging the greatest battle of the season at West Palm Beach recently. Tramblie won the decision.

The American Legion arena at West Palm Beach was first to use a new scoring ring light recently invented by a prominent Palm Beach sportsman and donated to the Legion. This light does everything but talk. It absolutely adds to the interest of the fight from the spectators' and fighters' point of view, because the winner of each round is clearly indicated and that remains all through the fight, making it impossible for the fans to forget the early rounds. It also makes a boxer try harder to win the next round after he loses a previous round, or on the other hand, makes a boxer more eager to win the next after annexing the first round.

Bob Godwin, Daytona Beach light-heavyweight, conqueror of Arthur Huttick in one of the Garden new talent main events last summer, recently defeated Joe Knight for the light-heavyweight championship of the South at Madison Square Garden arena in Miami. "Pa" Stribling was the promoter and gave the winner a nice belt.

Petey Sarron, Birmingham, southern featherweight champion, upset all dope by stopping Charlie Von Reeden in one round recently at Miami. Petey is ready for the best and boys like Johnny Pena, Eddie Shea and the like will do well to sidestep Sarron now.

Chico Cisneros, Mexican sensation, gave Miami fans many thrills in his bout with Gilbert Castillo. Chico had the game Castillo on the floor several times and won with ease. Cisneros and Sarron is a plum that all the promoters on the East Coast are gunning for now—and they are certain to meet before the season is over.

West Palm Beach is still leading the Florida clubs in gate receipts. This little arena, seating a few less than 3000 still draws better than a dollar for each seat in the house—and that's something today.

Ray Tramblie, Chicago boxer of promise, surprised the fight followers recently by stopping Johnny Pilc cold in two heats, then two weeks later took a decision from Clyde Chastain. Promoters are gunning for Dave Shade and Vince Dundee as competition for the Chicago lad now. We predict that Ray will be in fast company this summer.

The National Guard arena at West Palm Beach closed their doors on their second attempt. The promoter offered Tommy Freeman and Jimmy DeCapua as a star attraction and the cash customers took a holiday. Coral Gables coliseum near Miami failed to open up when they featured Don Petrin and Tiny Austin.

BOXING IN GEORGIA
By JACK AKIN

CARL KNOWLES, Rome K. O. King, is exciting the fight fans around these parts with plenty of action. He is fighting as a light-heavy now. In his latest bouts he drew with Monroe Porter, twice, drew with Ray Swanson and beat Earl Rocky, in Savannah. He then journeyed down to Brunswick and won over Monroe Porter.

I notice where Kid Baisden of Valdosta, 152 lbs., is going great guns in that section.

Up in Augusta, Ga., a new and modern arena is under construction for the purpose of weekly shows. It will operate as "Sunnydale Arena" and will be saucer shape with a seating capacity of 3,000. Pinky May, former southern bantam champion, has been named as matchmaker. Managers and fighters desiring bookings and information should get in touch with him at 435¼ Walker Street, Augusta, Ga.

That's all the news this month. Managers and fighters who want to get their news into this column should address the writer c/o General Delivery, Brunswick, Ga. Will answer all correspondence pertaining to fighters, clubs, etc., in this State, if you send a stamped envelope.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PORTNER'S ARENA at Alexandria, Va., is the hot spot for boxing in this vicinity. With the Day Nursery sponsoring the shows, charity of the town of Alexandria has profited handsomely.

Marty Gallagher and Herman Weiner, both 200 pounders, put up a whang of a battle for ten rounds at Portner's. Gallagher received the nod, but only after hitting the deck in round four and taking quite a lacing in the early rounds.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, had an easy time with Sammy Braunstein in the eight-round semi-final. The fight of the evening happened in one of the fours when Billy Essinger of Washington knocked out Young Lamar in four rounds. Lamar had Billy down any number of times but Billy landed the blow that counted. The largest house of the season attended.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore lightweight, scored an easy victory over Ernie Caesar at Portsmouth, Va., in eight rounds. This show was sponsored by the Mid City Club, with Chris Dundee as the matchmaker.

Nick Antonelli, New York featherweight, now making Washington his home, scored over Kid Cosden in eight rounds at Portner's. This was Cosden's first set-back in many starts at the Alexandria Arena. Eric Lawsen, Newport News middleweight, made his initial showing with Billy Schwartz and beat the local boy with plenty to spare. Stumpie Jacobs of Hopewell, Va., scored over Bobby Burns in eight rounds and made a hit with Washington fans. Tommy Bashara of Norfolk bested Charlie Gomer in eight rounds. Bingo Brodie knocked down Young Perry two times, only to get a draw in the four-round opener.

Billy Strickler, Washington light-heavy, made a good showing against the shifty Eric Lawsen in eight rounds at Portner's. Lawsen won by a good margin but had more trouble with Strickler than he did with Billy Schwartz in his initial start at Alexandria.

K. O. Phil Raymond and Jackie Portney were fighting a very rough battle in Baltimore until Phil received a bad gash over his left eye and was compelled to quit hostilities.

Stumpie Jacobs had a merry time lacing Al Gordon of Philadelphia at Portner's Arena. Gordon took the match on a day's notice, substituting for Buster Brown, who received a damaged lip in his losing effort against Eddie Cool a few day's before in Philadelphia.

Walter Kirkwood, Portsmouth, Va., bested Bob Turner in eight rounds at Portsmouth, Va.

OUT-PUTS—Pete Powell, Newport News bantam, is anxious to show before the Washington public. Pete's last effort was a knockout victory over Tommy Horn of Baltimore. . . . Since the opening of Portner's Arena at Alexandria, Va., Washington is crowded with out-of-town fighters. . . . Frankie Mann, who is making the matches for the Portner's Arena, is doing a nice job of it. . . . Jimmy Gallagher, brother of Marty, is one of the backers of the Day Nursery Society that operates at Portner's Arena. . . . Frankie Rice and Bill Banty are successfully operating a large gym in Baltimore. . . .

Alexandria charity organizations are reaping the harvest from the Portner's Arena. Buster Brown, Baltimore lightweight, still goes good with fast company, his recent effort with Eddie Cool as evidence. . . . Heinie Blaustein, developer of Vince Dundee, handles all the Raymond boys, Phil, Lew and Joey. . . . Heinie also makes the matches for the Olympia Club in Baltimore. Charlie Short of Baltimore and Heinie Miller of Washington, alternate as referee at Portner's Arena in Alexandria. . . . Many big shot managers are showing up at Portner's, such as Billy McCarney, Jimmy Bronson, Max Waxman and Al Lippe. . . . C. E. "Fats" Cornell is busy with his Mid City Arena, where he intends to operate weekly shows this summer. . . . The Arena is located half-way between Washington and Baltimore on the main highway. "Fats" made the purchase through court sale.

With boxing running weekly around Washington for more than a year, only one outstanding local boy has been developed, that being Reds Barry, a seventeen-year-old kid. Where's all the developers? . . . Eddie Ross is still connected with Max Waxman, although Max now operates out of Newark while Eddie hangs his hat in Baltimore. . . . Chris Dundee, former Philadelphia fight manager, is making Norfolk his headquarters and has been for the past year. . . . Big things are expected around Norfolk this summer. . . . Arthur Emmerson is the only successful winter promoter around Norfolk. Arthur operates his Oasis Club fifty-two weeks in the year at Portsmouth, Va., which is a five-minute boat ride from Norfolk. . . . Dan Carroll, Boston manager, was down to second Marty Gallagher in his losing effort against Natie Brown. . . . A real colored fighter, Billy Edwards, 160 pounds, is idle in these parts and would like a representative in New England. . . . Billy can hold his own with any middleweight in the country. . . . Billy boxed around Philadelphia under the name of ElKadair and was very successful. . . . Joe Smallwood, former Washington middleweight, is now making Wilmington, Del., his headquarters and going great guns there.

Send all inquiries to the writer at the Mohawk Club, Washington, D. C.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

TOMMY LIBERTO, brilliant York scrapper, showed plenty of class in beating Lud Abella, tough Newark, N. J., club fighter, in the eight round windup of the opening fistic card at the million dollar Zembo Mosque, Harrisburg. Liberto looms as a sure shot to reach the top ranks before the year ends even though he journeyed to Scranton where he blew the duke to Wildcat O'Connor, the sensation of the coal region.

Nearly 2000 fans paid to see the Abella-Liberto match at Harrisburg. Charles Tittle, head of the Mosque, holds the license for Harrisburg. He is being assisted in staging the matches by Bill Reindel, one of the most popular men in this part of the state.

An attractive under card found Herb McGovern, U. S. Marines, outpointing Hal Murray, Harrisburg; Spib Styer, Lancaster, defeating Danny Dern, Lebanon, and Joe Ficco, Lebanon, winning from Harry Kirchoff.

Art Feeser, Lebanon's popular junior welterweight, continues his winning ways, outslugging Puggy Snyder, Vineland, N. J., to gain the decision at Reading.

Joe Kennedy's card at Reading featured Lew Massey of Philly, vs. Eddie Reed, of New York. Massey won the decision after a hard scrap which found Reed making a great showing. Eddie Tray, Allentown, stopped Johnny Reilly, Phila., in four.

Popular figures . . . Eph Brenner, debonair Harrisburg announcer, one of the best in the state; Joe Mooney, veteran of 120 fights, now refereeing and doing a fine job of it; Johnny Burke, likeable promoter at Carbondale and Scranton; Frankie Driscoll, the man who put Allentown on the fistic map; Danny Cooney, Gilberton veteran, who has been appointed assistant boxing coach at Georgetown University.

Jot this in your note book.—Watch Tony Liberto, York feather. The kid's classy, clever, and cool as a cucumber. He's headed for the top.

Heinie Hart, Allentown's popular featherweight, is back in training for a come back.

Tommy Williams gave Tamaqua a great fight show but the fans failed to turn out. Lot's of red ink . . . lot's of headaches. Tough luck Tommy. Young Firpo, Palo Alto welterweight, showed plenty of stuff in stiffening Jackie LaBarba.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

MIKE DUNDEE, of Rock Island, Illinois, the old, old man in ring service, can still dangle with the elite and come out on top. He proved that by beating Prince Saunders twice recently. Mike is only 30 years old, but has been fighting for fourteen years, and mingling with the best for the last twelve years and today can show more class and speed than the champs.

Davenport, Ia.—Before a crowd of 1,500 fans at the Colisium, Kid Leonard, of East Moline, trounced Lawrence Anderson, of Rock Island, in a 8-round middleweight fight. Ray Bittner, Burlington, Ia., put a K. O. on Lefty Martler, of Moline, in the 3rd round, middleweights. Bobby O Dowed, of Cedar Rapids, shaded Billy Blunke, East Moline, at 118 pounds in six heats. Another sixer found Young Terry and Lou Taylor swapping punches at 137 pounds. Terry winning. Young Powell, of Rock Island, and Vic Smith, of Muscatine, drew in four rounds at 135 pounds.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Karl Sybyszko, tossed Victor Soldat in two out of three falls, heavyweights. John Freeberg threw Jack McCarthy, one fall, heavyweights. In the boxing end of the card Joe Rivers beat Gus Anderson, four rounds. Snubs Gannaway scored a technical K. O. over Johnny Cole in the 3rd round. Clyde Perego bested Caddy Kelly in another 4-rounder. The attendance was large.

Davenport, Ia.—The Tribune Golden Gloves Tournament held in this section by the Davenport *Times* and handled in a very efficient manner by Leo Kautz, sports editor, just closed last night and here are the eight winners who will go to Chicago. Johnny Balzer, Rock Island, won on a technical K. O. in one round from Cliff Bourdeau who broke his hand. Quinn McCann, Rock Island, won over Jack Johnson, Keewanee, 3; Sam Karben, East Moline beat Joey Rosina, Kewanee, 3; Henry Rothier, East Moline, beat Nick Serandos, East Moline, 3; Fred Wachs, East Moline, pasted Al Van Quatham, East Moline, 3; Claus Miller, Rock Island middleweight, beat Harold Yeager, Moline. Light heavyweight Farmer Miller, Rock Island, beat Dave Teehan, Rock Island. Glen Dexter, Davenport, is heavyweight champ by knocking out Richard Gaylor, Belleview, in two rounds.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., CHATTER
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

WRESTLING provided all the ring sport in this section during February, with the boxing halls dark. Matchmaker Sam Price of the Providence Auditorium has been inactive of late, with rumors that he's all through running here.

Eddie Holmes, Providence welterweight, won his ninth-straight victory at the Fall River Casino when he defeated Al Linzi of Italy in the feature "eight."

Gus Sonnenberg, ex-wrestling champ of the Paul Bowser faction, continues to be the cock-'o-the-walk among the pro grapplers showing their wares at the Providence Auditorium. Sonny, the human billy-goat, packs the customers at every performance.

Harry Cornsweet, former Brown University football star, who hails from Cleveland, is going great guns in the mat racket and is an outstanding favorite with Rhody fans.

Al Ragone, New York featherweight, but now making his home in Providence, has endeared himself into the hearts of Fall River boxing fans by his sterling work. Ragone, a shifty lad with a punch, is handled by Manny Almeida, manager of Eddie Holmes.

Chief Owen Redfeather, Oklahoma Indian boxer, is a big hit in this section. In his last start, he kayoed Ray Gilman of Woonsocket in two heats at the Fall River Casino.

The Rhode Island team of amateur boxers that represented the state in the New England A. A. U. championship meet at Boston consisted of Joe Archibald, 112; Gene Miller, 118; Leo Generoux, 126; Frank Riley, 135; Al Diodati, 147; Arthur Mignone, 160; Andy Ambrose, and Joe Paders, heavyweight. Of that list Paders was the only defending titlist.

Andy Chapdelaine, Woonsocket welterweight, after winning all his pro starts, suffered two consecutive knockouts in Bay State rings. At Boston he fell victim to Andy Neilholm, and at Fall River, it was Nick Fusaro, who applied the sleep wallop

Billy Lynch, the Providence red-head Junior-welter, is tuning up for a busy Spring.

THE RING IN MEXICO CITY
By CARLOS VERA

BOXING is coming back with a bang in this country. Normal gates are back and the interest in the sport has increased considerably; the fans are happy with the triumphs of Manuel Villa and Baby Arizmendi, in Los Angeles.

Arena Nacional—Raul Talan, clever lightweight, defeated Eddie Cerda in ten rounds. Battling Shaw and Carlos Garcia put up a slashing ten rounder which went to Shaw on points. They are welters.

Ricardo Manzanillo outpointed Ramon Perez, Cuban Negro, in eight rounds; Jesus Murillo took the decision over "Cat" Perez in six rounds; Pedro Moctezuma and Santiago Perez boxed an attractive our-round draw.

Francisco Segura, lightweight champion, of Mexico, fought a four-round exhibition with Ray Macias, rugged welterweight.

Arena Degollado—The fighting days of Kid Pancho, former bantam-weight champion, are over. He was decisively outpointed by Ricardo Manzanillo, promising bantam, of Tampico. Carlos Garcia won a close decision over Zurdo Estrada in ten rounds. Santos Rosas stopped Conrado Valdez in seven rounds; Jesus Murillo outpointed Felix Perez in a hard fought six-round bout; Kid Gorilla won a four-round decision over Santiago Perez.

Other Results—Merida, Yucatan—Raul Talan defeated Joe Ruz in ten rounds; Kid Lechuza kayoed Felix Molina in four rounds; Miguel Reyna scored a T. K. O. in the first round over Kid Cairo; Adolfo Sanchez and Battling Lopez in an eight thriller went to a draw; Fernando Arana defeated Kid Guerra in four rounds.

Chihuahua—Leopoldo Parada Mexican welterweight, scored a sensational knockout over Armando Aguilar, clever welterweight, of Chile, in the eighth round.

Monterey—Vicente Torres took the decision over Kid Barrilito in ten rounds.

Alfredo Gaona, clever Mexican welterweight, is back in training for a comeback; Leobardo Gonzalez, star featherweight, is about to make his professional debut.

Luis Arizona, after a long lay-off, came back and stopped Battling Lara in the sixth round.

Any one desiring information regarding this country will receive same by applying and sending a postage addressed envelope to the writer at Cuauhtomotzin, 257, Mexico. D. F. Mail Photos.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

UNUSUAL interest is being displayed in the boxing game here, with the announcement that Joe Ryan, former Sioux City Sports Editor, will enter the field of local promoters. Ryan is well known in the boxing game, and it is his intentions, to bring into Sioux City, star attractions only.

One of the largest crowds of the season, turned out to see Babe Barnes, local feather and Harold Rogers, also of Sioux City, fight six rounds to a draw. The bout was filled with action. Al Phal, local lightweight, continued his string of victories by scoring a technical knockout over Pat Maloney, also of Sioux City.

Mason City, Iowa—Leonard Johnson, Forest City, Iowa, heavyweight, scored a knockout over Hans Skeie, of Story City, Iowa, in eight rounds.

Bismarck, North Dakota—Dick Demeray, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, scored a technical knockout over Eddie Falggren, of Grand Forks, South Dakota, in the last round of their six rounder.

Ray Mann, tough Sioux City welter did the unexpected, when he scored a three-round knockout over Bat Slater at "Don's Gym." In another sixer Harold Rogers, local bantam, won over Clyde Kellogg, of Denver, Colo. The other bouts were so evenly matched, that to give a decision, would force the writer to hire a body guard. Hence we have a rare case of four bouts ending in draws, all four-rounders. Young Mendizion and Buster Skinner; Mickey Slater and Johnny McPherson; Gene Johnson and Shorty Williams; Young Tod Morgan and Spider Reeves.

Johnny O'Hara, St. Paul light-heavyweight, lost a decision to Harold Hoxwood, of Salt Lake City, at the Auditorium. Speedy Schaefer, negro protege of Fred Griffiths, won a 6-round decision over Glenn Allen of Atlantic, Ia. Albert Manriquez, also of Atlantic, Ia., won by a technical knockout over Bobby Mack, of Yankton, So. Dakota, in the last round of their sixer. Harold Rogers, local bantam, won over Young Manny, of Minneapolis, in four. Al Phal, local lightweight, won by a technical knockout over Wingy Mathews, of Shenandoah, Ia., in the last round of their four. Bob Heiman, shaded Phil Montgomery in four.

Sailor Burke pulled a record gate to his arena when he matched Al Phal and Babe Barnes for six rounds. Phal found plenty of trouble in the hard-punching Barnes. Both boys fought every minute, and even wanted to keep on going during the minute rest. At the end, the bout was called a draw. The other bouts, saw Spider Kelly shade Tommy Dixon, in four fast rounds.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—In the February issue of THE RING, we stated that Ernie North shaded Sonny Sofio, of Omaha . . . It should have read, Sonny Sofio, of Omaha, shaded Ernie North. Sofio is a comer, and has a sock in each hand . . . Kid Rippatoe, Sioux City, colored lightweight, is in Minneapolis . . . Babe Barnes will go to Oklahoma soon . . . Louie Zack, local heavyweight, handed Louie Tatleman his walking papers, and signed up with Buster Brown of Omaha . . . Baby Sacco is out on the West Coast . . . Sacco is a good stiff puncher and will give any of the youngsters trouble . . . Sailor Burke is giving all the youngsters a chance on his cards . . . We hope Harry Jones will show this consideration, on his out-door shows . . . We have plenty of talent here, and all they need is a chance to show their stuff . . . THE RING is on sale at "Don's Gym" . . . Jimmy Thompson, Alec Van Buskirk, Newsboy Joey Rich, Leonard Monte, and Jimmy Johnson, have all been on the side lines this month . . . Andy Dans, local fistic manager, informs us, that his ace, Leonard Monte, will swing into action soon. Monte is one of the best looking featherweights that we have here . . . Tom Brislane is doing his best to bring Dempsey here for a bout . . . Bobby Paul is training two youngsters for the out-door season . . . Nate Dax has closed down for the season . . . Dax had some very good shows, but zero weather kept many of the fans at home . . . Lloyd Hagan, Sports Editor of the *Tribune*, is back at his desk after a trip to California . . . Young Dandy Dick Griffin saw Bobby Paul's notice for him in THE RING, and wired Mr. Paul . . . Thanks to THE RING says Bobby . . . Boxers and Managers in North and South Dakota please have your notes for this column in my hands by the 16th of each month—Address same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa. Homer Sheridan, local middleweight defeated Billy Roeder, of Louisville, in eight rounds at Indianapolis, Ind. Teddy Sandwina, Sioux City heavyweight, lost to Jack Redman, of South Bend, on the same card . . . Al Watson, of Dawson, North Dakota, knocked out Howard Liedtke, of Sioux City in five rounds . . . at Fargo, North Dakota . . . Wrestling out in these parts has done a nose-dive . . . Plenty of snow out in this section, in the event, you would care to have us ship you any . . . Well, so-long.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

TWO youngsters, barely 21 years old; both with their hearts set on winning a world's championship in their respective divisions. They listen to Referee Harry Cook's instructions, return to their corners and come charging towards each other at the sound of the bell. For 10 rounds, action that keeps the fans on their feet cheering ensues, and at the end, Freddy Miller, Cincinnati's good southpaw featherweight, is awarded the unanimous decision of referee and judges over Joe Ghnouly, local junior-light weight. Miller, spotting Ghnouly 4½ pounds, won every round but two. Ghnouly carried one round with one even. Freddy proved a good ring general, stabbing Joe with a vicious straight right and landing hard left uppercuts to head and body. It was one of the fastest and most interesting fights seen here for some time.

On the Miller vs. Ghnouly bill, Jackie Purvis, Indianapolis club fighting welterweight, won from Jackie Brady, Syracuse puncher, in 10 rounds of hard battling. Dave Barry, local 123-pounder, kayoed Billy Hook in five rounds making Dave's 14th straight local win. Howard Scott, St. Louis junior-lightweight, won easily from Woodrow Williams, another local product. The hard punching Scott had Williams on the floor for nine several times. Cliff Doetzel, former Mound City amateur champ, won all the way from Vale Falegano, Des Moines bantamweight.

Eddie Shea returned to St. Louis to score an easy kayo over Henry Falegano, Des Moines, Ia. The end came in the second round. Dave Barry boxing a return match with Bobby Allen, whom Dave had defeated two weeks previously, literally slaughtered Allen who hails from Chicago. Johnny Kaiser defeated Steve Ketchell, Kansas City junior-lightweight, having Ketchell down for several counts.

Lou Terry, St. Louis punching lightweight, clashed with "Stinger" Steele, Arkansas lightweight champion, in a scheduled 15-round battle at Joplin, Mo. Terry nearly blasted Steele into a hospital. He had him down for nine three times and won by a knockout in the 14th round when the Arkansas scrapper could not answer the bell. Dave Barry, St. Louis kayoed "Bull Russell, Joplin, in five rounds, weights 126 pounds. Howard Scott, St. Louis, defeated Bobby Carter, Joplin, in an interesting tussle at 128 pounds.

"Chick" Rains, St. Louis middleweight, chalked up his 7th straight victory by pounding out a decision over Kid Kober at Fort Worth, Texas, in 10 rounds. "Chick" has scored three knockouts and won four decisions.

"Real" Villa, Tulsa bantamweight, is a real good fighter who should get a chance to show here. The Mexican is 21 years old and owns an impressive record as a crowd pleasing fighter.

Fighters and managers seeking matches here, should get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

EDDIE SHEA popped off Pop 'em Paul Wangley. . . . Shea looks better. . . . Mike Mandell was stopped again. . . . The fans, writers, and promoters are getting tired of advising Mike to put 'em aside. . . . Murry McLean is contemplating big things for Juan Cordova. . . . Art Lasky broke his arm cranking his car. . . . Where was brother Maurice? . . . Maurice has a passion for Chicago. . . . We wonder why Arthur doesn't train at Pott's gym anymore. . . . Jimmy Gibbons beat Le Reine Udell. . . . Udell shows promise. . . . Dick Demery outswatted Red Hagerty. . . . This Demery kid looks very impressive indeed. . . . Aberdeen, S. D. is turning out some sweet fistic material.

My Sullivan clicked a lullaby over Billy Light in six. . . . Light had the situation well in hand up to the time of the knockout. . . . Billy and My must know each other pretty well by now. . . .So does Lasky and Daniels. . . . Wilbur Chevalier and Jackie Sharkey went ten entertaining stanzas. . . . The local sport sheets all called the fight differently. . . . It looked like the Frenchman's shade to me. . . . A local radio station is running a fighter's popularity contest. . . . Chevalier leads the field. . . . Well, the kid must have something. . . . Udell knocked all of the promise out of Wallie Wohlwend in two rounds. . . . My Sullivan came back to hang one on Gary Leach's Rand-McNally. . . . Two rounds, it was. . . . Leach was well in the lead up to the time of the knockout. . . . Which means nothing, of course. . . . Except that Myron has from somwhere acquired a wallop. . . . Sully has the stuff in him to become a great card. . . .

Slitting the Envelopes: . . . From a Boxing Fan: "What is the general opinion of King Tut there. Tut has slipped considerably but he is not beyond the possibility of coming back strong.

Pens James Ross, Pittsburgh, Pa.: "Who won the Lasky-Daniels fight? One of the local papers gave the fight to Daniels, the other to Lasky. Obviously the press bulletins slipped somewhere or, again, it might possibly have been a difference of opinion. The fights are non-decision in Minnesota. However it looked like Daniels to the local fight scribes, who tallied the Dane with five rounds, Lasky four, and one even.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LICHTIG

AFTER a long drawn out affair, George Nichols was finally crowned N. B. A. middleweight champion in Chicago by beating Gorilla Jones.

Davie Maier gave one of his finest exhibitions in trouncing Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champion.

Davie was immediately flooded with offers. He then went to Chicago and set the fans atalking by beating Tiger Ray Williams and then putting a K. O. on Abie Bain.

Freddie Tompkins is now under the management of Jack Cusack. Tompkins last fight was a draw with Freddy Haverlak.

Word comes from my good friend and brother writer, Jimmie Amann, of Ohio, that he is about to start west with his string of battlers. Among them are Cliff Whirter, 118 lbs.; Joe Seta, 160 lbs.; Tommy Wells, 140 lbs. and Frankie Zinn, 122 lbs.

Promoters in the middle-west who are looking for good talent will do well to book some of these boys. Promoters interested get in touch with me at once.

Frankie Cheek made a great hit in his victory over Baby Colima at the Chicago stadium. Both boys stood toe to toe and punched it out in the last round.

Oscar Angele applied his dynamite potion to Frank Kotelski whom he knocked out.

Boxers without managers wishing to box in Wisconsin should get in touch with me at 722 West Lloyd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Managers wishing to book your fighters in this vicinity get in touch with me at once.

"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN
By JOHNNY ENNIS

OLD man Depression is a sickly looking gentleman when it's "fight night" in Superior. Eddie Kelly is packing them in at his newly organized boxing club. To date, three shows have been staged and every one has been a sell-out.

Harry Rankin, Gordon Harmon and Mickey Stanfield, outstanding amateurs represented Superior at the Golden Glove tournament in Minneapolis. Charley Retzlaff was the last to represent Superior in such a tournament.

Nick Lahti, University of Minnesota school boy, looks like the real stuff, a hard punching two-fisted fighter with plenty of head and heart.

Eddie Kelly, young promoter, is the busiest man in town. To find him in his office is as rare as finding a Jap in a Chinese cafe. . . . Mickey Stanfield's setback at the hands of Johnny Erjavec, seems to have done him more good than harm. In his last two fights Stanfield walloped Pete Recko and handed Larry West of Duluth a licking. . . . Old timers may be interested to know that Johnny Van Hess at one time a great little fighter is still around and in good health.

Superior has a second Pinkey Mitchell in Gordon Harmon, six foot two-inch lightweight, who has plenty of speed and a hard punch.

Approximately 700 persons from Ashland and the vicinity crowded into the Y. M. C. A. to witness the first boxing card. The results, Norman Reydahlk, Ashland, k. o. Henry Mundt, Ashland. . . . Roy Reydahl, Ashland, k. o. Ralph Urqhuast, Washburn, Wis. . . . Billy Notton, Ashland, won from Vernon Gordon, Park Falls, Wis. . . . Victor Mack, Mellen, Wis., and Lester Newman of Washburn, fought to a draw. . . . Elmer Porter, Ashland, k. o. Mike Durant. Odanah, Wis.

Duluth, Minn.,—While Phil Terk, Duluth promoter was in Minneapolis enjoying the Prince Saunders-Dubblinski fight, sirens were shrieking along Superior street. The Silver Spray gymnasium where Terk holds his bouts, was in flames. The damages resulted in a $4000 loss. Weekly shows are now being staged at the Shrine auditorium.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

OWING to the lack of local boxing attractions Toronto is experiencing some tough sledding and slim houses result. Not many turned out for the Canadian lightweight elimination show between Tommy Bland, elongated Toronto lad and Cosmo Canzano, Toronto Italian who compiled a long winning streak since turning to the moneyed ranks. Bland corked the swarthy Italian in the first round and dumped him on the canvas for a long count. Canzano never recovered from the first shot, and he took a bad lacing until the eighth, when Referee Sinclair mercifully stopped the uneven affair.

All the preliminaries were full of action. In the semi-final Ronnie Headley, challenger for the Canadian welterweight crown, came back after a lengthy absence and gained the verdict over Kid Lando of Italy at the end of six rounds. Headley did not look so good on this occasion. He wants a couple of other bouts before he fights the champion, Jackie Phillips. The latter has been inactive for some time and rumor has it that he may never box again owing to some stomach trouble. Headley is the class of his weight in Canada and should experience little trouble polishing off the rest of the contenders.

Another former amateur, Dick Hagglow, a middleweight, turned to the pro ranks and got down in front of a Buffalo ringster, Jack Delmont. Ted Buxton, a lightweight from England, obtained a close decision over Knute Christner in four rounds. Bobby Laurence of Toronto won a rousing bout against Vince Glionna in six. The paid admissions amounted only to $599 and the Shamrock Club again took it on the pocketbook.

The Canadian Boxing Federation held its annual meeting in the Ontario Athletic Commission offices, and the list of Canadian champions given out are as follows:

Heavyweight—Larry Gains, Toronto, who had agreed to return home should a suitable opponent and challenger be determined.

Light-heavy—Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg.

Middleweight—Vacant.

Welterweight—Jackie Phillips, who has been in ill health. Given 30 days to accept the challenge filed by Ronnie Headley.

Lightweight—Vacant. Tommy Bland and L. Duquet, survivors of the Ontario tourneys, will meet, and winner will box the Montreal Commission nomination.

Featherweight—Leo Kid Roy has been deposed, and Jackie Johnstone ranked as champion.

Bantamweight—Bobby Leitham, Montreal. Young Burns, Quebec, leading challenger.

Flyweight—Vacant. Steve Rocco, Mitchell, Montreal and Liebowitz, Sherbrooke, recognized as leading contenders.

We really don't know who compiled this list of champions and contenders, but we would like to remind the official that Winnipeg has some mighty good talent in several classes, especially the middleweight, with such stars as Frankie Battaglia and Laurie Peppin. Both these boys are internationally known, but failed to get a tumble from the moguls. There are several other classy boys in the west, in other classes and their supporters would be well advised to see that their charges receive due recognition.

We have heard quite a lot about Steve Trojack, Jack Peppin's heavyweight protege and would like to see him get a chance to prove his worth. Trojack won some meritorious victories during the past year. If a few bouts could be arranged for him in Toronto and Montreal this coming season, he will most likely prove to be a formidable opponent for Larry Gains.

Speaking about Gains, a cable dispatch from London, England, says Gains will fight Primo Carnera, at the White City Stadium, London, on May 30. Gains will have to show considerable improvement over his showing against the veteran, Jack Renault, in Toronto during the past fall, or the big Italian will take him in summary fashion.

The many friends of Charlie Huck, genial and well known boxing promoter, formerly of Syracuse, will be glad to know that he is now located on the Canadian side, in Brockville, Ontario. Charlie is one of the veterans of the game.

We are very grateful to Nat Fleischer, publisher and editor of this world famous magazine for his thoughtfulness in sending us along an autographed "Gene Tunney, Enigma of the Ring." The book is one of the best the writer of this column has ever read, and he advises all followers and readers to get a copy. It is splendidly illustrated. This book together with other wonderfully written books including the "Life of Jack Dempsey," can be secured from The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City. "DON'T MISS THEM"!

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

JULES RACICOT, popular young local promoter, expects to branch out in a big way in the promotorial field during the coming summer and plans to stage some first class ring attractions at the Baseball Stadium, as he is certain that the fans prefer their entertainment in the open air when the weather, fights, and prices are suitable.

The Canadian Boxing Federation held its annual meeting in Toronto on February 13, and the featherweight titleholder for the past ten years, Leo Kid Roy, is probably convinced right now that the hoodoo date was responsible for the solons taking his title and making it open for competition as he had not defended it for two years or more. The various Canadian titles were decided thusly:—Heavyweight, Larry Gains, Toronto; Light-heavy, Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg; Middleweight, open with Johnny Nemis as leading claimant; Welterweight, Jackie Phillips, Toronto (thirty days grace to sign to meet challenger); Lightweight, open for competition; Featherweight, declared open; Bantamweight, Bobby Leitham, Montreal; Flyweight, vacant.

A few comments on Canadian titular situation—Bobby Leitham is the only Montrealer to hold title but is one of best—Is easily the busiest Canadian champ—Jackie Phillips had better sign to meet worthy challenger before this is off press—his only logical contenders are Johnny Nemis, Eastern Canada champ, and George Sidders, former Canadian welter champ who has already been beaten by Phillips—

Leo Kid Roy determined that he will keep the title, commissions or no commissions—Manager Raoul Godbout claims that Leo has been training for comeback since early in January—Roy should not come back and solons should not permit it—It wouldn't do the game any good—he should stay out for his own good—no matter how he trains he won't be same as he once was—pathetic to see an old timer getting battered by a lad who wouldn't have compared with him in his prime.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight king, would have been named as Canadian lightweight champion if he had been here. He has been in England for more than a year and a half running up a sensational winning streak. Foreman is well rated in the Everlast Record Book by some seventy critics in various parts of the United States. He is ranked best in the junior-lightweight division, over Kid Chocolate, and third in lightweight class with first trio ranking in order—Canzoneri, Petrolle, and Foreman.

Armand Vincent will resume his presentations of high class bantamweight cards at the Forum on April 13th. He has signed Emile "Spider" Pladner, great little French bantam, to headline the card against a worthy opponent, probably Pete Sanstol.

Battling Sig. Tracey, the Norwegian Thunderbolt, wants to get a crack at Charlie Belanger and his Canadian light-heavy title. He would be a tough rival for Belanger and is willing to go to Winnipeg to meet Del Fontaine to prove his right for that shot.

Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's flashy colored featherweight, is eager to appear in Montreal during the coming season. Jackson had a good season here last year and would be welcomed back by the fans as he never fails to give them plenty of action. Lew Farber, Nat Roger's classy New York bantam, also wants to perform here and is willing to meet any bantam at all, including Pete Sanstol, Bobby Leitham, Pladner or Gene Huat. Looks as though Montreal will again be the mecca of the bantams.

Thomas A. Murphy, of Toronto, was re-elected President of the Canadian Boxing Federation at their meeting and Dr. Gaston Demers, Chairman of the Montreal Athletic Commission, and Pierre Gagnon, Quebec, were re-elected First Vice-Presidents. Let's hope hope these men will have a worthy Canadian champion crowned in each class.

Gene Brosseau, manager of the ex-Canadian bantam king, Art Giroux, is keen for a return bout with Bobby Leitham, who took the crown from Giroux. Leitham lost a close decision to Willie Davies, Charleroi veteran, at Toronto some five weeks ago and Brosseau points out that Giroux trounced Davies decisively in Montreal last summer. The result of the Davies-Leitham clash was a complete surprise here and something must have been wrong with the flashy Verdunite that night.

Amateur boxing is swinging into the crucial stretch with the City Championship meet completed and the boys are preparing for the Provincial title meet on April 25 and 27. The boys will be battling furiously for the Provincial titles as the winners will qualify for the Dominion finals for the Olympic team to take place in the summer.

EASTERN CANADIAN BOXING
By VERNER AUGUSTUS BOWER

JOHNNY NEMIS, Glace Bay battler has been claiming the Eastern Canada Welterweight and the Eastern Canada Middleweight Championship; has planned an invasion of Upper Canada. He will show in Sherbrooke where Young Peter Jackson has been mentioned as a probable opponent.

Jackie Phillips who recently met Billy White in Halifax is out of competition and in the hospital.

New Glasgow, Liverpool, and Shelburne, all in Nova Scotia, are staging boxing. Professional shows at Liverpool have shown Joe Hartnett and Terrance Warrington. Chief of Police Raymond Mitchell, former runner-up for the British Army Heavyweight Championship of the Overseas Forces, and holder of other records, has organized a training and Amateur Club in Shelburne.

At New Glasgow, Billy Holm, the "Fighting Dane" battered Billy White to submission in 10 rounds.

Young Bobby Allen, Westville fighter, K. O.'ed Dan MacMillen. Jimmy MacMillian, featherweight, brother of Dan, issued a challenge for any featherweight in the Maritimes.

Roy Mitchell, leading Negro heavyweight of Halifax, K. O.'ed Pal Clark, veteran heavyweight of the Canadian Navy, in the 2nd. round in Halifax.

Louis Nemis holds a record of two k. o.'s in one bout with the same man. He downed Henri Janeo, Boston for the count in 1½ minutes but the crowd booed so long, Janeo was returned to the ring to fight again. Nemis put Janeo away a second time in one minute.

CANADA, MOOSE JAW NOTES
By BARNEY DORAN

JACKIE LEWIS, Western Canadian bantamweight champion, spotted Vic Skerlton nine pounds and gave him a decisive beating. Skerlton held the Canadian featherweight title two years ago but seems to be slipping.

Joe Draper knocked out Emmett Belton in two rounds and retained his amateur welterweight belt. This was presented to Draper by the Lieut. Governor of Sask. Corp. Armstrong kayoed Corp. Thornton in one round. Hans Hallan drew with Pete Vyvan and Bob Conn did likewise with Ken Menell.

In the feature six-round bout of the Governor's Emergency Distress Fund, between Sad Buster Clark, Moose Jaw and Dick Hayes, Regina, the battle went to a draw.

Laurie Drackett, a former old-time wrestler, gave an exhibition of wrestling at the local Y. M. C. A., where he is instructor. While the bout was good, the writer advises Laurie to get Jack Curley's and Nat Fleischer's Wrestling Book, "Modern Wrestling," and he will get a surprise at the many different kinds of new holds that have been invented since he quit wrestling. The greatest book of its kind ever printed.

Chief of Police Martin Bruton, of Regina, has installed a first-class gymnasium in the City Hall, and makes it a point to see that every man on the police force trains there daily, and holds bouts once a month with the result that Regina has the best developed police force in Canada. Sergeant Dan Mattheson has held the Dominion Amateur Championship of Canada, for six years.

The writer has been asked several times if Al. Anderson, of La Flechever, holds the Western heavyweight championship. The late Jack Nolan, of Drumhiller, Alberta, held the title. Al. Anderson claimed it and fought a draw with Nels Moe, of Yorkton. Steve Yroskie, of Winnipeg, defeated Terry McDonald at Saskatoon and is the present holder of the title.

Charlie Josephs, former lightweight champion of Western Canada, is now living in Moose Jaw. Charlie was one of the greatest lightweights ever turned out of Winnipeg.

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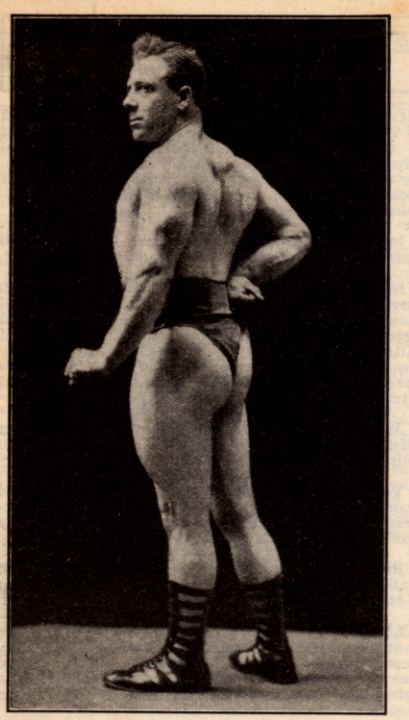

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS. . . . Southwestern Pre-Olympics A. A. U. Boxing Tournament. Winners: Heavyweight, Gus Froeming, Oxford, Kans.; Light-heavyweight, Dick O'Connor, Coffeyville, Kans.; Middleweight, Lefty Schaeffer, Wichita, Kans.; Welterweight, Earl Chancey, Neodesha, Kans.; Lightweight, Johnny Hemphill, Chanute, Kans.; Featherweight, Ira Leslie, Pratt, Kans.; Bantamweight, Carl Ausmus, Oxford, Kans.; Flyweight, Wayne Williams, Wichita, Kans. Les Showers, famed amateur promoter of the middle west, directed the tournament under the auspices of the American Legion. A new feature of using two rings with fights going on simultaneously, the first two nights, proved quite a novelty and a success. The Forum was crowded almost to capacity each night, and it was a success from every angle.

The Johnny Ceasar-Lefty Schaeffer middleweight battle was one of the thrillers of the tournament. Both boys are real battlers. Many of last year's champions were blasted out of the picture. The Chilocco Indians set a dizzy pace the first two nights, but the palefaces proved too rugged and tough in the finals. The Neodesha, Cherryvale, Pratt and Chanute, Kans. teams made exceptionally good records and each had a winner.

Sponsors of teams: Ira Krueger, of Neodesha, Ben Howard, of Cherryvale, Bill Van Vranken, of Pratt, and L. R. Ford, of Chanute. The writer of this column wishes to express their thanks for the courteous treatment accorded them during their stay in Wichita, by Les Showers, Harry Ortmeyer, Jack Slattery, Johnny Husong, Roy Sourbeer and Jack Copeland, who helped make the tournament the biggest and best yet.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Chief Terrapin beat Sherril James in ten rounds; Sandy Robinson knocked out Sonny Boy McGuire in six; Fred Reese beat Chick Reeves in six; Andrew Wright beat Alonzo Fuller in four rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Kid Granite decisioned Dude McCook in ten; Gyp Zarro and Cullin Williams drew in six; Eddie Burnett and Jack Kenzil drew in six; Dummy Edgemere drew with Bobby Vina in four; Kid Carr won by a technical knockout over Cecil Silvy.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat John Barauskas; Jack Daniels beat John Solik; Jess Delaney beat Clem Ducubu; Jim Fontana knocked out Ted Charno in two; Pat Kissinger beat Gene Higgins; George Haberski beat Dick Meiers; Joey Alcanter beat Oscar O'Hanion; Jerry Jenkins beat Albery Sonkup.

Coffeyville, Kans.—The American Legion staged a mixed card of amateur and professional matches at the Memorial Hall. Cliff Perkins knocked out Billy Williams in three rounds; Andy Pear knocked out Lloyd Young in four; Chief Harris beat Kid Erne in four; Skeets McEvoy knocked out Kid Sass in four; Jake Thompson knocked out Tiny Dale in three.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Joe (Red) Haas beat Yale Turnham; Young (Joe) Ciro knocked out Harry Hilt (1); Luther Malone knocked out Lloyd Weems in one; Cap Harding beat Celos Mayo; Sonny Blaze knocked out Ted Cromwell in one; Pat Kissinger beat Bus Sawyer; Sam Barry beat Gabe Torres; Andy Manners beat Jack Parks.

St. Louis, Mo.—Freddie Miller beat Joe Ghnouly in a ten-round main event; Jackie Purvis defeated Jackie Brady in ten rounds.

Atchinson, Kans.—Buster Brown knocked out Jack Barry in the fourth of a scheduled ten-round feature bout; Hal McWilliams beat St. Joe Jack Hurley in ten; Earl Cecil shaded Walter Dunster in six; John Herman beat Frankie Sanchez in four rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Frankie Graham beat Spider Calmes in ten rounds; Bill Smith beat Kid Whittington in ten; George Williams and Preacher Edwards drew in six; Benny Baker and Bill Mitchell drew in four; Big Boy Busby knocked out Gene Fain in one; Kid Karr beat Jack Dale in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Hymie Wiseman beat Lew Pacion in ten rounds; Chris Pineda beat Harry Fierro in ten; Tommy Maroon beat Pee Wee Wilson in eight; Harold McWilliams knocked out Eddie Windsor in four. Bouts staged at Convention Hall, promoter Gabe Kaufman.

Springfield, Mo.—Chick Rains knocked out Wilson (Indian) Dunn in ninth round. Dunn slipped and fell through the ropes to the floor and was so injured that he was unable to continue, awarding the bout to Rains.

Atchinson, Kans.—St. Benedicts College amateur boxing results: Bus Breece outpointed Dick Roles; Gus Glaser beat Connie Comstock; Harry Baumes beat Joe Gaegelin; Mitch Malinowski knocked out Kelly Brenner in one; Mel Taylor beat Jerry O'Donnell; Elmer Douglass beat Tom Heeney; Jim Glancy knocked out Gus Heldermite in the second round.

Tulsa, Okla.—Max Brown, heavy of Oklahoma City, knocked out Dave Knost, of St. Louis, in ten; Chuck Elberts knocked out Russ Conklin in two; Jack Robertson knocked out Mike Dry in three; Beryl Busby stopped Chuck Barnes in 20 seconds of the first round; Ken Epperson beat Ross Roe in four rounds; Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Correction of address that appeared in a previous issue of THE RING, it should be "Irish" Eddie Ostrander, 1044 Central Ave., Horton, Kansas. Eddie is a lightweight boxer and ready to meet the best of them.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Benny Pierce beat Lou Malone; Houston Ash knocked out Tiny Burgess in one round; Bus Sawyer beat Gabe Torres; Jerry Jenkins knocked out Celos Mayo in three; Johnny Fleming beat Joe Piersol; Jack Davidson beat Charley King; Al Flowers beat Andy Manners; Cap Harding beat Lyle Sechrest; Herschel McMillan beat Victor Crecencia; Blair Stewart knocked out Harley Williams in three; Louis Love beat Roy Woods; Sonny Blaze beat Jackie Law.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, has barred Dave Fidler, manager of boxers, of Des Moines, Iowa, from doing business in Kansas for an indefinite period. He also fined Henry Falegano, Fidler's star lightweight $70 for running out on Buster Brown, lightweight, at Atchinson. Hymie Wiseman and Tommy Grogan, of the same stable are automatically suspended. Falegano jumped to St. Louis instead of going through with the Atchinson bout.

St. Louis, Mo.—Eddie Shea, of Chicago, made short work of Henry Falegano, of Des Moines, knocking him out in the second of a scheduled ten-round bout. Falegano refused to meet Buster Brown at Atchinson and chose Shea which proved very unprofitable.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tony Herrera beat Mickey Cohen, of Denver in 12; Tommy Maroon beat Pee Wee Wilson in eight; Steve Ketchell knocked out Jackie Townsend in one; Ned Driscoll beat Charley Patrick in six; Steve Aleshi beat Earl Cecil in four rounds.

Samuel Webb, of Indianapolis, has purchased the contract of Tiger Fox, heavy, and Leroy Gibson, lightweight, and will return East with them soon. Both are colored and real classy fighters—in fact the best colored battlers in this section of the country.

Loose and Drifting—Johnny and Billy Hemphill, Earl Chancey, Lefty Schaeffer, Dick O'Conner, Ira Leslie, Johnny Ross, Freddie Ragozia, Johnny Caeser, Babe Routh, Kenny Page and Melvin Bell are the classiest and best in the Southwest. Several are State champions. Johnny Husong is idle trying to figure a winning pro boxing show; Jack Slattery is still managing a fine string of amateur and pro boxers; Frank Gilleece, state boxing secretary, enjoyed the amateur tournament at Wichita.

NEBRASKA BOXING NEWS
By JAMES BAZZELL

CHUCK PATTERSON fought a six-round draw with Joe Smogye on the Grogan-Millitti card. Carl Ferguson is handling Patterson.

Jimmie Murphy, undefeated as a bantam and featherweight, returns to the squared circle as a junior-lightweight after a year layoff with a broken fist. Murphy easily defeated Cliff Waterman on the Legion show and also fought a draw with Al Manriquez at Atlantic.

"Black" Jack Shields kayoed Al Short in two rounds and Jim Caffrey in six rounds. Short recently kayoed Skiezi Watkins in three at the Auditorium.

Ritchie Mack, Jr., welter, slapped out a decision over Chuck Patterson in eight rounds. Penn kayoed Stewart in three. Kingfish put Kid Reed out in two.

Muggsy McGraw, pride of Sheeley town, knocked out Sammy Fellows, colored welter, in the fourth round of an eight-rounder at South Omaha.

Johnny Lee is the most popular referee in Nebraska. Johnny was nearly kayoed refereeing the K. O. Christner-Bearcat fight at the Auditorium. He went in to break the boys and caught one of Bearcat's wallops on his chin.

Sonny Sofio, local lightweight, is back in training after an operation on his nose. Will fight at the Auditorium in the near future.

Any amateur or professional boxers wishing to get lined up in the RING news get in touch with the writer at the Arena Cigar Store, 215 So. 24th St., Omaha, Nebr.